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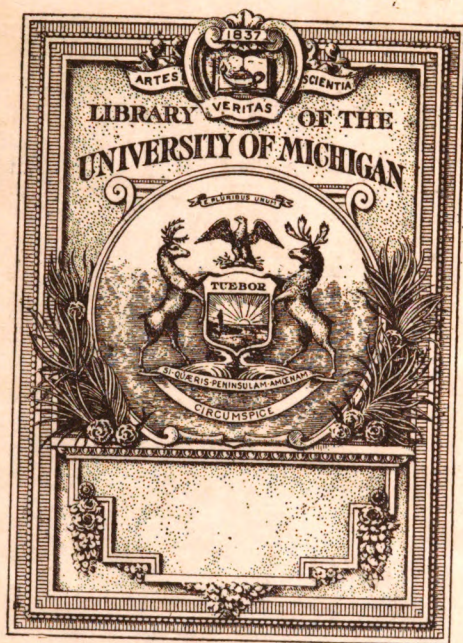
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THE SPECTATOR

EDITED BY

GEORGE A. AITKEN

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIFTH

Stine



Bornet & Co. Sc.

THOMAS TICKELL

THE SPECTATOR



BUTTON'S COFFEE HOUSE

VOLUME THE FIFTH

LONDON
JOHN C. NIMMO
NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO

MDCCCXCVIII

THE
SPECTATOR

1.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

GEORGE A. AITKEN

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF RICHARD STEELE," ETC.

*WITH EIGHT ORIGINAL PORTRAITS
AND EIGHT VIGNETTES*

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIFTH

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Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

Ms. A. 9. 14. 36 of 11.
13-13-25-

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS, EARL OF WHARTON.¹

MY LORD,



HE author of the Spectator, having prefixed before each of his volumes the name of some great person to whom he has particular obligations, lays his claim to your Lordship's patronage upon the same account. I must confess, my Lord, had not I already received great instances of your favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a work of this nature to your perusal.

¹ Thomas Wharton, born in 1640, was appointed by William III. Comptroller of the Household and a justice in Eyre. In 1706 he was created Viscount Winchendon and Earl of Wharton, and in 1708 Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (when Addison became Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant). In 1714, after the accession of George I., Lord Wharton was made Lord Privy Seal, and given the titles of Marquis of Wharton and Malmesbury, in England, and Earl of Rathfarnham and Marquis Catherlough, in Ireland. He died in 1715, when he was succeeded by his son Philip, afterwards Duke of Wharton.

Lord Wharton was a clever politician and a man of wit, but lacked the moral character of his Presbyterian father, 'the good

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You are so thoroughly acquainted with the characters of men, and all the parts of human life, that it is impossible for the least misrepresentation of them to escape your notice. It is your Lordship's particular distinction that you are master of the whole compass of business, and have signalised yourself in all the different scenes of it. We admire some for the dignity, others for the popularity of their behaviour ; some for their clearness of judgment, others for their happiness of expression ; some for the laying of schemes, and others for the putting of them in execution. It is your Lordship only who enjoys these several talents united, and that, too, in as great perfection as others possess them singly. Your enemies acknowledge this great extent in your Lordship's character, at the same time that they use their utmost industry and invention to derogate from it. But it is for your honour that those who are now your enemies were always so. You have acted in so much consistency with yourself, and promoted the interests of your country in so uniform a manner, that even those who would misrepresent

Lord Wharton.' Swift attacked him bitterly in 'A Short Character of His Excellency Thomas, Earl of Wharton,' 1710, and in 'A Pretended Letter of Thanks from Lord Wharton to the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph,' 1712. In the *Tatler* (No. 130) Wharton's 'zeal for the Protestant Interest,' and 'dexterity in defeating the skill and artifice of its enemies,' were adduced as proofs of his fitness to govern Ireland.

DEDICATION

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your generous designs for the public good, cannot but approve the steadiness and intrepidity with which you pursue them. It is a most sensible pleasure to me that I have this opportunity of professing myself one of your great admirers, and, in a very particular manner,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

And most obedient humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.



THE
SPECTATOR

VOL. V.

N^o. 322. *Monday, March 10, 1712*
[STEELE.]

Ad humum mærore gravi deducit et angit.

—HOR., *Ars Poet.* 110.



T is often said, after a man has heard a story with extraordinary circumstances, 'It is a very good one if it be true'; but as for the following relation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such

simplicity, and there are so many artless touches of distress in it, that I fear it comes too much from the heart.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'SOME years ago it happened that I lived in the same house with a young gentleman of merit; with whose good qualities I was so much taken, as

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to make it my endeavour to show as many as I was able in myself. Familiar converse improved general civilities into an unfeigned passion on both sides. He watched an opportunity to declare himself to me; and I, who could not expect a man of so great an estate as his, received his addresses in such terms as gave him no reason to believe I was displeased with them, though I did nothing to make him think me more easy than was decent. His father was a very hard, worldly man, and proud; so that there was no reason to believe he would easily be brought to think there was anything in any woman's person or character that could balance the disadvantage of an unequal fortune. In the meantime the son continued his application to me, and omitted no occasion of demonstrating the most disinterested passion imaginable to me; and in plain direct terms offered to marry me privately, and keep it so until he should be so happy as to gain his father's approbation, or become possessed of his estate. I passionately loved him, and you will believe I did not deny such a one what was my interest also to grant. However, I was not so young as not to take the precaution of carrying with me a faithful servant, who had been also my mother's maid, to be present at the ceremony. When that was over, I demanded a certificate, signed by the minister, my husband, and the servant I just now spoke of. After our nuptials we conversed together very familiarly in the same house; but the restraints we were generally under, and the interviews we had being stolen and interrupted, made our behaviour to each other have rather the impatient fondness which is visible in lovers, than the regular and gratified affection which is to be observed in man and wife. This

observation made the father very anxious for his son, and press him to a match he had in his eye for him. To relieve my husband from this importunity, and conceal the secret of our marriage, which I had reason to know would not be long in my power in town, it was resolved that I should retire into a remote place in the country, and converse under feigned names by letter. We long continued this way of commerce; and I with my needle, a few books, and reading over and over my husband's letters, passed my time in a resigned expectation of better days. Be pleased to take notice, that within four months after I left my husband I was delivered of a daughter, who died within a few hours after her birth. This accident, and the retired manner of life I led, gave criminal hopes to a neighbouring brute of a country gentleman, whose folly was the source of all my affliction. This rustic is one of those rich clowns, who supply the want of all manner of breeding by the neglect of it, and with noisy mirth, half understanding, and ample fortune, force themselves upon persons and things without any sense of time and place. The poor ignorant people where I lay concealed, and now passed for a widow, wondered I could be so shy and strange, as they called it, to the squire; and were bribed by him to admit him whenever he thought fit. I happened to be sitting in a little parlour which belonged to my own part of the house, and musing over one of the fondest of my husband's letters, in which I always kept the certificate of my marriage, when this rude fellow came in, and with the nauseous familiarity of such unbred brutes, snatched the papers out of my hand. I was immediately under so great a concern, that I threw my-

self at his feet, and begged of him to return them. He, with the same odious pretence to freedom and gaiety, swore he would read them. I grew more importunate, he more curious; until at last, with an indignation arising from a passion I then first discovered in him, he threw the papers into the fire, swearing that since he was not to read them, the man who writ them should never be so happy as to have me read them over again. It is insignificant to tell you my tears and reproaches made the boisterous calf leave the room ashamed and out of countenance, when I had leisure to ruminate on this accident with more than ordinary sorrow. However, such was then my confidence in my husband, that I writ to him the misfortune, and desired another paper of the same kind. He deferred writing two or three posts, and at last answered me in general, that he could not then send me what I asked for, but when he could find a proper conveyance, I should be sure to have it. From this time his letters were more cold every day than other, and as he grew indifferent I grew jealous. This has at last brought me to town, where I find both the witnesses of my marriage dead, and that my husband, after three months' cohabitation, has buried a young lady whom he married in obedience to his father. In a word, he shuns and disowns me. Should I come to the house and confront him, the father would join in supporting him against me, though he believed my story; should I talk it to the world, what reparation can I expect for an injury I cannot make out? I believe he means to bring me, through necessity, to resign my pretensions to him for some provision for my life; but I will die first. Pray bid him remember what he said, and

how he was charmed when he laughed at the heedless discovery I often made of myself; let him remember how awkward I was in my dissembled indifference towards him before company; ask him how I, who could never conceal my love for him, at his own request can part with him for ever? Oh, Mr. Spectator, sensible spirits know no indifference in marriage; what then do you think is my piercing affliction—I leave you to represent my distress your own way, in which I desire you to be speedy, if you have compassion for innocence exposed to infamy.

T.

OCTAVIA.

No. 323. *Tuesday, March 11, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

—*Modo vir, modo femina.*—VIRG.¹

THE journal with which I presented my reader on Tuesday last has brought me in several letters with account of many private lives cast into that form. I have the ‘Rake’s Journal,’ the ‘Sot’s Journal,’ the ‘Whoremaster’s Journal,’ and among several others a very curious piece entitled ‘The Journal of a Mohock.’² By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday’s paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifle and impertinence than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not

¹ This motto seems to have been written from memory. In the *Æneid*, vi. 448, Virgil wrote—

‘*Et juvenis quondam, nunc femina.*’

² See No. 324.

to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shows the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blamable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself Clarinda, is such a journalist as I require : she seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shown her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it ; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent :—

‘DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

‘YOU having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week’s papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you enclosed. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by a very pretty fellow.¹ As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write

¹ See No. 261.

upon the very day after your *Spectator* upon that subject:—

TUESDAY night.—Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

WEDNESDAY (from eight till ten).—Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven.—Ate a slice of bread and butter; drank a dish of bohea: read the *Spectator*.

From eleven to one.—At my toilet; tried a new head; gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. *Mem.*: I look best in blue.

From one till half-an-hour after two.—Drove to the 'Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four.—At dinner. *Mem.*: Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six.—Dressed; paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven.—At basset. *Mem.*: Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY (from eleven at night to eight in the morning).—Dreamed that I punted¹ to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten.—Chocolate. Read two acts in 'Aurengzebe'² abed.

From ten to eleven.—Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady Faddle's Cupid for Veny. Read the playbills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. *Mem.*: Locked it up in my strong-box.

Rest of the morning.—Fontange,³ the tirewoman,

¹ A term in the game of basset. Cf. Pope ('Satires of Donne,' ii.), 'When a duke to Jansen punts at White's.'

² Dryden's tragedy.

³ 'Fontange' is the French for a 'commode' (see No. 98), or top-knot of ribbons.

her account of my Lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my Lady Hectic rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four.—Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven.—Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks.¹ His fancy for a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night.—Went to bed.

FRIDAY, *eight in the morning.*—Abed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters. Cupid and Veny.

Ten o'clock.—Stayed within all day; not at home.

From ten to twelve.—In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbons. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one.—Shut myself up in my chamber, practised Lady Betty Modely's scuttle.²

One in the afternoon.—Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes ached, and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of 'Aurengzebe.'

¹ See No. 324. In a beau's 'Journal of Four Days'—in imitation of this article—which is printed in Lillie's 'Letters sent to the *Tailor and Spectator*,' i. 347–350, we find: 'Went to bed, and waked in a sad fright, having dreamed the Mohocks had fashioned my nose like a lion, and cut with a penknife across the back of my whitest hand.'

² A short and quick pace. Cf. No. 536:—

'She quitted the shop with an easy scuttle.'

From three to four.—Dined.

From four to twelve.—Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp¹ until midnight. Found Mrs. Spiteley at home. Conversation. Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old Lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townly has red hair. *Mem.*: Mrs. Spiteley whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth. I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one.—Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.²

SATURDAY.—Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilet.

From eight to nine.—Shifted a patch for half-an-hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

From nine to twelve.—Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two.—At chapel. A great deal of good company. *Mem.*: The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four.—Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from the table.

From dinner to six.—Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six o'clock.—Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini³ in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out 'Ancora!' Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

¹ A game at cards.

² The heroine in 'Aurengzebe.'

³ See Nos. 5, 405.

Eleven at night.—Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

SUNDAY.—Indisposed.

MONDAY, *eight o'clock.*—Waked by Miss Kitty. 'Aurengzebe' lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs¹ to the dumb man,² according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. *Mem.*: The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, &c.

'Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it, before I perused your speculation upon

¹ The mob was a hood or other loose undress. Cf. *Guardian*, No. 65: 'Some pretty young ladies in mobs popped in here and there about the church.'

² Duncan Campbell (see Nos. 474, 560) was said to be deaf and dumb, and to tell fortunes by second sight. He died in 1730. In the *Tatler* (No. 14) we are told that 'all his visitants come to him full of expectations, and pay his own rate for the interpretations they put upon his shrugs and nods.' In March 1711 Campbell was arrested on suspicion of high treason, but was soon discharged (*Post-Boy*, March 24 to 27, 1711). The most important of several books about him is Defoe's 'Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell' (1720), which contains the following passage: 'Isaac Bickerstaff, who diverted all the *beau monde* for a long space of time with his "Lucubrations," takes occasion in several of his papers to applaud the speculations of this dumb gentleman in an admirable vein of pleasantry and humour, peculiar to the writer and to the subject he wrote upon. And when that bright author, who joined the uttermost facetiousness with the most solid improvements of morality and learning in all his works, laid aside the title of a *Tatler*, and assumed the name of a *Spectator* and *Censor* of men's actions, he still every now and then thought our Duncan Campbell a subject worthy enough to employ his further considerations.'

that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts, as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream.

Your humble Servant,

CLARINDA.'

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author¹ on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER
OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast killed another,
Fair and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

L.

¹ Ben Jonson.

N^o. 324. *Wednesday, March 12, 1712*
[STEELE.]

*O curvæ in terris animæ, et cœlestium inanes.*¹

—PERS., Sat. ii. 61.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THE materials you have collected together towards a general history of clubs, make so bright a part of your speculations that I think it is but a justice we all owe the learned world to furnish you with such assistances as may promote that useful work. For this reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect informations of a set of men (if you will allow them a place in that species of being) who have lately erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity under the title of the Mohock Club,² a name borrowed, it seems,

¹ The motto in the folio was Juvenal’s

‘Sævi inter se conveniunt ursi.’

² The Mohocks were the successors of the Scowrers of the preceding reign. Gay wrote (‘Trivia,’ iii. 325):—

‘Who has not heard the Scowrers’ midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohocks’ name?
Was there a watchman told his early rounds
Safe from their blows, or new-invented bounds?’

On March 9, 1714, Swift wrote in his ‘Journal’ that he came home early to avoid the Mohocks, and on the 12th (the date of Steele’s paper), he ‘came home in a chair for fear of the Mohocks,’ though lying Grub Street papers on the subject made him think there was little or no truth in the whole story. A few days later the Lord Treasurer told Swift that several of these villains had been arrested, including a baronet. Going home from Prior’s after midnight, he ‘was afraid enough of the Mohocks.’ On the 22nd he wrote, ‘Our Mohocks are all vanished; however, I shall take care of my person;’ but on the 26th we find, ‘Our Mohocks go on still, and

from a sort of cannibals in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The President is styled Emperor of the Mohocks;¹ and his arms are a Turkish crescent, which his Imperial Majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief; and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed. An out-

cut people's faces every night. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a week in chairs.' A Proclamation was printed in the *London Gazette* for March 15 to 18, in consequence of 'the great and unusual riots which have lately been committed in the night-time, in the open streets,' by evil-disposed persons who had assaulted and wounded many of her Majesty's subjects, and insulted constables and watchmen. A reward of £100 was offered for the bringing to justice of any of these offenders. Lady Wentworth wrote on March 14: 'They put an old woman into a hogshead, and rolled her down a hill; they cut off some noses, others hands, and several barbarous tricks, without any provocation. They are said to be young gentlemen; they never take any money from any' ('Wentworth Papers,' p. 277). Among ephemeral pieces of the time are 'The Town Rakes; or, the Frolics of the Mohocks or Hawkabites,' and 'The Mohocks, a poem in Miltonic verse, addressed to the *Spectator*,' in which the Mohocks are called reformers, because they had brought down the pride of publicans and chairmen, and had attacked houses of ill-fame. Defoe discussed Steele's paper in the *Review* for March 15, and said he was concerned to see the people so frightened at those bloodhounds, as if the powers in force could not put them down. He advised the use of a certain Protestant Flail which did good execution in putting down the doctrine of assassination in the old Popish days. A paper by Budgell, occasioned by the 'panic fear' of the Mohocks, will be found in No. 347; and other particulars of the outbreak—which Swift alleged was a Whig plan to raise riot—in Ashton's 'Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne,' ii. 179-188.

¹ The title of one of the Indian kings referred to in No. 50. As Defoe remarked in the *Review*, the Mohocks were not a people of India, but a race at the back of New England and New York, 'the same from whence our four pretended Indian kings came lately of their own fool's errand.'

rageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity; then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed.¹ To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned a *coup d'éclat*. The particular talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished from one another consist in the various kinds of barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the lion² upon them; which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with their fingers: others are called the dancing-masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers by running swords through their legs; a new invention, whether originally French I cannot tell: a third sort are the tumblers,³ whose office it is to set women upon their heads, and commit certain indecencies, or rather

¹ Hacked. Cf. 'King Lear,' Act ii. sc. 2: 'Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks.' 'Carbonado,' in Spanish, is meat cut across for broiling. Thus 'Coriolanus,' Act. iv. sc. 5: 'Before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.'

² See Nos. 332, 347.

³ 'I pass their desperate deeds, and mischiefs done,
Where from Snow Hill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons, hooped within the hog'shead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side.'

—Gay's 'Trivia,' iii. 329-333

barbarities, on the limbs which they expose. But these I forbear to mention, because they can't but be very shocking to the reader, as well as the spectator. In this manner they carry on a war against mankind; and by the standing maxims of their policy, are to enter into no alliances but one, and that is offensive and defensive, with all bawdy-houses in general, of which they have declared themselves protectors and guarantees.

‘I must own, sir, these are only broken incoherent memoirs of this wonderful society, but they are the best I have been yet able to procure; for being but of late establishment, it is not ripe for a just history: and to be serious, the chief design of this trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleased, out of a concern for the good of your countrymen, to act under the character of Spectator not only the part of a looker-on, but an overseer of their actions; and whenever such enormities as this infest the town, we immediately fly to you for redress. I have reason to believe that some thoughtless youngsters, out of a false notion of bravery, and an immoderate fondness to be distinguished for fellows of fire, are insensibly hurried into this senseless, scandalous project: such will probably stand corrected by your reproofs, especially if you inform them that it is not courage for half-a-score fellows, mad with wine and lust, to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that the manners of Indian savages are no becoming accomplishments to an English fine gentleman. Such of them as have been bullies and Scowrers¹ of a long standing, and are grown veterans in this kind of service, are I fear too hardened to receive any impressions from your

¹ See No. 35.

admonitions. But I beg you would recommend to their perusal your ninth speculation: they may there be taught to take warning from the club of duellists; and be put in mind that the common fate of those men of honour was to be hanged.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

' March the 10th, 1711-12.'

PHILANTHROPOS.

The following letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here that the reader may observe at the same view how amiable ignorance may be when it is shown in its simplicities, and how detestable in barbarities. It is written by an honest countryman to his mistress, and came to the hands of a lady of good sense wrapped about a thread-paper,¹ who has long kept it by her as an image of artless love.²

' To her I very much respect, Mrs. MARGARET CLARK.

LOVELY, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body sometimes, when I had occasion to buy treacle

¹ A paper to hold lengths of silk or thread. Mr. Shandy asks, 'What is become of my wife's thred-paper?' ('Tristram Shandy,' vol. iii. ch. xli.). Mr. Dobson quotes from the continuation of the *Tatler* (vol. v., 1712, p. 200), 'I have had two or three quarrels with my wife's woman for putting thread in your paper, and had like to have turned away my butler for setting up candles in it.'

² It is said that this letter was really sent to a lady who married Mr. Cole, a Northampton attorney, by a neighbouring freeholder, Gabriel Bullock, and shown to Steele by the antiquary, Browne Willis. See note to No. 328, and the superseded number, 328*.

or liquorice powder at the apothecary's shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming desire to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please; for my father is taken away, and now I am come to my living, which is ten yard-land,¹ and a house; and there is never a yard of land in our field but it is as well worth ten pound a year as a thief is worth a halter; and all my brothers and sisters are provided for; besides I have good household stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my house be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes is made and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good. . . .² The rest is torn off,² and posterity must be contented to know that Mrs. Margaret Clark was very pretty, but are left in the dark as to the name of her lover. T.

¹ A yard-land contained from twenty to thirty acres, according to the county in which it was situated.

² According to a note by Bishop Percy, Mrs. Cole's niece, Mrs. Cantrell, remembered what was torn off from the letter by a child at play; it ran as follows:—

‘Good matches amongst my neighbours. My mother, peace be with her soul, the good old gentlewoman has left me good store of household linen of her own spinning, a chestful. If you and I lay our means together, it shall go hard but I will pave the way to do well. Your loving servant till death, Mister Gabriel Bullock, now my father is dead.’

N^o. 325. *Thursday, March 13, 1712*
 [BUDGELL.]

—*Quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas ?
 Quod petis, est nusquam: quod amas, avertere, perdes.
 Ista reperiussæ, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est :
 Nil habet ista sui ; tecum venitque, manetque ;
 Tecum discedet, si tu discedere possis.*

—OVID, Met. iii. 432.

WILL HONEYCOMB diverted us last night with an account of a young fellow's first discovering his passion to his mistress. The young lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable opinion of him, and was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his advances. As he was one day talking with her in company of her two sisters, the conversation happening to turn upon love, each of the young ladies was, by way of raillery, recommending a wife to him ; when, to the no small surprise of her who languished for him in secret, he told them with a more than ordinary seriousness, that his heart had been long engaged to one whose name he thought himself obliged in honour to conceal ; but that he could show her picture in the lid of his snuff-box. The young lady who found herself the most sensibly touched by this confession, took the first opportunity that offered of snatching his box out of his hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolved to look into the lid, begged her, that if she should happen to know the person she would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window she was very agreeably surprised to find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking-glass, in

which, after she had viewed her own face with more pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the box with a smile, telling him, she could not but admire¹ at his choice.

Will fancying that his story took, immediately fell into a dissertation on the usefulness of looking-glasses, and applying himself to me, asked if there were any looking-glasses in the times of the Greeks and Romans; for that he had often observed, in the translations of poems out of those languages, that people generally talked of seeing themselves in wells, fountains, lakes, and rivers. 'Nay,' says he, 'I remember Mr. Dryden in his Ovid tells us of a swinging fellow, called Polypheme, that made use of the sea for his looking-glass, and could never dress himself to advantage but in a calm.'

My friend Will, to show us the whole compass of his learning upon this subject, further informed us that there were still several nations in the world so very barbarous as not to have any looking-glasses among them; and that he had lately read a voyage to the South Sea, in which it is said that the ladies of Chili always dress their heads over a basin of water.

I am the more particular in my account of Will's last night's lecture on these natural mirrors, as it seems to bear some relation to the following letter, which I received the day before:—

'SIR,

'I HAVE read your last Saturday's observation² on the fourth book of Milton with great satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden

¹ Wonder.

² No. 321.

moral which you have taken notice of in several parts of the poem. The design of this letter is to desire your thoughts, whether there may not also be some moral couched under that place in the same book where the poet lets us know that the first woman, immediately after her creation, ran to a looking-glass, and became so enamoured of her own face, that she had never removed to view any of the other works of nature, had not she been led off to a man. If you think fit to set down the whole passage from Milton, your readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the quotation will not a little contribute to the filling up of your paper.

Your humble Servant,
R. T.'

The last consideration urged by my querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The passage he alludes to is part of Eve's speech to Adam, and one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem.¹

'That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade of flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence, a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of heaven; I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' iv. 449-492.

A shape within the watery gleam appeared
Bending to look on me ; I started back,
It started back, but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon, with answering looks
Of sympathy and love ; there I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me, " What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself,
With thee it came and goes : but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces ; he
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
Mother of human race." What could I do
But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan, yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image ; back I turned,
Thou following criedst aloud, " Return, fair Eve,
Whom flit'st thou ? whom thou flit'st, of him thou art
His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear ;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half ! " With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine, I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.'

So spake our general mother——

X.

N^o. 326. *Friday, March 14, 1712*
[STEELE.]

*Inclusam Danaën turris aënea
Robustæque fores, et vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ, munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris;
Si non———* —HOR., 3 Od. xvi. 1.

‘ Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **Y**OUR correspondent’s letter relating to fortune-hunters, and your subsequent discourse upon it,¹ have given me encouragement to send you a state of my case; by which you will see that the matter complained of is a common grievance both to city and country.

‘ I am a country gentleman of between five and six thousand a year. It is my misfortune to have a very fine park and an only daughter; upon which account I have been so plagued with deer-stealers and fops, that for these four years past I have scarce enjoyed a moment’s rest. I look upon myself to be in a state of war; and am forced to keep as constant watch in my seat as a governor would do that commanded a town on the frontier of an enemy’s country. I have indeed pretty well secured my park, having for this purpose provided myself of four keepers, who are left-handed and handle a quarterstaff beyond any other fellows in the country. And for the guard of my house, besides a band of pensioner-matrons and an old maiden relation, whom I keep on constant duty, I have blunderbusses always charged, and fox-gins planted in private places about

¹ See No. 311.

my garden, of which I have given frequent notice in the neighbourhood; yet so it is, that in spite of all my care, I shall every now and then have a saucy rascal ride by reconnoitring (as I think you call it) under my windows, as sprucely dressed as if he were going to a ball. I am aware of this way of attacking a mistress on horseback, having heard that it is a common practice in Spain; and have therefore taken care to remove my daughter from the road side of the house, and to lodge her next the garden. But to cut short my story: what can a man do after all? I durst not stand for member of Parliament last election for fear of some ill consequence from my being off of my post. What I would therefore desire of you is, to promote a project I have set on foot, and upon which I have writ to some of my friends; and that is, that care may be taken to secure our daughters by law as well as our deer; and that some honest gentleman of a public spirit would move for leave to bring in a bill for the better preserving of the female game.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant.'

'MILE-END GREEN,

March 6, 1711-12.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'**H**ERE is a young man walks by our door every day about the dusk of the evening. He looks up at my window as if to see me; and if I steal towards it to peep at him, he turns another way, and looks frightened at finding what he was looking for. The air is very cold; and pray let him know that, if he knocks at the door, he will be carried to the parlour fire; and I will come down soon

after, and give him an opportunity to break his mind. I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

MARY COMFITT.

‘If I observe he cannot speak, I’ll give him time to recover himself, and ask him how he does.’

‘DEAR SIR,

I BEG you to print this without delay, and by the first opportunity give us the natural causes of longing in women; or put me out of fear that my wife will one time or other be delivered of something as monstrous as anything that has yet appeared to the world, for they say the child is to bear a resemblance of what was desired by the mother. I have been married upwards of six years, have had four children, and my wife is now big with the fifth. The expenses she has put me to, in procuring what she has longed for during her pregnancy with them, would not only have handsomely defrayed the charges of the month, but of their education too; her fancy being so exorbitant for the first year or two, as not to confine itself to the usual objects of eatables and drinkables, but running out after equipage and furniture, and the like extravagances. To trouble you only with a few of them. When she was with child of Tom, my eldest son, she came home one day just fainting, and told me she had been visiting a relation, whose husband had made her a present of a chariot and a stately pair of horses; and that she was positive she could not breathe a week longer, unless she took the air in the fellow to it of her own within that time: this,

rather than lose an heir, I readily complied with. Then the furniture of her best room must be instantly changed, or she should mark the child with some of the frightful figures in the old-fashioned tapestry. Well, the upholsterer was called, and her longing saved that bout. When she went with Molly, she had fixed her mind upon a new set of plate, and as much china as would have furnished an India shop. These also I cheerfully granted, for fear of being father to an Indian pagod. Hitherto I found her demands rose upon every concession; and had she gone on I had been ruined. But by good fortune, with her third, which was Peggy, the height of her imagination came down to the corner of a venison pasty, and brought her once even upon her knees to gnaw off the ears of a pig from the spit. The gratifications of her palate were easily preferred to those of her vanity; and sometimes a partridge or a quail, a wheatear or the pestle of a lark, were cheerfully purchased; nay, I could be contented though I were to feed her with green peas in April, or cherries in May. But with the babe she now goes she is turned girl again, and fallen to eating of chalk, pretending 'twill make the child's skin white; and nothing will serve her but I must bear her company, to prevent its having a shade of my brown. In this, however, I have ventured to deny her. No longer ago than yesterday, as we were coming to town, she saw a parcel of crows so heartily at breakfast upon a piece of horseflesh, that she had an invincible desire to partake with them, and (to my infinite surprise) begged the coachman to cut her off a slice as if 'twere for himself; which the fellow did; and as soon as she came home she fell to it with such an

appetite, that she seemed rather to devour than eat it. What her next sally will be I cannot guess; but in the meantime my request to you is, that if there be any way to come at these wild unaccountable roving of imagination by reason and argument, you'd speedily afford us your assistance. This exceeds the grievance of pin-money; and I think in every settlement there ought to be a clause inserted, that the father should be answerable for the longings of his daughter. But I shall impatiently expect your thoughts in this matter; and am,

SIR,

Your most obliged, and most
faithful humble Servant,

T. B.

'Let me know whether you think the next child will love horses as much as Molly does china-ware.'

T.

N^o. 327. *Saturday, March 15, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

—*Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.*

—VIRG., *Æn.* vii. 44.

WE were told in the foregoing book how the evil spirit practised upon Eve as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride, and ambition. The author, who shows a wonderful art throughout his whole poem, in preparing the reader for the several occurrences that arise in it, founds upon the above-mentioned circumstance the first part of the fifth book. Adam upon his awaking finds Eve still asleep, with an un-

usual discomposure in her looks. The posture in which he regards her is described with a tenderness not to be expressed, as the whisper with which he awakens her is the softest that ever was conveyed to a lover's ear :—

His wonder was to find unawakened Eve
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek
As through unquiet rest : he on his side
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamoured, and beheld
Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces ; then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus or Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whispered thus : ‘ Awake,
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven’s last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us ; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.’
Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake :
‘ O soul in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn returned ’ —¹

I cannot but take notice that Milton, in the conferences between Adam and Eve, had his eye very frequently upon the Book of Canticles, in which there is a noble spirit of Eastern poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with in Homer, who is generally placed near the age of Solomon. I think there is no question but the poet in the preceding speech remembered those two passages which are spoken on the like occasion, and filled with the same pleasing images of nature.

¹ ‘ Paradise Lost,’ v. 9–30.

‘My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.’¹

‘Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; . . . let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth.’²

His preferring the Garden of Eden to that

—Where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse,³

shows that the poet had this delightful scene in his mind.

Eve’s dream is full of those high conceits engendering pride, which, we are told, the devil endeavoured to instil into her. Of this kind is that part of it where she fancies herself awakened by Adam in the following beautiful lines:—

‘Why sleep’st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song; now reigns
Full orb’d the moon, and with more pleasing⁴ light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: Heaven wakes with all his eyes
Whom to behold but thee, nature’s desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze!’⁵

¹ Canticles, ii. 10–12.

² *Ibid.*, vii. 11, 12.

³ ‘Paradise Lost,’ ix. 442.

⁴ ‘Pleasant’ (folio).

⁵ ‘Paradise Lost,’ v. 38–47.

An injudicious poet would have made Adam talk through the whole work in such sentiments as these. But flattery and falsehood are not the courtship of Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by Eve in her state of innocence, excepting only in a dream produced on purpose to taint her imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind in this relation of her dream will be obvious to every reader. Though the catastrophe of the poem is finely pre-saged on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadowed that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth book. I shall only add that though the vision itself is founded upon truth, the circumstances of it are full of that wildness and inconsistency which are natural to a dream. Adam, conformable to his superior character for wisdom, instructs and comforts Eve upon this occasion :—

So cheered he his fair spouse, and she was cheered,
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair :
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,
Kissed, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that feared to have offended.¹

The Morning Hymn² is written in imitation of one of those psalms³ where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praise, the psalmist calls not only upon the angels, but upon the most conspicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthusiasm which is so

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' v. 129-135.

² *Ibid.*, v. 153-208.

³ *E.g.* Ps. cxlviii.

natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature is at all times a proper kind of worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first parents, who had the creation fresh upon their minds, and had not seen the various dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many topics of praise which might afford matter to the devotions of their posterity. I need not remark the beautiful spirit of poetry which runs through this whole hymn, nor the holiness of that resolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned those speeches which are assigned to the persons in this poem, I proceed to the description which the poet gives of Raphael.¹ His departure from before the throne, and his flight through the choirs of angels, is finely imaged. As Milton everywhere fills his poem with circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the gate of heaven as framed after such a manner, that it opened of itself upon the approach of the angel who was to pass through it.

—Till at the gate
Of heaven arrived, the gate self-opened wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sovereign architect had framed.²

The poet here seems to have regarded two or three passages in the eighteenth Iliad, as that in particular where, speaking of Vulcan, Homer says that he had made twenty tripods running on golden wheels, which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the assembly of the gods, and, when there

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' v. 247-253.

² *Ibid.*, v. 253-256.

was no more use for them, return again after the same manner.¹ Scaliger has rallied Homer very severely upon this point, as M. Dacier has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine whether, in this particular of Homer, the marvellous does not lose sight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanship of Milton's gates is not so extraordinary as this of the tripods, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had not he been supported in it by a passage in the Scripture,² which speaks of wheels in heaven that had life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in conformity with the cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no question but Milton had this circumstance in his thoughts, because in the following book he describes the chariot of the Messiah with living wheels, according to the plan in Ezekiel's vision.

—Forth rushed with whirlwind sound
The chariot of paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit——³

I question not but Bossu, and the two Daciers, who are for vindicating everything that is censured in Homer by something parallel in Holy Writ, would have been very well pleased had they thought of confronting Vulcan's tripods with Ezekiel's wheels.

Raphael's descent to the earth, with the figure of his person, is represented in very lively colours.⁴ Several of the French, Italian, and English poets

¹ *Iliad*, xviii. 375–377.

² *Ezekiel* i. 19–21.

³ '*Paradise Lost*,' vi. 749–752.

⁴ *Ibid.*, v. 266 *seq.* Cf. Tasso's description of Michael's descent from heaven, in '*Jerusalem Delivered*,' canto ix. sc. 60–62.

have given a loose to their imaginations in the description of angels; but I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in Milton. After having set him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the earth, the poet concludes his description with a circumstance which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest strength of fancy.

——Like Maia's son he stood
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
The circuit wide——¹

Raphael's reception by the guardian angels; his passing through the wilderness of sweets; his distant appearance to Adam, have all the graces that poetry is capable of bestowing.² The author afterwards gives us a particular description of Eve in her domestic employments.

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes not well joined, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change;
Bestirs her then,³ &c.

Though in this, and other parts of the same book, the subject is only the housewifery of our first parent, it is set off with so many pleasing images and strong expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divine work.

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' v. 285-287. See *Iliad*, xxiv. 339; *Æneid*, iv. 238.

² *Ibid.*, v. 28- eq.

³ *Ibid.*, v. 331-337.

The natural majesty of Adam and at the same time his submissive behaviour to the superior being who had vouchsafed to be his guest;¹ the solemn hail which the angel bestows upon the mother of mankind,² with the figure of Eve ministering at the table,³ are circumstances which deserve to be admired.

Raphael's behaviour is every way suitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a sociable spirit, with which the author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received instructions to converse with Adam, as one friend converses with another, and to warn him of the enemy who was contriving his destruction. Accordingly he is represented as sitting down at table with Adam, and eating of the fruits of Paradise.⁴ The occasion naturally leads him to his discourse on the food of angels.⁵ After having thus entered into conversation with man upon more indifferent subjects, he warns him of his obedience,⁶ and makes a natural transition to the history of that fallen angel, who was employed in the circumvention of our first parents.

Had I followed Monsieur Bossu's method, in my first paper on Milton, I should have dated the action of 'Paradise Lost' from the beginning of Raphael's speech in this book, as he supposes the action of the *Æneid* to begin in the second book of that poem. I could allege many reasons for my drawing the action of the *Æneid* rather from its immediate beginning in the first book, than from its remote beginning in the second, and show why I have con-

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' v. 350-360.

² *Ibid.*, v. 388.

³ *Ibid.*, v. 443.

⁴ *Ibid.*, v. 433.

⁵ *Ibid.*, v. 404 *seq.*

⁶ *Ibid.*, v. 519-543.

sidered the sacking of Troy as an episode, according to the common acceptation of that word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining piece of criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Whichever of the notions be true, the unity of Milton's action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the fall of man in its immediate beginning, or proceeding from the resolutions taken in the infernal council, or in its more remote beginning, as proceeding from the first revolt of the angels in heaven. The occasion which Milton assigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in Holy Writ, and on the opinion of some great writers, so it was the most proper that the poet could have made use of.

The revolt in heaven is described with great force of imagination,¹ and a fine variety of circumstances. The learned reader cannot but be pleased with the poet's imitation of Homer in the last of the following lines :—

At length into the limits of the North
 They came, and Satan took ² his royal seat
 High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
 Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers
 From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
 The palace of great Lucifer (so call
 That structure in the dialect of men
 Interpreted)——³

Homer mentions persons and things, which he tells us in the language of the gods are called by different names from those they go by in the lan-

¹ Thus in the folio issue. The collected edition has 'indigation.'

² 'To' (Milton).

³ 'Paradise Lost,' v. 755-762.

guage of men.¹ Milton has imitated him with his usual judgment in this particular place, wherein he has likewise the authority of Scripture to justify him. The part of Abdiel,² who was the only spirit that in this infinite host of angels preserved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious singularity. The zeal of the seraphim breaks forth in a becoming warmth of sentiments and expressions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous scorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The author doubtless designed it as a pattern to those who live among mankind in their present state of degeneracy and corruption.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified;
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he passed
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained
Superior, nor of violence feared aught;
And with retorted scorn, his back he turned
On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed.³

L.

¹ *Iliad*, i. 403, 813; xiv. 291; xx. 74 (Cook).

² 'Paradise Lost,' v. 805 *seq.*

³ *Ibid.*, v. 896-907.

N^o. 328.¹ *Monday, March 17, 1712*
 [STEELE.]

Nullum a labore me reclinat otium.

—HOR., Epod. xvii. 24.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘**A**S I believe this is the first complaint that ever was made to you of this nature, so you are the first person I ever could prevail upon myself to lay it before. When I tell you I have a healthy vigorous constitution, a plentiful estate, no inordinate desires, and am married to a very virtuous lovely woman, who neither wants wit nor good nature, and by whom I have a numerous offspring to perpetuate my family, you will naturally conclude me a happy man. But, notwithstanding these promising appearances, I am so far from it, that the prospect of being ruined and undone, by a sort of extravagance which of late years is in a less degree crept into every fashionable family, de-

¹ This number was written by Steele for the collected edition, in place of the original number, which related to the Mrs. Margaret Clark of No. 324. At the end of No. 330, in the folio issue, Steele printed the following censure:—

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘*March the 18th.*

‘The ostentation you showed yesterday would have been pardonable had you provided better for the two extremities of your paper, and placed in one the letter R., in the other *Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis.* A word to the wise.

I am your most humble Servant,

T. TRASH.’

‘According to the emendation of the above correspondent, the reader is desired in the paper of the 17th to read R. for T.’

The suppressed paper is given at the end of this number, for the sake of completeness.

prives me of all the comforts of my life, and renders me the most anxious, miserable man on earth. My wife, who was the only child and darling care of an indulgent mother, employed her early years in learning all those accomplishments we generally understand by good breeding and a polite education. She sings, dances, plays on the lute and harpsichord, paints prettily, is a perfect mistress of the French tongue; and has made a considerable progress in Italian. She is besides excellently skilled in all domestic sciences, as preserving, pickling, pastry, making wines of fruits of our own growth, embroidering, and needleworks of every kind. Hitherto you will be apt to think there is very little cause of complaint; but suspend your opinion till I have further explained myself, and then I make no question you will come over to mine. You are not to imagine I find fault that she either possesses or takes delight in the exercise of those qualifications I just now mentioned; 'tis the immoderate fondness she has to them that I lament, and that what is only designed for the innocent amusement and recreation of life is become the whole business and study of hers. The six months we are in town (for the year is equally divided between that and the country), from almost break of day till noon, the whole morning is laid out in practising with her several masters; and to make up the losses occasioned by her absence in summer, every day in the week their attendance is required; and as they all are people eminent in their professions, their skill and time must be recompensed accordingly: so how far these articles extend I leave you to judge. Limning, one would think, is no expensive diversion, but as she manages the matter, 'tis a very considerable addition to her disbursements;

which you will easily believe when you know she paints fans for all her female acquaintance, and draws all her relations' pictures in miniature; the first must be mounted by nobody but Colmar, and the other set by nobody but Charles Mather.¹ What follows is still much worse than the former; for as I told you she is a great artist at her needle, 'tis incredible what sums she expends in embroidery: for besides what is appropriated to her personal use, as mantuas, petticoats, stomachers, handkerchiefs, purses, pin-cushions, and working aprons, she keeps four French Protestants² continually employed in making divers pieces of superfluous furniture, as quilts, toilets, hangings for closets, beds, window curtains, easy-chairs, and tabourets: nor have I any hopes of ever reclaiming her from this extravagance, while she obstinately persists in thinking it a notable piece of good housewifery, because they are made at home, and she has had some share in the performance. There would be no end of relating to you the particulars of the annual charge in furnishing her store-room with a profusion of pickles and preserves; for she is not contented with having every-

¹ A successful toyman in Fleet Street, who died at Teddington, some time after he had retired from his business 'next door to Nandoe's Coffee-House, over against Chancery Lane.' See No. 503, and the *Tatler*, Nos. 27, 113, and 142. Mr. Dobson quotes from Swift's 'Sid Hamet's Rod,' 1710:—

'No hobby horse, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's shop,
Or glittering tinsel of Mayfair
Could with the rod of Sid compare;'

and Pope's 'Basset Table,' 1716:—

'Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great pen'worth) bought.'

² See No. 160.

thing, unless it be done every way, in which she consults an hereditary book of receipts; for her female ancestors have been always famed for good housewifery, one of whom is made immortal by giving her name to an eye-water and two sorts of puddings. I cannot undertake to recite all her medicinal preparations, as salves, cerecloths, powders, confects, cordials, ratafia, persico, orange-flower, and cherry-brandy, together with innumerable sorts of simple waters. But there is nothing I lay so much to heart as that detestable catalogue of counterfeit wines, which derive their names from the fruits, herbs, or trees of whose juices they are chiefly compounded: they are loathsome to the taste and pernicious to the health; and as they seldom survive the year, and then are thrown away, under a false pretence of frugality, I may affirm they stand me in more than if I entertained all our visitors with the best burgundy and champagne. Coffee, chocolate, green, imperial, Pekoe, and Bohea tea, seem to be trifles; but when the proper appurtenances of the tea-table are added, they swell the account higher than one would imagine. I cannot conclude without doing her justice in one article; where her frugality is so remarkable I must not deny her the merit of it, and that is in relation to her children, who are all confined, both boys and girls, to one large room in the remotest part of the house, with bolts on the doors, and bars to the windows, under the care and tuition of an old woman who had been dry-nurse to her grandmother. This is their residence all the year round; and as they are never allowed to appear, she prudently thinks it needless to be at any expense in apparel or learning. Her eldest daughter to this day would have neither read nor writ if it had not been for the butler, who, being the son of a country

attorney, has taught her such a hand as is generally used for engrossing bills in Chancery. By this time I have sufficiently tired your patience with my domestic grievances; which I hope you will agree could not well be contained in a narrower compass, when you consider what a paradox I undertook to maintain in the beginning of my epistle, and which manifestly appears to be but too melancholy a truth. And now I heartily wish the relation I have given of my misfortunes may be of use and benefit to the public. By the example I have set before them, the truly virtuous wives may learn to avoid those errors which have so unhappily misled mine, and which are visibly these three. First, in mistaking the proper objects of her esteem, and fixing her affections upon such things as are only the trappings and decorations of her sex. Secondly, in not distinguishing what becomes the different stages of life. And, lastly, the abuse and corruption of some excellent qualities which, if circumscribed within just bounds, would have been the blessings and prosperity of her family, but by a vicious extreme are like to be the bane and destruction of it.' T.

N^o. 328*. *Monday, March 17, 1712*
[STEELE.¹]

Delectata illa urbanitate tam stulta.

—PETRON. ARB.

THAT useful part of learning which consists in emendations, knowledge of different readings, and the like, is what in all ages persons extremely wise and learned have had in great veneration.

¹ This paper is the No. 328 of the original issue. See note to the preceding number, p. 36.

tion. For this reason I cannot but rejoice at the following epistle, which lets us into the true author of the letter to Mrs. Margaret Clark,¹ part of which I did myself the honour to publish in a former paper. I must confess I do not naturally affect critical learning; but finding myself not so much regarded as I am apt to flatter myself I may deserve from some professed patrons of learning, I could not but do myself the justice to show I am not a stranger to such erudition as they smile upon, if I were duly encouraged. However, this only to let the world see what I could do; and shall not give my reader any more of this kind, if he will forgive the ostentation I show at present.

'SIR,

' *March 13, 1712.*

'UPON reading your paper of yesterday, I took the pains to look out a copy I had formerly taken, and remembered to be very like your last letter: comparing them, I found they were the very same, and have, underwritten, sent you that part of it which you say was torn off. I hope you will insert it, that posterity may know 'twas Gabriel Bullock that made love in that natural style of which you seem to be fond. But, to let you see I have other manuscripts in the same way, I have sent you enclosed three copies, faithfully taken by my own hand from the originals, which were writ by a Yorkshire gentleman of a good estate to Madam Mary, and an uncle of hers, a knight very well known by the most ancient gentry in that and several other counties of Great Britain. I have exactly followed

¹ See No. 324.

the form and spelling. I have been credibly informed that Mr. William Bullock,¹ the famous comedian, is the descendant of this Gabriel, who begot Mr. William Bullock's great grandfather on the body of the above-mentioned Mrs. Margaret Clark. But neither Speed, nor Baker, nor Selden taking notice of it, I will not pretend to be positive; but desire that the letter may be reprinted, and what is here recovered may be in italic.

I am, SIR,

Your daily Reader.

“ To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

“LOVELY (and oh that I could write loving!) Mrs. Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body sometimes when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorice powder at the apothecary's shop, I am so enamoured with you that I can no more keep close my flaming desire to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please; for my father is taken away; and now I am come to my living, which is ten yard land,² and a house; and there is never a yard land in our field but is as well worth ten pound a year, as a thief's worth a halter; and all my brothers and sisters are provided for: besides, I have good household stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my house be

¹ See No. 36.

² See No. 324.

thatched, yet if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you shall think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes is made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good *matches in our town*; but my mother (*God's peace be with her*) charged me upon her deathbed to marry a gentlewoman, one who had been well trained up in sewing and cookery. I do not think but that if you and I can agree to marry, and lay our means together, I shall be made grand juryman ere two or three years come about, and that will be a great credit to us. If I could have got a messenger for sixpence, I would have sent one on purpose, and some trifle or other for a token of my love; but I hope there is nothing lost for that neither. So hoping you will take this letter in good part, and answer it with what care and speed you can, I rest and remain,

Yours, if my own, Mr. GABRIEL BULLOCK,
now my father is dead.

“SWEPSTON, LEICESTERSHIRE.

“When the coal carts come, I shall send oftener; and may come in one of them myself.”

“For sir William to go to london at westminster, remember a parlement.

“SIR

“WILLIAM, i hope that you are well. i write to let you know that i am in troubel abbut a lady you nease; and I do desire that you will be my frend; for when i did com to see her at your

hall, i was mighty Abused. i would fain a see you at topecliff, and thay would not let me go to you ; but i desire that you will be our frends, for it is no dishonor neither for you nor she, for God did make us all. i wish that i might see you, for thay say that you are a good man : and many doth wounder at it, but madam norton is abused and ceated two i beleive. i might a had many a lady, but i con have none but her with a good consons, for there is a God that know our harts. if you and madam norton will come to York, there i shill meet you if God be willing and if you pleased. so be not angterie till you know the trutes of things.

I give my to me lady, and to Mr.
 GEORGE NELSON. Aysenby, and to madam norton,
 March, the 19th ; 1706."

*" This is for madam mary norton disforth Lady
 she went to York.*

*" MADAM MARY. Deare loving sweet lady, i
 hope you are well. Do not go to london,
 for they will put you in the nunnery ; and heed not
 Mrs. Lucy what she saith to you, for she will ly and
 ceat you. go from to another Place, and we will
 gate wed so with speed. mind what i write to you,
 for if they gate you to london they will keep you
 there ; and so let us gate wed, and we will both go.
 so if you go to london, you rueing your self. so
 heed not what none of them saith to you. let us
 gate wed, and we shall lie to gader any time. i will
 do any thing for you to my poore. i hope the devill
 will faile them all, for a hellish Company there be.*

from there cursed trick and mischievous ways good
lord bless and deliver both you and me.

I think to be at york the 24 day."

"*This is for madam mary norton to go to london
for a lady that belongs to dishforth.*

"**M**ADAM MARY, i hope you are well. i am
soary that you went away from York. deare
loving sweet lady, i writt to let you know that i do
remain faithful; and if can let me know where i can
meet you, i will wed you, and I will do any thing to
my poor; for you are a good woman, and will be a
loving Misteris. i am in troubel for you, so if you
will come to york i will wed you. so with speed
come, and i will have none but you. so, sweet love,
heed not what to say to me, and with speed come:
heed not what none of them say to you; your maid
makes you believe ought.

"So deare love think of Mr. george Nillson
with speed; i sent you 2 or 3 letters before.

"I gave misteris elcock some nots, and thay put
me in pruson all the night for me pains, and non
new whear i was, and i did gat cold.

"But it is for mrs. Lucy to go a good way from
home, for in york and round about she is known;
to writ any more her deeds, the same will tell hor
soul is black within, hor corkis stinks of hell.

"*March 19, 1706.*"

R.

N^o. 329. *Tuesday, March 18, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.

—HOR., 1 Ep. vi. 27.

MY friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey,¹ in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow Trueby's water,² which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down I found it very unpalatable, upon which the knight observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first,

¹ No. 26.

² Strong waters, electuaries, and elixirs were often advertised in the *Spectator*.

but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic;¹ when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call an hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the county; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; 'and truly,' says Sir Roger, 'if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.'

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far when Sir Roger, popping

¹ Forty thousand persons died of the plague at Dantzic in 1709. In the *Tatler* (No. 97) Addison said that idleness destroyed 'more in every great town than the plague has done at Dantzic.'

out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked ; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, 'A brave man, I warrant him.' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesly Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, 'Sir Cloudesly Shovel!¹ a very gallant man!' As we stood before Busby's² tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner, 'Dr. Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand.³ Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees;⁴ and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the

¹ See No. 26. The monument is in the fourth aisle of the choir; the sculptor was F. Bird.

² See No. 313. This monument also is by Bird.

³ The chapel of St. Edmund.

⁴ On the base of the tomb erected by Lord Burleigh to the memory of his wife and daughter are kneeling figures of Sir Robert Cecil, their son, and three grand-daughters.

prick of a needle.¹ Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family, and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.'

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland,² was called Jacob's Pillow, sat himself down in the chair, and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon becoming thus trapped; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward III.'s sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he

¹ An alabaster statue of Elizabeth Russell, of the Bedford family, was shown for many years as the lady who died by the prick of a needle.

² By Edward I. in 1296.

was the first who touched for the evil ; and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head ;¹ and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since : 'Some Whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger ; 'you ought to lock up your kings better. They will carry off the body too, if you don't take care.'

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man ; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings,² and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

L.

¹ Henry V. The silver head was stolen at the time of the Reformation.

² Norfolk Street, Strand, was built about 1682. In No. 2 Steele said that Sir Roger stopped in Soho Square when in London.

N^o. 330. *Wednesday, March 19, 1712*
[STEELE.]

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia—

—Juv., Sat. xiv. 47.

THE following letters, written by two very considerate correspondents, both under twenty years of age, are very good arguments of the necessity of taking into consideration the many incidents which affect the education of youth:—

‘SIR,

‘I HAVE long expected, that in the course of your observations upon the several parts of human life, you would one time or other fall upon a subject, which, since you have not, I take the liberty to recommend to you. What I mean is the patronage of young modest men to such as are able to countenance and introduce them into the world. For want of such assistances, a youth of merit languishes in obscurity or poverty, when his circumstances are low, and runs into riot and excess when his fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make myself better understood, than by sending you an history of myself, which I shall desire you to insert in your paper, it being the only way I have of expressing my gratitude for the highest obligations imaginable.

‘I am the son of a merchant of the city of London, who, by many losses, was reduced from a very luxuriant trade and credit to very narrow circumstances, in comparison to that his former abundance. This took away the vigour of his mind,

and all manner of attention to a fortune which he now thought desperate, insomuch that he died without a will, having before buried my mother in the midst of his other misfortunes. I was sixteen years of age when I lost my father, and an estate of £200 a year came into my possession, without friend or guardian to instruct me in the management or enjoyment of it. The natural consequence of this was (though I wanted no director, and soon had fellows who found me out for a smart young gentleman, and led me into all the debaucheries of which I was capable), that my companions and I could not well be supplied without running in debt, which I did very frankly, until I was arrested and conveyed, with a guard strong enough for the most desperate assassin, to a bailiff's house, where I lay four days, surrounded with very merry but not very agreeable company. As soon as I had extricated myself from this shameful confinement, I reflected upon it with so much horror, that I deserted all my old acquaintance, and took chambers in an Inn of Court, with a resolution to study the law with all possible application. But I trifled away a whole year in looking over a thousand intricacies, without friend to apply to in any case of doubt; so that I only lived there among men, as little children are sent to school before they are capable of improvement, only to be out of harm's way. In the midst of this state of suspense, not knowing how to dispose of myself, I was sought for by a relation of mine, who, upon observing a good inclination in me, used me with great familiarity, and carried me to his seat in the country. When I came there he introduced me to all the good company in the county, and the great obligation I have to him for

this kind notice, and residence with him ever since, has made so strong an impression upon me, that he has an authority of a father over me, founded upon the love of a brother. I have a good study of books, a good stable of horses always at my command; and though I am not now quite eighteen years of age, familiar converse on his part, and a strong inclination to exert myself on mine, have had an effect upon me that makes me acceptable wherever I go. Thus, Mr. Spectator, by this gentleman's favour and patronage, it is my own fault if I am not wiser and richer every day I live. I speak this, as well by subscribing the initial letters of my name to thank him, as to incite others to an imitation of his virtue. It would be a worthy work to show what great charities are to be done without expense, and how many noble actions are lost, out of inadvertency, in persons capable of performing them, if they were put in mind of it. If a gentleman of figure in a county would make his family a pattern of sobriety, good sense, and breeding, and would kindly endeavour to influence the education and growing prospects of the younger gentry about him, I am apt to believe it would save him a great deal of stale beer on a public occasion, and render him the leader of his country from their gratitude to him, instead of being a slave to their riots and tumults in order to be made their representative. The same thing might be recommended to all who have made any progress in any parts of knowledge, or arrived at any degree in a profession; others may gain preferments and fortunes from their patrons, but I have, I hope, received from mine good habits and virtues. I repeat to you, sir, my request to print this, in return for all the evil and helpless

orphan shall ever escape, and all the good he shall receive in this life; both which are wholly owing to this gentleman's favour to,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

S. P.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty pleasure in learning. I have been at the Latin school four years. I don't know I ever played truant or neglected any task my master set me in my life. I think on what I read in school as I go home at noon and night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a mile out of my way, not minding whither I went. Our maid tells me she often hears me talk Latin in my sleep. And I dream two or three nights in the week I am reading Juvenal and Homer. My master seems as well pleased with my performances as any boy's in the same class. I think, if I know my own mind, I would choose rather to be a scholar than a prince without learning. I have a very good, affectionate father; but, though very rich, yet so mighty near, that he thinks much of the charges of my education. He often tells me, he believes my schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God knows what in books. I tremble to tell him I want one. I am forced to keep my pocket-money, and lay it out for a book now and then that he don't know off. He has ordered my master to buy no more books for me, but says he will buy them himself. I asked him for Horace t'other day, and he told me in a passion, he did not believe I was fit for it, but only my master had a mind to make him think I had got a great way in my learning. I am sometimes a month behind other boys in

getting the books my master gives orders for. All the boys in the school but I have the classic authors *in usum Delphini*, gilt and lettered on the back. My father is often reckoning up how long I have been at school, and tells me he fears I do little good. My father's carriage so discourages me, that he makes me grow dull and melancholy. My master wonders what is the matter with me: I am afraid to tell him; for he is a man that loves to encourage learning, and would be apt to chide my father, and, not knowing my father's temper, may make him worse. Sir, if you have any love for learning, I beg you would give me some instructions in this case, and persuade parents to encourage their children when they find them diligent and desirous of learning. I have heard some parents say, they would do anything for their children if they would but mind their learning. I would be glad to be in their place. Dear sir, pardon my boldness. If you will but consider and pity my case, I will pray for your prosperity as long as I live.

Your humble Servant,

‘LONDON, Mar. 2, 1711[-2].’ JAMES DISCIPULUS.

T.

No. 331. *Thursday, March 20, 1712*
[BUDGELL.]

—*Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.*

—PERS., Sat. ii. 28.

WHEN I was last with my friend Sir Roger, in Westminster Abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess

the reason of it, when after some time he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them? 'For my part,' says he, 'when I am walking in my gallery in the country and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle smock-faced young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles that cover half the hangings.' The knight added, if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavour to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that upon a month's warning he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but, after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphoses our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir Roger, was for many ages looked upon as the type of wisdom. Lucian more than once rallies the philosophers of his time who endeavoured to rival one another in beard; and represents a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard.

Ælian, in his account of Zoilus, the pretended critic, who wrote against Homer and Plato, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this Zoilus had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved; regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many

suckers, which, if they had been suffered to grow, might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere that one of the popes refused to accept an edition of a saint's works which were presented to him, because the saint in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted him of later years.

Accordingly several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beards, that they seem to have fixed the point of honour principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don Quevedo, in his third vision on the Last Judgment,¹ has carried the humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vainglorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustaches, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the beard flourished in the Saxon heptarchy, but was very much discouraged under the Norman line. It shot out, however, from time to time in several reigns under different shapes. The last effort it made seems to have been in

¹ The 'Visions' of Francisco Gomez de Quevedo Villegas were translated by Sir Roger L'Estrange, the fifth edition appearing in 1673.

Queen Mary's days, as the curious reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the figures of Cardinal Pole and Bishop Gardiner, though at the same time I think it may be questioned if zeal against Popery has not induced our Protestant painters to extend the beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of King James the First.

During the civil wars there appeared one, which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence; I mean that of the redoubted Hudibras, an account of which Butler has transmitted to posterity in the following lines:—

His tawny beard was the equal grace,
Both of his wisdom, and his face.
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile.
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange mixed with grey.¹

The whisker continued for some time among us after the expiration of beards; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the mustache.

If my friend Sir Roger's project of introducing beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest colours, and the most immoderate lengths. A fair beard, of the tapestry-size Sir Roger seems to ap-

¹ 'Hudibras,' Part I. canto i. 241-246.

prove, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of Æsculapius would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs; and I see no reason why we may not suppose that they would have their riding beards on the same occasion.

I may give the moral of this discourse in another paper. X.

N^o. 332. *Friday, March 21, 1712*
[STEELE.]

—*Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus horum hominum—
 —HOR., 1 Sat. iii. 29.

‘DEAR SHORT-FACE,

‘**I**N your speculation of Wednesday last,¹ you have given us some account of that worthy society of brutes, the Mohocks; wherein you have particularly specified the ingenious performances of the lion-tippers, the dancing-masters, and the tumblers: but as you acknowledge you had not then a perfect history of the whole club, you might very easily omit one of the most notable species of it, the sweaters, which may be reckoned a sort of dancing-masters too. It is, it seems, the custom for half-a-dozen, or more, of these well-disposed savages, as soon as they have enclosed the person

¹ No. 324.

upon whom they design the favour of a sweat, to whip out their swords, and holding them parallel to the horizon, they describe a sort of magic circle round about him with the points. As soon as this piece of conjuration is performed, and the patient without doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the operation, that member of the circle towards whom he is so rude as to turn his back first, runs his sword directly into that part of the patient wherein schoolboys are punished; and, as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about to some other point, every gentleman does himself the same justice as often as he receives the affront. After this jig has gone two or three times round, and the patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomely rubbed down by some attendants, who carry with them instruments for that purpose, and so discharged. This relation I had from a friend of mine, who has lately been under this discipline. He tells me he had the honour to dance before the emperor himself, not without the applause and acclamations both of his imperial majesty and the whole ring; though, I daresay, neither I or any of his acquaintance ever dreamt he would have merited any reputation by his activity.

‘I can assure you, Mr. Spec., I was very near being qualified to have given you a faithful and painful account of this walking bagnio, if I may so call it, myself: for going the other night along Fleet Street, and having, out of curiosity, just entered into discourse with a wandering female who was travelling the same way, a couple of fellows advanced towards us, drew their swords, and cried out to each other, ‘A sweat! a sweat!’ Whereupon, suspect-

ing they were some of the ringleaders of the bagnio, I also drew my sword, and demanded a parley; but finding none would be granted me, and perceiving others behind them filing off with great diligence to take me in flank, I began to sweat for fear of being forced to it; but very luckily betaking myself to a pair of heels, which I had good reason to believe would do me justice, I instantly got possession of a very snug corner in a neighbouring alley that lay in my rear; which post I maintained for above half-an-hour with great firmness and resolution, though not letting this success so far overcome me as to make me unmindful of the circumspection that was necessary to be observed upon my advancing again toward the street; by which prudence and good management I made a handsome and orderly retreat, having suffered no other damage in this action than the loss of my baggage and the dislocation of one of my shoe-heels, which last I am just now informed is in a fair way of recovery. These sweaters, by what I can learn from my friend, and by as near a view as I was able to take of them myself, seem to me to have at present but a rude kind of discipline amongst them. It is probable, if you would take a little pains with them, they might be brought into better order. But I'll leave this to your own discretion: and will only add, that if you think it worth while to insert this by way of caution to those who have a mind to preserve their skins whole from this sort of cupping, and tell them at the same time the hazard of treating with night-walkers, you will perhaps oblige others, as well as

Your very humble Servant,

JACK LIGHTFOOT.

‘*P.S.*—My friend will have me acquaint you, that though he would not willingly detract from the merit of that extraordinary strokesman Mr. Sprightly,¹ yet it is his real opinion, that some of those fellows who are employed as rubbers to this new-fashioned bagnio have struck as bold strokes as ever he did in his life.

‘I had sent this four and twenty hours sooner if I had not had the misfortune of being in a great doubt about the orthography of the word bagnio. I consulted several dictionaries, but found no relief; at last, having recourse both to the bagnio in Newgate Street and to that in Chancery Lane, and finding the original manuscripts upon the sign-posts of each to agree literally with my own spelling, I returned home, full of satisfaction, in order to despatch this epistle.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘**A**S you have taken most of the circumstances of human life into your consideration, we, the underwritten, thought it not improper for us also to represent to you our condition. We are three ladies who live in the country, and the greatest improvements we make is by reading. We have taken a small journal of our lives, and find it extremely opposite to your last Tuesday’s speculation.² We rise by seven, and pass the beginning of each day in devotion and looking into those affairs that fall within the occurrences of a retired life; in the afternoon we sometimes enjoy the company of some friend or neighbour, or else work or read; at night

¹ See No. 319.

² No. 323.

we retire to our chambers, and take leave of each other for the whole night at ten o'clock. We take particular care never to be sick of a Sunday. Mr. Spectator, we are all very good maids, but are ambitious of characters which we think more laudable, that of being very good wives. If any of your correspondents inquire for a spouse for an honest country gentleman, whose estate is not dipped, and wants a wife that can save half his revenue, and yet make a better figure than any of his neighbours of the same estate with finer bred women, you shall have further notice from

SIR,

Your courteous Readers,

MARTHA BUSIE,
DEBORAH THRIFTY,
ALICE EARLY.'

T.

No. 333. *Saturday, March 22, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

—*vocat in certamina divos.*

—VIRG., *Æn.* vi. 172.

WE are now entering upon the sixth book of 'Paradise Lost,' in which the poet describes the battle of angels; having raised his reader's expectation, and prepared him for it by several passages in the preceding books. I omitted quoting these passages in my observations on the former books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the subject of which gave occasion to them. The author's imagination was so inflamed with this great scene of action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself.

Thus where he mentions Satan in the beginning of his poem :—

—Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.¹

We have likewise several noble hints of it in the infernal conference :—

‘ O prince, O chief of many-throned powers
That led the embattled seraphim to war, . . .
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low. . . .
But see ! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heaven : the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o’erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heaven received us falling, and the thunder
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps has spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.’²

There are several other very sublime images on the same subject in the first book, as also in the second.

‘ What ! when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With Heaven’s afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us ? This hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds——’³

In short, the poet never mentions anything of this battle but in such images of greatness and terror as are suitable to the subject. Among several others,

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ i. 44-49.

² *Ibid.*, i. 128-129, 134-137, 169-177.

³ *Ibid.*, ii. 165-168.

I cannot forbear quoting that passage where the power, who is described as presiding over the chaos, speaks in the third¹ book.

Thus Satan : and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed
Answered : ' I know thee, stranger, who thou art ;
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against heaven's King, though overthrown,
I saw and heard ; for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frightened deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded ; and heaven's gates²
Poured out by millions her victorious bands,
Pursuing——'

It required great pregnancy of invention, and strength of imagination, to fill this battle with such circumstances as should raise and astonish the mind of the reader ; and, at the same time, an exactness of judgment to avoid everything that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into Homer, are surprised to find his battles still rising one above another, and improving in horror, to the conclusion of the *Iliad*. Milton's fight of angels is wrought up with the same beauty. It is ushered in with such signs of wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed.³ The first engagement is carried on under a cope of fire, occasioned by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows which are discharged from either host.⁴ The second onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial thunders, which seem to make the victory doubtful, and produce a kind of consternation even in the good angels.⁵ This is followed by the tearing up of mountains and

¹ A mistake for 'second' ; see '*Paradise Lost*,' ii. 988-998.

² 'Heaven-gates' (Milton). ³ '*Paradise Lost*,' vi. 56-60.

⁴ *Ibid.*, vi. 212-217.

⁵ *Ibid.*, vi. 582-590.

promontories; till, in the last place, the Messiah comes forth in the fulness of majesty and terror.¹ The pomp of his appearance, amidst the roarings of his thunders, the flashes of his lightnings, and the noise of his chariot-wheels, is described with the utmost flights of human imagination.²

There is nothing in the first and last day's engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas most readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of angels.

The second day's engagement is apt to startle an imagination which has not been raised and qualified for such a description, by the reading of the ancient poets, and of Homer in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our author, to ascribe the first use of artillery to the rebel angels. But as such a pernicious invention may be well supposed to have proceeded from such authors, so it entered very properly into the thoughts of that being, who is all along described as aspiring to the majesty of his Maker. Such engines were the only instruments he could have made use of to imitate those thunders that in all poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether so daring a thought as the former. We are in some measure prepared for such an incident by the description of the giants' war, which we meet with among the ancient poets. What still made this circumstance the more proper for the poet's use, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the giants' war, which makes so great a noise in antiquity, and gave birth to the sublimest description in Hesiod's works,³ was⁴ an

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' vi. 639 *seq.*

² *Ibid.*, vi. 760-770.

³ Hesiod, 'Theogony,' 664-745.

⁴ 'Antiquity, is' (folio).

allegory founded upon this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad angels.

It may perhaps be worth while to consider with what judgment Milton, in this narration, has avoided everything that is mean and trivial in the descriptions of the Latin and Greek poets, and at the same time improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this subject. Homer, in that passage¹ which Longinus has celebrated for its sublimeness, and which Virgil and Ovid have copied after him, tells us that the giants threw Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa. He adds an epithet to Pelion (*εἰνοσίφυλλον*) which very much swells the idea, by bringing up to the reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is further a great beauty in his singling out by name these three remarkable mountains, so well known to the Greeks. This last is such a beauty as the scene of Milton's war could not possibly furnish him with. Claudian, in his fragment upon the giants' war,² has given full scope to that wildness of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us that the giants tore up whole islands by the roots and threw them at the gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up Lemnos in his arms, and whirling it to the skies, with all Vulcan's shop in the midst of it. Another tears up Mount Ida, with the river Enipeus, which ran down the sides of it; but the poet, not content to describe him with this mountain upon his shoulders, tells us that the river flowed down his back as he held it up in that posture. It is visible to every judicious reader, that such ideas favour more of burlesque than of the sublime. They proceed from a wantonness

¹ *Odyssey*, xi. 315, 316.

² '*Gigantomachia*,' 68-71.

of imagination, and rather divert the mind than astonish it. Milton has taken everything that is sublime in these several passages, and composes out of them the following great image :—

From their foundations loosening to and fro,
They plucked the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands——¹

We have the full majesty of Homer in this short description, improved by the imagination of Claudian, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the description of the fallen angels seeing the promontories hanging over their heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless beauties in this book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the notice of the most ordinary reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful strokes of poetry in this book, and such a variety of sublime ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this paper. Besides that, I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the end of my Lord Roscommon's *Essay on Translated Poetry*.² I shall refer my reader thither for some of the master-strokes in the sixth book of '*Paradise Lost*,' though at the same time there are many others which that noble author has not taken notice of.

Milton, notwithstanding the sublime genius he

¹ '*Paradise Lost*,' vi. 643–646.

² The lines referred to begin as follows :—

'Have we forgot how Raphael's numerous prose
Led our exalted soul through heavenly camps,
And marked the ground where proud apostate thrones
Defied Jehovah?'

was master of, has in this book drawn to his assistance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient poets. The sword of Michael, which makes so great a havoc among the bad angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armoury of God.

—But the sword
Of Michael, from the armoury of God,
Was given him tempered so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer——¹

This passage is a copy of that in Virgil, wherein the poet tells us that the sword of Æneas, which was given him by a deity, broke into pieces the sword of Turnus, which came from a mortal forge.² As the moral in this place is divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a man who is favoured by Heaven such an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old Eastern way of thinking. Not only Homer has made use of it, but we find the Jewish hero in the Book of Maccabees, who had fought the battles of the chosen people with so much glory and success, receiving in his dream a sword from the hand of the prophet Jeremiah.³ The following passage, wherein Satan is described as wounded by the sword of Michael, is in imitation of Homer:—

The girding sword with discontinuous wound
Passed through him: but the ethereal substance closed
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flowed,
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stained——⁴

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' vi. 320–325.

² Æneid, xii. 722–741. It was the armour of Æneas, not his sword, which shattered the weapon of Turnus (Cook).

³ 2 Maccabees xv. 15.

⁴ 'Paradise Lost,' vi. 329–334.

Homer tells us, in the same manner, that upon Diomedes wounding the gods, there flowed from the wound an ichor, or pure kind of blood, which was not bred from mortal viands; and that though the pain was exquisitely great, the wound soon closed up and healed in those beings who are vested with immortality.¹

I question not but Milton, in his description of his furious Moloch flying from the battle, and bellowing with the wound he had received, had his eye on Mars in the *Iliad*,² who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the fight and making an outcry louder than that of a whole army when it begins the charge. Homer adds that the Greeks and Trojans, who were engaged in a general battle, were terrified on each side with the bellowing of this wounded deity. The reader will easily observe how Milton has kept all the horror of this image without running into the ridicule of it.

—Where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king, who him defied,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threatened, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
Refrained his tongue blasphemous; but anon,
Down cloven to the waist, with shattered arms
And uncouth pain, fled bellowing.³—

Milton has likewise raised his description in this book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of Scripture. The Messiah's chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a vision of Ezekiel,⁴ who, as Grotius observes, has very much

¹ *Iliad*, v. 330–342.

³ 'Paradise Lost,' vi. 355–362.

² *Ibid.*, v. 855–63.

⁴ Ezekiel i. 19 *seq.*

in him of Homer's spirit in the poetical parts of his prophecy.

The following lines in that glorious commission which is given the Messiah to extirpate the host of rebel angels, is drawn from a sublime passage in the psalms :—

Go, then, thou mightiest in thy Father's might,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake heaven's basis ; bring forth all my war,
My bow, my thunder, my almighty arms ;
Gird on thy sword on thy puissant thigh.²

The reader will easily discover many other strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but Milton had heated his imagination with the fight of the gods in Homer, before he entered upon this engagement of the angels. Homer there gives us a scene of men, heroes, and gods mixed together in battle.³ Mars animates the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the shouts and confusion of the fight. Jupiter at the same time thunders over their heads ; while Neptune raises such a tempest that the whole field of battle, and all the tops of the mountains, shake about them. The poet tell us that Pluto himself, whose habitation was in the very centre of the earth, was so affrighted at the shock, that he leapt from his throne. Homer afterwards describes Vulcan as pouring down a storm of fire upon the river Xanthus, and Minerva as throwing a rock at Mars, who, he tells us, covered seven acres in his fall.⁴

¹ Psalm xlv.

² 'Paradise Lost,' vi. 710-714. The last lines should be—

'My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh.'

³ Iliad, xx. 51-66.

⁴ *Ibid.*, xxi. 328 seq., 403-414.

As Homer has introduced into his battle of the gods everything that is great and terrible in nature, Milton has filled his fight of good and bad angels with all the like circumstances of horror. The shout of armies, the rattling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to lift up the reader's imagination, and give him a suitable idea of so great an action. With what art has the poet represented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created :—

—All heaven
Resounded ; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to its ¹ centre shook——²

In how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole heaven shaking under the wheels of the Messiah's chariot, with that exception to the throne of God :—

—Under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God.——³

Notwithstanding the Messiah appears clothed with so much terror and majesty, the poet has still found means to make his readers conceive an idea of Him beyond what he himself was able to describe :—

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked
His thunder in mid volley ; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.⁴

(In a word, Milton's genius, which was so great in itself, and so strengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to

¹ 'Her' (Milton).

³ *Ibid.*, vi. 832-834.

² 'Paradise Lost,' vi. 217-219.

⁴ *Ibid.*, vi. 853-855.

his subject, which was the most sublime that could enter into the thoughts of a poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he knew it was necessary to give it¹ certain resting-places and opportunities of recovering itself from time to time. He has therefore with² great address interspersed several speeches, reflections, similitudes, and the like reliefs, to diversify his narration, and ease the attention of the reader, that he might come fresh to his great action, and by such a contrast of ideas, have a more lively taste of the nobler parts of his description.

L.

N^o. 334. *Monday, March 24, 1712*
[STEELE.]

—*Voluisti, in suo genere, unumquemque nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium, dixistique non tam ea quæ recta essent probari, quam quæ prava sunt fastidiis adhærere.*—CICERO, *De Gestu*.

IT is very natural to take for our whole lives a light impression of a thing which at first fell into contempt with us for want of consideration. The real use of a certain qualification (which the wiser part of mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumstance) shows the ill consequence of such prepossessions. What I mean is the art, skill, accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of dancing. I knew a gentleman of great abilities who bewailed the want of this part of his education to the end of a very honourable life. He observed that there was not occasion for the common use of great talents; that

¹ 'Mind, had he not given it' (folio).

² 'Has with' (folio).

they are but seldom in demand ; and that these very great talents were often rendered useless to a man for want of small attainments. A good mien (a becoming motion, gesture, and aspect) is natural to some men, but even these would be highly more graceful in their carriage if what they do from the force of nature were confirmed and heightened from the force of reason. To one who has not at all considered it, to mention the force of reason on a subject will appear fantastical ; but when you have a little attended to it, an assembly of men will have quite another view ; and they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible rules, why this man with those beautiful features and well-fashioned person is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those advantages. When we read we do it without any exerted act of memory that presents the shape of the letters ; but habit makes us do it mechanically, without staying, like children, to recollect and join those letters. A man who has not had the regard of his gesture in any part of his education will find himself unable to act with freedom before new company, as a child that is but now learning would be to read without hesitation. It is for the advancement of the pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary life that one would wish dancing were generally understood as conducive as it really is to a proper deportment in matters that appear the most remote from it. A man of learning and sense is distinguished from others as he is such, though he never runs upon points too difficult for the rest of the world ; in like manner the reaching out of the arm, and the most ordinary motion, discovers whether a man ever learnt to know what is the true harmony and composure

of his limbs and countenance. Whoever has seen Booth¹ in the character of Pyrrhus march to his throne to receive Orestes, is convinced that majestic and great conceptions are expressed in the very step; but perhaps, though no other man could perform that incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater elevation were he a dancer. This is so dangerous a subject to treat with gravity, that I shall not at present enter into it any further; but the author of the following letter² has treated it in the essay he speaks of in such a manner that I am beholden to him for a resolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of anything till I have heard what they who have another opinion of it have to say in its defence:—

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘SINCE there are scarce any of the arts or sciences that have not been recommended to the world by the pens of some of the professors, masters, or lovers of them, whereby the usefulness, excellence, and benefit arising from them, both as to the speculative and practical part, have been made public, to the great advantage and improvement of such arts and sciences; why should dancing, an art celebrated by the ancients in so extraordinary a manner, be totally neglected by the moderns, and left destitute

¹ Barton Booth (1681–1733), an excellent actor, was one of the managers of Drury Lane Theatre. His performance of Pyrrhus in Philip’s ‘Distrest Mother’ brought him much praise; and in 1713 he created the part of Cato in Addison’s tragedy.

² John Weaver, author of ‘An Essay towards an History of Dancing,’ published in September 1712. Weaver wrote several pantomimes, and a ‘History of the Mimes and Pantomimes of the Ancients.’ See No. 466.

of any pen to recommend its various excellences and substantial merit to mankind?

‘The low ebb to which dancing is now fallen is altogether owing to this silence. The art is esteemed only as an amusing trifle; it lies altogether uncultivated, and is unhappily fallen under the imputation of illiterate and mechanic; and as Terence, in one of his prologues,¹ complains of the rope-dancers drawing all the spectators from his play, so may we well say that capering and tumbling is now preferred to, and supplies the place of, just and regular dancing on our theatres. It is therefore, in my opinion, high time that some one should come in to its assistance, and relieve it from the many gross and growing errors that have crept into it and overcast its real beauties; and to set dancing in its true light, would show the usefulness and elegance of it, with the pleasure and instruction produced from it; and also lay down some fundamental rules that might so tend to the improvement of its professors and information of the spectators, that the first might be the better enabled to perform, and the latter rendered more capable of judging, what is (if there be anything) valuable in this art.

‘To encourage therefore some ingenious pen capable of so generous an undertaking, and in some measure to relieve dancing from the disadvantages it at present lies under, I who teach to dance have attempted a small treatise as an essay towards an history of dancing; in which I have inquired into its antiquity, original, and use, and shown what esteem the ancients had for it: I have likewise considered the nature and perfection of all its several parts, and how beneficial and delightful it is, both as a

¹ The prologue to ‘Hecyra.’

qualification and an exercise; and endeavoured to answer all objections that have been maliciously raised against it. I have proceeded to give an account of the particular dances of the Greeks and Romans, whether religious, warlike, or civil; and taken particular notice of that part of dancing relating to the ancient stage, and in which the pantomimes had so great a share: nor have I been wanting in giving an historical account of some particular masters excellent in that surprising art; after which I have advanced some observations on the modern dancing, both as to the stage and that part of it so absolutely necessary for the qualification of gentlemen and ladies; and have concluded with some short remarks on the origin and progress of the character by which dances are writ down, and communicated to one master from another. If some great genius after this would arise, and advance this art to that perfection it seems capable of receiving, what might not be expected from it? For if we consider the origin of arts and sciences, we shall find that some of them took rise from beginnings so mean and unpromising, that it is very wonderful to think that ever such surprising structures should have been raised upon such ordinary foundations. But what cannot a great genius effect? Who would have thought that the clangorous noise of a smith's hammer should have given the first rise to music? Yet Macrobius in his second book relates that Pythagoras, in passing by a smith's shop, found that the sounds proceeding from the hammers were either more grave or acute, according to the different weights of the hammers. The philosopher, to improve this hint, suspends different weights by strings of the same bigness, and

found in like manner that the sounds answered to the weights. This being discovered, he finds out those numbers which produced sounds that were consonants: as, that two strings of the same substance and tension, the one being double the length of the other, gave that interval which is called diapason, or an eighth; the same was also effected from two strings of the same length and size, the one having four times the tension of the other. By these steps, from so mean a beginning, did this great man reduce what was only before noise, to one of the most delightful sciences, by marrying it to the mathematics; and by that means caused it to be one of the most abstract and demonstrative of sciences. Who knows therefore but motion, whether decorous or representative, may not (as it seems highly probable it may) be taken into consideration by some person capable of reducing it into a regular science, though not so demonstrative as that proceeding from sounds, yet sufficient to entitle it to a place among the magnified arts.

‘Now, Mr. Spectator, as you have declared yourself visitor of dancing-schools,¹ and this being an undertaking which more immediately respects them, I think myself indispensably obliged, before I proceed to the publication of this my essay, to ask your advice; and hold it absolutely necessary to have your approbation; and in order to recommend my treatise to the perusal of the parents of such as learn to dance, as well as to the young ladies to whom, as visitor, you ought to be guardian,

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant.

‘SALOP, *March* 19, 1711-12.’

T.

¹ See Nos. 296, 308, 314.

N^o. 335. *Tuesday, March 25, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et vivas hinc ducere voces.*
—HOR., *ARS Poet.* 317.

MY friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy¹ with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. 'The last I saw,' says Sir Roger, 'was "The Committee,"'² which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy.' He then proceeded to inquire of me who this 'distressed mother' was, and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a schoolboy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home

¹ Addison had already drawn attention to Ambrose Philips in Nos. 223, 229, and 290, and had, according to Spence, caused the house to be packed on the first night of the play. See also Nos. 338, 341.

² 'The Committee; or, the Faithful Irishman,' by Sir Robert Howard (1663), had for its heroes two Cavalier colonels, whose estates are sequestered, and their man Teg (Teague), an honest, blundering Irishman. The Cavaliers defy the Roundhead Committee, and 'the day may come,' says one of them, 'when those that suffer for their consciences and honour may be rewarded.' The comic Irishman kept the 'Committee' on the stage, and in Queen Anne's time the thorough Tory still relished the stage caricature of the maintainers of the Commonwealth (Morley).—This play was acted on April 12, 1712, 'the part of Teague to be performed by Mr. Griffiths from Ireland.'

late, in case the Mohocks¹ should be abroad. 'I assure you,' says he, 'I thought I had fallen into their hands last night, for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half-way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know,' continued the knight with a smile, 'I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design, for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before.' Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it, 'for I threw them out,' says he, 'at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However,' says the knight, 'if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.'

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk.² Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler,

¹ See Nos. 324, 332.

² William III. was defeated by Marshal Luxemburg at Steenkirk in 1692.

had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in safety to the playhouse; where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him, with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me, that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, 'You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow.' Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight

shook his head, and muttered to himself, 'Ay, do if you can.' This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, 'These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray,' says he, 'you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.'

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: 'Well,' says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, 'I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost.' He then renewed his attention, and from time to time fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, 'On my word, a notable young baggage.'

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they

were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time, 'And let me tell you,' says he, 'though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them.' Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke¹ the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralise (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man. L.

¹ Ridicule, expose. *Cf.* Addison's 'Drummer': 'Thou'rt very smart, my dear; but see, smoke the doctor!'

N^o. 336. *Wednesday, March 26, 1712*
[STEELE.]

—*Clament periisse pudorem*
Cuncti pœne patres, ea quum reprehendere coner,
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit :
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt ;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

—HOR., 2 Ep. i. 80.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘**A**S you are the daily endeavourer to promote learning and good sense, I think myself obliged to suggest to your consideration whatever may promote or prejudice them. There is an evil which has prevailed from generation to generation, which grey hairs and tyrannical custom continue to support ; I hope your spectatorial authority will give a seasonable check to the spread of the infection ; I mean old men’s overbearing the strongest sense of their juniors by the mere force of seniority ; so that for a young man in the bloom of life and vigour of age to give a reasonable contradiction to his elders, is esteemed an unpardonable insolence, and regarded as a reversing the decrees of nature. I am a young man I confess, yet I honour the grey head as much as any one ; however, when in company with old men, I hear them speak obscurely, or reason preposterously (into which absurdities, prejudice, pride, or interest will sometimes throw the wisest), I count it no crime to rectify their reasonings, unless conscience must truckle to ceremony, and truth fall a sacrifice to complaisance. The strongest arguments are enervated, and the

brightest evidence disappears, before those tremendous reasonings and dazzling discoveries of venerable old age : ‘You are young giddy-headed fellows, you have not yet had experience of the world.’ Thus we young folks find our ambition cramped, and our laziness indulged, since, while young, we have little room to display ourselves; and, when old, the weakness of nature must pass for strength of sense, and we hope that hoary heads will raise us above the attacks of contradiction. Now, sir, as you would enliven our activity in the pursuit of learning, take our case into consideration; and, with a gloss on brave Elihu’s sentiments, assert the rights of youth, and prevent the pernicious encroachments of age. The generous reasonings of that gallant youth would adorn your paper; and I beg you would insert them, not doubting but that they will give good entertainment to the most intelligent of your readers:—

“So these three men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes. Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram: against Job was his wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God. Also against his three friends was his wrath kindled, because they had found no answer, and yet had condemned Job. Now Elihu had waited till Job had spoken, because they were elder than he. When Elihu saw that there was no answer in the mouth of these three men, then his wrath was kindled. And Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite answered and said, I am young, and ye are very old; wherefore I was afraid, and durst not show you mine opinion. I said, Days should speak,

and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man : and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Great men are not always wise : neither do the aged understand judgment. Therefore I said, Hearken to me ; I also will show mine opinion. Behold, I waited for your words ; I gave ear to your reasons, whilst ye searched out what to say. Yea, I attended unto you, and, behold, there was none of you that convinced Job, or that answered his words : Lest ye should say, We have found out wisdom : God thrusteth him down, not man. Now he hath not directed his words against me : neither will I answer him with your speeches. They were amazed, they answered no more : they left off speaking. When I had waited (for they spake not, but stood still, and answered no more :) I said, I will answer also my part, I also will show mine opinion. For I am full of matter, the spirit within me constraineth me. Behold, my belly is as wine which hath no vent ; it is ready to burst like new bottles. I will speak, that I may be refreshed : I will open my lips and answer. Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person, neither let me give flattering titles unto man. For I know not to give flattering titles ; in so doing my Maker would soon take me away."¹

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I HAVE formerly read with great satisfaction your papers about idols, and the behaviour of gentlemen in those coffee-houses where women officiate,² and impatiently waited to see you take India and China shops into consideration : but since

¹ Job, chap. xxxii.

² See Nos. 73, 87, 155.

you have passed us over in silence, either that you have not as yet thought us worth your notice, or that the grievances we lie under have escaped your discerning eye, I must make my complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it because you seem a little at leisure at this present writing. I am, dear sir, one of the top chinawomen about town; and though I say it, keep as good things, and receive as fine company as any o' this end of the town, let the other be who she will: in short, I am in a fair way to be easy were it not for a club of female rakes who, under pretence of taking their innocent rambles, forsooth, and diverting the spleen, seldom fail to plague me twice or thrice a day, to cheapen tea, or buy a screen, "What else should they mean?" as they often repeat it. These rakes are your idle ladies of fashion, who having nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my ware. One of these no-customers (for, by the way, they seldom or never buy anything) calls for a set of tea-dishes, another for a bason, a third for my best green tea, and even to the punch-bowl there's scarce a piece in my shop but must be displaced, and the whole agreeable architecture disordered, so that I can compare 'em to nothing but to the night-goblins that take a pleasure to overturn the disposition of plates and dishes in the kitchens of your housewifely maids. Well, after all this racket and clatter, this is too dear, that is their aversion; another thing is charming, but not wanted: the ladies are cured of the spleen, but I am not a shilling the better for it. Lord! what signifies one poor pot of tea, considering the trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr. Spectator, are terrible things; for though I am not possessed by them myself, I suffer more from

'em than if I were. Now I must beg you to admonish all such day-goblins to make fewer visits, or to be less troublesome when they come to one's shop; and to convince them that we honest shop-keepers have something better to do than to cure folks of the vapours gratis. A young son of mine, a schoolboy, is my secretary, so I hope you'll make allowances. I am, SIR,

Your constant Reader,
and very humble Servant,

'March the 22nd.'

REBECCA THE DISTRESSED.

T.

N^o. 337. Thursday, March 27, 1712
[BUDGELL.]

*Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervicæ magister
Ire viam, qua monstret eques.*

—HOR., I Ep. ii. 64.

I HAVE lately received a third letter from the gentleman who has already given the public two essays upon education.¹ As his thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this subject, I shall communicate them to the reader:—

'SIR,

'IF I had not been hindered by some extraordinary business, I should have sent you sooner my further thoughts upon education. You may please to remember that in my last letter I endeavoured to give the best reasons that could be urged in favour of a private or public education. Upon the whole,

¹ Nos. 307, 313.

it may perhaps be thought that I seem rather inclined to the latter, though at the same time I confessed that virtue, which ought to be our first and principal care, was more usually acquired in the former.

‘I intend, therefore, in this letter to offer at methods by which I conceive boys might be made to improve in virtue as they advance in letters.

‘I know that in most of our public schools vice is punished and discouraged whenever it is found out; but this is far from being sufficient unless our youth are at the same time taught to form a right judgment of things, and to know what is properly virtue.

‘To this end, whenever they read the lives and actions of such men as have been famous in their generation, it should not be thought enough to make them barely understand so many Greek or Latin sentences, but they should be asked their opinion of such an action or saying, and obliged to give their reasons why they take it to be good or bad. By this means they would insensibly arrive at proper notions of courage, temperance, honour, and justice.

‘There must be great care taken how the example of any particular person is recommended to them in gross; instead of which they ought to be taught wherein such a man, though great in some respects, was weak and faulty in others. For want of this caution, a boy is often so dazzled with the lustre of a great character that he confounds its beauties with its blemishes, and looks even upon the faulty parts of it with an eye of admiration.

‘I have often wondered how Alexander, who was naturally of a generous and merciful disposition, came to be guilty of so barbarous an action as that

of dragging the governor of a town after his chariot. I know this is generally ascribed to his passion for Homer; but I lately met with a passage in Plutarch which, if I am not very much mistaken, still gives us a clearer light into the motives of this action. Plutarch tells us that Alexander in his youth had a master named Lysimachus, who, though he was a man destitute of all politeness, ingratiated himself both with Philip and his pupil, and became the second man at court by calling the king Peleus, the prince Achilles, and himself Phoenix. It is no wonder if Alexander, having been thus used not only to admire, but to personate Achilles, should think it glorious to imitate him in this piece of cruelty and extravagance.

‘To carry this thought yet further, I shall submit it to your consideration whether, instead of a theme or copy of verses, which are the usual exercises, as they are called in the school-phrase, it would not be more proper that a boy should be tasked once or twice a week to write down his opinion of such persons and things as occur to him in his reading; that he should descant upon the actions of Turnus or Æneas; show wherein they excelled or were defective, censure or approve any particular action, observe how it might have been carried to a greater degree of perfection, and how it exceeded or fell short of another. He might at the same time mark what was moral in any speech, and how far it agreed with the character of the person speaking. This exercise would soon strengthen his judgment in what is blamable or praiseworthy, and give him an early seasoning of morality.

‘Next to those examples which may be met within books, I very much approve Horace’s way of setting

before youth the infamous or honourable characters of their contemporaries; that poet tells us¹ this was the method his father made use of to incline him to any particular virtue, or give him an aversion to any particular vice. "If," says Horace, "my father advised me to live within bounds, and be contented with the fortune he should leave me; 'do not you see,' says he, 'the miserable condition of Barrus, and the son of Albius? Let the misfortunes of those two wretches teach you to avoid luxury and extravagance.' If he would inspire me with an abhorrence to debauchery, 'Do not,' says he, 'make yourself like Sectanius, when you may be happy in the enjoyment of lawful pleasures. How scandalous,' says he, 'is the character of Trebonius, who was lately caught in bed with another man's wife?'" To illustrate the force of this method, the poet adds, that as a headstrong patient, who will not at first follow his physician's prescriptions, grows orderly when he hears that his neighbours die all about him; so youth is often frightened from vice, by hearing the ill report it brings upon others.

'Xenophon's schools of equity, in his "Life of Cyrus the Great," are sufficiently famous. He tells us² that the Persian children went to school, and employed their time as diligently in learning the principles of justice and sobriety, as the youth in other countries did to acquire the most difficult arts and sciences; their governors spent most part of the day in hearing their mutual accusations one against the other, whether for violence, cheating, slander, or ingratitude, and taught them how to give judgment against those who were found to be any ways guilty of these crimes. I omit the story of the long and

¹ 1 Sat. iv. 105 seq.

² *Cyr. Institutio*, lib. i. cap. 2.

short coat, for which Cyrus himself was punished, as a case equally known with any in Littleton.

‘The method, which Apuleius tells us the Indian gymnosophists took to educate their disciples, is still more curious and remarkable. His words are as follow.¹ When their dinner is ready, before it is served up, the masters inquire of every particular scholar how he has employed his time since sun-rising; some of them answer, that having been chosen as arbiters between two persons, they have composed their differences, and made them friends; some, that they have been executing the orders of their parents; and others, that they have either found out something new by their own application, or learnt it from the instructions of their fellows. But if there happens to be any one among them who cannot make it appear that he has employed the morning to advantage, he is immediately excluded from the company, and obliged to work while the rest are at dinner.

‘It is not impossible, that from these several ways of producing virtue in the minds of boys, some general method might be invented. What I would endeavour to inculcate is, that our youth cannot be too soon taught the principles of virtue, seeing the first impressions which are made on the mind are always the strongest.

‘The Archbishop of Cambray² makes Telemachus say, that though he was young in years he was old in the art of knowing how to keep both his own and his friend’s secrets. “When my father,” says the prince, “went to the siege of Troy, he took me on his knees, and after having embraced and blessed me, as he was surrounded by the nobles of Ithaca,

¹ *Apuleii Florida*, lib. i. num. 6.

² Fénelon.

‘Oh my friends,’ says he, ‘into your hands I commit the education of my son; if ever you loved his father, show it in your care towards him; but above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a secret.’ These words of my father,” says Telemachus, “were continually repeated to me by his friends in his absence; who made no scruple of communicating to me their uneasiness to see my mother surrounded with lovers, and the measures they designed to take on that occasion.” He adds, that he was so ravished at being thus treated like a man, and at the confidence reposed in him, that he never once abused it; nor could all the insinuations of his father’s rivals ever get him to betray what was committed to him under the seal of secrecy.

‘There is hardly any virtue which a lad might not thus learn by practice and example.

‘I have heard of a good man, who used at certain times to give his scholars sixpence apiece, that they might tell him the next day how they had employed it. The third part was always to be laid out in charity, and every boy was blamed or commended as he could make it appear that he had chosen a fit object.

‘In short, nothing is more wanting to our public schools, than that the masters of them should use the same care in fashioning the manners of their scholars, as in forming their tongues to the learned languages. Wherever the former is omitted, I cannot help agreeing with Mr. Locke,¹ that a man must have a very strange value for words, when preferring the languages of the Greeks and Romans to that which made them such brave men, he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son, for a little Greek and Latin.

¹ ‘Of Education,’ sec. 147.

‘As the subject of this essay is of the highest importance, and what I do not remember to have yet seen treated by any author, I have sent you what occurred to me on it from my own observation or reading, and which you may either suppress or publish as you think fit.

X.

I am, SIR, yours, &c.’

N^o. 338. *Friday, March 28, 1712*
[—¹

—*Nil fuit unquam*
Sic dispar sibi—

—HOR., 1 Sat. iii. 18.²

I FIND the tragedy of the ‘Distrest Mother’ is published to-day. The author of the prologue,³ I suppose, pleads an old excuse I have read somewhere, of being dull with design;⁴ and

¹ There is no clue to the authorship of this paper.

² The folio issue had a motto from Horace, which had been used already for No. 162 :—

‘*Servetur ad imum,*
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.’

³ The prologue to Philips’s play was by Steele. Of the epilogue Johnson (‘*Lives of the Poets*’) says, ‘It was known in Tonson’s family and told to Garrick, that Addison was himself the author of it, and that when it had been at first printed with his name, he came early in the morning, before the copies were distributed, and ordered it to be given to Budgell, that it might add weight to the solicitation which he was then making for a place.’ Johnson calls it ‘the most successful epilogue that was ever yet spoken on the English theatre. The three first nights it was recited twice,’ and whenever afterwards the play was acted the epilogue was expected.

⁴ ‘It is to be noted, that when any part of this paper appears dull, there is a design in it’ (*Tatler*, No. 38).

the gentleman who writ the epilogue, has to my knowledge so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the exceptions made against gaiety at the end of serious entertainments, in the following letter. I should be more unwilling to pardon him than anybody, a practice which cannot have any ill consequence, but from the abilities of the person who is guilty of it.

‘Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I HAD the happiness the other night of sitting very near you and your worthy friend Sir Roger, at the acting of the new tragedy, which you have in a late paper or two so justly recommended.¹ I was highly pleased with the advantageous situation fortune had given me, in placing me so near two gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such reflections on the several incidents of the play as pure nature suggested, and from the other such as flowed from the exactest art and judgment: though I must confess that my curiosity led me so much to observe the knight’s reflections, that I was not so well at leisure to improve myself by yours. Nature, I found, played her part in the knight pretty well, until at the last concluding lines she entirely forsook him. You must know, sir, that it is always my custom, when I have been well entertained at a new tragedy, to make my retreat before the facetious epilogue enters; not but that those pieces are often very well writ, but having paid down my half-crown, and made a fair purchase of as much of the pleasing melancholy as the

¹ No. 335.

poet's art can afford me, or my own nature admit of, I am willing to carry some of it home with me; and can't endure to be at once tricked out of all, though by the wittiest dexterity in the world. However, I kept my seat t'other night, in hopes of finding my own sentiments of this matter favoured by your friends; when, to my great surprise, I found the knight entering with equal pleasure into both parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. Oldfield's¹ gaiety, as he had been before with Andromache's greatness. Whether this were no other than an effect of the knight's peculiar humanity, pleased to find at last, that after all the tragical doings, everything was safe and well, I don't know. But for my own part, I must confess I was so dissatisfied that I was sorry the poet had saved Andromache, and could heartily have wished that he had left her stone dead upon the stage. For you cannot imagine, Mr. Spectator, the mischief she was reserved to do me. I found my soul, during the action, gradually worked up to the highest pitch; and felt the exalted passion which all generous minds conceive at the sight of virtue in distress. The impression, believe me, sir, was so strong upon me, that I am persuaded, if I had been let alone in it, I could at an extremity have ventured to defend yourself and Sir Roger against half-a-score of the fiercest Mohocks: but the ludicrous epilogue in the close extinguished

¹ Mrs. Anne Oldfield (1683-1730), who was possessed of many personal attractions, was admirable both in tragedy and comedy. She created leading parts in Steele's 'Funeral,' 'Lying Lover,' and 'Tender Husband,' and among many other characters she was the original Marcia in Addison's 'Cato,' Andromache in Philips's play, and Lady Townly in Vanbrugh's 'Provoked Husband.'

all my ardour, and made me look upon all such noble achievements as downright silly and romantic. What the rest of the audience felt, I can't so well tell. For myself, I must declare, that at the end of the play I found my soul uniform, and all of a piece; but at the end of the epilogue it was so jumbled together, and divided between jest and earnest, that if you will forgive me an extravagant fancy, I will here set it down. I could not but fancy, if my soul had at that moment quitted my body, and descended to the poetical shades in the posture it was then in, what a strange figure it would have made among them. They would not have known what to have made of my motley spectre, half comic and half tragic, all over resembling a ridiculous face, that at the same time laughs on one side and cries on t'other. The only defence, I think, I have ever heard made for this, as it seems to me, the most unnatural tack of the comic tail to the tragic head, is this, that the minds of the audience must be refreshed, and gentlemen and ladies not sent away to their own homes with too dismal and melancholy thoughts about them: for who knows the consequence of this? We are much obliged indeed to the poets for the great tenderness they express for the safety of our persons, and heartily thank them for it. But if that be all, pray, good sir, assure them that we are none of us like to come to any great harm; and that, let them do their best, we shall in all probability live out the length of our days, and frequent the theatres more than ever. What makes me more desirous to have some reformation of this matter, is because of an ill consequence or two attending it: for a great many of our church musicians being

related to the theatre, they have, in imitation of these epilogues, introduced in their farewell voluntaries a sort of music quite foreign to the design of Church services, to the great prejudice of well-disposed people. Those fingering gentlemen should be informed, that they ought to suit their airs to the place and business; and that the musician is obliged to keep to the text as much as the preacher. For want of this, I have found by experience a great deal of mischief: for when the preacher has often, with great piety and art enough, handled his subject, and the judicious clerk has with utmost diligence culled out two staves proper to the discourse, and I have found in myself, and in the rest of the pew, good thoughts and dispositions, they have been all in a moment dissipated by a merry jig from the organ-loft. One knows not what further ill effects the epilogues I have been speaking of may in time produce. But this I am credibly informed of, that Paul Lorrain¹ has resolved upon a very sudden reformation in his tragical dramas; and that at the next monthly performance, he designs, instead of a penitential psalm, to dismiss his audience with an excellent new ballad of his own composing. Pray, sir, do what you can to put a stop to these growing evils, and you will very much oblige

Your humble Servant,

PHYSIBULUS.²

¹ The ordinary of Newgate. Lorrain, who died in 1719, compiled accounts of the dying speeches of criminals, and commonly represented them as dying penitents; whence they were called 'Lorrain's Saints' in No. 63 of the *Tatler*. In a letter from Pope and Bolingbroke to Swift (1725) Lorrain is described ironically as the 'great historiographer.'

² See Budgell's reply in No. 341.

N^o. 339. *Saturday, March 29, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

— *Ut his exordia primis*
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto
Cœperit, et rerum paulatim sumere formas.

—VIRG., Ecl. vi. 33.¹

LONGINUS has observed² that there may be a loftiness in sentiments where there is no passion, and brings instances out of ancient authors to support this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great critic observes, may animate and inflame the sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks,³ we very often find that those who excel most in stirring up the passions very often want the talent of writing in the great and sublime manner; and so on the contrary. Milton has shown himself a master in both these ways of writing. The seventh book, which we are now entering upon, is an instance of that sublime which is not mixed and worked up with passion. The author appears in a kind of composed and sedate majesty; and though the sentiments do not give so great an emotion as those in the former book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The sixth book, like a troubled ocean, represents greatness in confusion; the seventh affects the imagination like the ocean in a calm, and fills the mind of the reader, without producing in it anything like tumult or agitation.⁴

¹ The original editions give a wrong reference to Ovid.

² 'On the Sublime,' sec. 8.

⁸ *Ibid.*, sects. 13, 14.

⁴ In the *Review* for March 29, 1712, Defoe wrote: 'If anything could heighten the imagination or move the passions

The critic above mentioned, among the rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his reader that he should imitate the most celebrated authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in works of the same nature;¹ as in particular that if he writes on a poetical subject, he should consider how Homer would have spoken on such an occasion. By this means one great genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his spirit without copying servilely after him. There are a thousand shining passages in Virgil, which have been lighted up by Homer.

Milton, though his own natural strength of genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his conceptions, by such an imitation as that which Longinus has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the six days' works, the poet received but very few assistances from heathen writers, who were strangers to the wonders of Creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of poetry upon this subject in Holy Writ, the author has numberless allusions to them through the whole course of this book. The great critic I have before mentioned, though an heathen, has taken notice of the sublime manner in which the lawgiver of the Jews has described the Creation in the first chapter of Genesis;² and there are many

and affections in the subject which Milton wrote upon, more than reading Milton himself, I should think the world beholden to the Spectator for his extraordinary notes upon that sublime work.'

¹ 'On the Sublime,' sec. 14.

² *Ibid.*, sec. 9.

other passages in Scripture, which rise up to the same majesty, where this subject is touched upon. Milton has shown his judgment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for his poem, and in duly qualifying those high strains of Eastern poetry which were suited to readers whose imaginations were set to an higher pitch than those of colder climates.

Adam's speech to the angel, wherein he desires an account of what had passed within the regions of nature before the¹ Creation, is very great and solemn.² The following lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind:—

‘ And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though steep ; suspense in heaven,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay, to hear thee tell
His generation,’³ &c.—

The angel's encouraging our first parents in a modest pursuit after knowledge, with the causes which he assigns for the creation of the world, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the heavens were made, comes forth in the power of His Father, surrounded with an host of angels, and clothed with such a majesty as becomes His entering upon a work which, according to our conceptions, appears⁴ the utmost exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful description has our author raised upon that hint in one of the prophets: ‘ And behold there came four

¹ ‘ His ’ (folio).

³ *Ibid.*, vii. 98–102.

² ‘ Paradise Lost,’ vii. 70 *seq.*

⁴ ‘ Looks like ’ (folio).

chariots out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of brass.'¹

About His chariot numberless were poured
 Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
 And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots winged,
 From the armoury of God; where stand of old
 Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged
 Against a solemn day, harnessed at hand,
 Celestial equipage; and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,
 Attendant on their Lord: heaven opened wide
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound!
 On golden hinges moving——²

I have before taken notice of these chariots of God, and of these gates of heaven,³ and shall here only add that Homer gives us the same idea of the latter as opening of themselves, though he afterwards takes off from it by telling us that the hours first of all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know anything in the whole poem more sublime than the description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of His angels as looking down into the chaos, calming its confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first outline of the Creation.

On heavenly ground they stood; and from the shore
 They viewed the vast immeasurable abyss
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains to assault
 Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
 'Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,'
 Said then the omnific Word: 'your discord end!'

¹ Zech. vi. 1.

² 'Paradise Lost,' vii. 197-207.

³ Nos. 327, 333.

Nor stayed ; but, on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ;
For Chaos heard His voice : Him all His train
Followed in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of His might.
Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in His hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things :
One foot he centred, and the other turned
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, ' Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world ! ' ¹

The thought of the golden compasses is conceived altogether in Homer's spirit, and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description. Homer, when he speaks of the gods, ascribes to them several arms and instruments with the same greatness of imagination.² Let the reader only peruse the description of Minerva's ægis, or buckler, in the fifth book, with her spear which would overturn whole squadrons, and her helmet, that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities : the golden compasses in the above-mentioned passage appear a very natural instrument in the hand of Him, whom Plato somewhere calls the Divine Geometrician.³ As poetry delights in clothing abstracted ideas in allegories and sensible images, we find a magnificent description of the Creation formed after the same manner in one of the prophets,⁴ wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the waters in the hollow of His hand, meting out the heavens with His span, comprehending the dust of the earth in a

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' vii. 210-231.

² Iliad, v. 738-747.

³ From Plutarch, 'Symposiacs' ('Morals,' ed. Goodwin, iii. 402), Bk. viii. Question 2 (Cook).

⁴ Isa. xl. 12.

measure, weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them, describing the Supreme Being in this great work of creation, represents Him as laying the foundations of the earth, and stretching a line upon it; and in another place as garnishing the heavens, stretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing.¹ This last noble thought Milton has expressed in the following verse:—

And earth self-balanced on her centre hung.²

The beauties of description in this book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this paper. The poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue. The several great scenes of the Creation rise up to view one after another in such a manner that the reader seems present at this wonderful work, and to assist among the choirs of angels, who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day:—

—Thus was the first day even and morn:
Nor passed uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of heaven and earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they filled.³

We have the same elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth and the deep was made.

Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave

¹ Job xxxviii. 4, 5; xxvi. 13, 7. ² 'Paradise Lost,' vii. 242.
³ *Ibid.*, vii. 252-257.

Into the clouds ; their tops ascend the sky :
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters——¹

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable world described in this day's work,² which is filled with all the graces that other poets have lavished on their description of the spring, and leads the reader's imagination into a theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several glories of the heavens make their appearance on the fourth day.

First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heaven's high road : the grey
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,
Shedding sweet influence : less bright the moon,
But opposite in levelled west was set,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him ; for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night ; then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights 'dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appeared
Spangling the hemisphere——³

One would wonder how the poet could be so concise in his description of the six days' works as to comprehend them within the bounds of an episode, and at the same time so particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' vii. 285-290. ² *Ibid.*, vii. 309-338.

³ *Ibid.*, vii. 370-384.

he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the behemoth.¹ As the lion and the leviathan are two of the noblest productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a most exquisite spirit of poetry in the account which our author gives us of them.² The sixth day concludes with the formation of man,³ upon which the angel takes occasion, as he did after the battle in heaven, to remind Adam of his obedience, which was the principal design of this his visit.

The poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into heaven, and taking a survey of His great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the poem, where the author describes that great period of time, filled with so many glorious circumstances; when the heavens and earth were finished; when the Messiah ascended up in triumph through the everlasting gates; when He looked down with pleasure upon its new creation; when every part of nature seemed to rejoice in its existence; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

So even and morn accomplished the sixth day :
Yet not till the Creator, from His work
Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,
Up to the heaven of heavens, His high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,
The addition of His empire, how it showed
In prospect from His throne, how good, how fair,
Answering His great idea. Up He rode,
Followed with acclamation, and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned
Angelic harmonies : the earth, the air
Resounding (thou rememberest, for thou heardst),

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' vii. 387 *seq.* ² *Ibid.*, vii. 463-466, 412-416.
³ *Ibid.*, vii. 519-547.

The heavens and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station listening stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
'Open, ye everlasting gates!' they sung;
'Open, ye heavens! your living doors; let in
The great Creator, from His work returned
Magnificent, His six days' work, a world!'¹

I cannot conclude this book upon the Creation without mentioning a poem which has lately appeared under that title.² The work was undertaken with so good an intention, and is executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse. The reader cannot but be pleased to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The author has shown us that design in all the works of nature, which necessarily leads us to the knowledge of its first cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestable instances, that divine wisdom, which the son of Sirach has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in His formation of the world, when he tells us that 'He created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all His works.'³

L.

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' vii. 550-568.

² Sir Richard Blackmore's dull poem, 'The Creation,' 1712, was described on the title-page as 'a philosophical poem, demonstrating the existence and providence of a God.' The good intentions of the author led Addison to praise unduly his abilities, and caused Dr. Johnson to say that if Blackmore 'had written nothing else it would have transmitted him to posterity among the first favourites of the English muse.'

³ Ecclesiasticus i. 9.

N^o. 340. *Monday, March 31, 1712*
[STEELE.]

*Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes !
Quem sese ore ferens ! quam forti pectore et armis !*

—VIRG., *Æn.* iv. 10.

I TAKE it to be the highest instance of a noble mind to bear great qualities without discovering in a man's behaviour any consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the world ; or, to say it otherwise, it is the duty of a great person so to demean himself as that whatever endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no qualities but such as any man may arrive at ; he ought to think no man valuable but for his public spirit, justice, and integrity ; and all other endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those virtues. Such a man, if he is wise or valiant, knows it is of no consideration to other men that he is so, but as he employs those high talents for their use and service. He who affects the applauses and addresses of a multitude, or assumes to himself a pre-eminence upon any other consideration, must soon turn admiration into contempt. It is certain that there can be no merit in any man who is not conscious of it ; but the sense that it is valuable only according to the application of it, makes that superiority amiable which would otherwise be invidious. In this light it is considered as a thing in which every man bears a share : it annexes the ideas of dignity, power, and fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner to him who is possessor of it ; and all men who were strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a curiosity in beholding the person,

behaviour, feature, and shape of him, in whose character, perhaps, each man had formed something in common with himself. Whether such, or any other, are the causes, all men have a yearning curiosity to behold a man of heroic worth; and I have had many letters from all parts of this kingdom, that request I would give them an exact account of the stature, the mien, the aspect of the prince who lately visited England, and has done such wonders for the liberty of Europe.¹ It would puzzle the most curious to form to himself the sort of man my several correspondents expect to hear of by the action mentioned when they desire a description of him: there is always something that concerns themselves, and growing out of their own circumstances, in all their inquiries. A friend of mine in Wales beseeches me to be very exact in my account of that wonderful man, who had marched an army and all its baggage over the Alps; and, if possible, to learn whether the peasant who showed him the way, and is drawn in the map, be yet living. A gentleman from the university, who is deeply intent on the study of humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had opportunity in observing the whole interview between his highness and our late general. Thus do men's fancies work according to their several educations and circumstances; but all pay a respect, mixed

¹ See No. 269. Prince Eugene of Savoy was born in 1663. After fighting under the Emperor and in Italy, he was with Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim and elsewhere. Steele's third child was born in March 1712, during the prince's visit to England, and was christened Eugene. The praise of the prince in this paper was quoted at length by the author of 'Eugene's Annals' (1714): 'As for his highness's character, you cannot have a brighter nor a juster one than what was given him while the prince was here by that inimitable author, Mr. Steele.'

with admiration, to this illustrious character. I have waited for his arrival in Holland before I would let my correspondents know that I have not been so incurious a spectator as not to have seen Prince Eugene. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every expectation of those who have writ to me on that head; nor is it possible for me to find words to let one know what an artful glance there is in his countenance who surprised Cremona;¹ how daring he appears who forced the trenches of Turin:² but in general can say, that he who beholds him will easily expect from him anything that is to be imagined or executed by the wit or force of man. The prince is of that stature which makes a man most easily become all parts of exercise, has height to be graceful on occasions of state and ceremony, and no less adapted for agility and despatch: his aspect is erect and composed; his eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling; his action and address the most easy imaginable, and his behaviour in an assembly peculiarly graceful in a certain art of mixing insensibly with the rest, and becoming one of the company, instead of receiving the courtship of it. The shape of his person and composure of his limbs are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his look something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his quality or character, but the innate disposition of his mind.³

¹ Villeroy was taken prisoner at Cremona in 1702.

² In 1706 Prince Eugene relieved Turin, which was besieged by the French, and took more than 6000 prisoners.

³ Swift gives a very different account of the prince. On January 13, 1712, he wrote to Esther Johnson: 'I don't think him an ugly-faced fellow, but well enough, and a good shape;' but on February 10 he said: 'I saw Prince Eugene at court to-day very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly besides.'

It is apparent that he suffers the presence of much company, instead of taking delight in it; and he appeared in public while with us, rather to return goodwill or satisfy curiosity than to gratify any taste he himself had of being popular. As his thoughts are never tumultuous in danger, they are as little discomposed on occasions of pomp and magnificence: a great soul is affected in either case, no further than in considering the properest methods to extricate itself from them. If this hero has the strong incentives to uncommon enterprises that were remarkable in Alexander, he prosecutes and enjoys the fame of them with the justness, propriety, and good sense of Cæsar. It is easy to observe in him a mind as capable of being entertained with contemplation as enterprise; a mind ready for great exploits, but not impatient for occasions to exert itself. The prince has wisdom and valour in as high perfection as man can enjoy it; which noble faculties in conjunction banish all vainglory, ostentation, ambition, and all other vices which might intrude upon his mind to make it unequal. These habits and qualities of soul and body render this personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every man should have in him, the exertion of his very self, abstracted from the circumstances in which fortune has placed him. Thus were you to see Prince Eugene, and were told he was a private gentleman, you would say he is a man of modesty and merit: should you be told that was Prince Eugene, he would be diminished no otherwise than that part of your distant admiration would turn into familiar goodwill. This I thought fit to entertain my reader with concerning an hero who never was equalled but

by one man ;¹ over whom also he has this advantage, that he has had an opportunity to manifest an esteem for him in his adversity. T.

N^o. 341. *Tuesday, April 1, 1712*
[BUDGELL.]

—*Revocate animos, mæstumque timorem*
Mittite— —VIRG., *Æn.* i. 202.

HAVING, to oblige my correspondent Physibulus, printed his letter last Friday, in relation to the new epilogue, he cannot take it amiss, if I now publish another, which I have just received from a gentleman who does not agree with him in his sentiments upon that matter.²

‘SIR,

‘I AM amazed to find an epilogue attacked in your last Friday’s paper, which has been so generally applauded by the town, and received such honours as were never before given to any in an English theatre.

‘The audience would not permit Mrs. Oldfield to go off the stage the first night till she had repeated it twice; the second night the noise of *ancoras* was as loud as before, and she was again obliged to speak it twice; the third night it was still called for a second time; and, in short, contrary to all other epilogues, which are dropped after the third representation of the play, this has already been repeated nine times.

¹ The Duke of Marlborough.

² This is Budgell’s defence of the epilogue to the ‘Distrest Mother,’ criticised in No. 338.

‘I must own I am the more surprised to find this censure, in opposition to the whole town, in a paper which has hitherto been famous for the candour of its criticisms.

‘I can by no means allow your melancholy correspondent, that the new epilogue is unnatural because it is gay. If I had a mind to be learned, I could tell him that the prologue and epilogue were real parts of the ancient tragedy; but every one knows that on the British stage they are distinct performances by themselves, pieces entirely detached from the play, and no way essential to it.

‘The moment the play ends, Mrs. Oldfield is no more Andromache, but Mrs. Oldfield; and though the poet had left Andromache “stone-dead upon the stage,” as your ingenious correspondent phrases it, Mrs. Oldfield might still have spoke a merry epilogue. We have an instance of this in a tragedy¹ where there is not only a death but a martyrdom. St. Catherine was there personated by Nell Gwyn; she lies “stone-dead upon the stage,” but upon those gentlemen offering to remove her body, whose business it is to carry off the slain in our English tragedies, she breaks out into that abrupt beginning of what was a very ludicrous, but at the same time thought a very good epilogue:—

“Hold! are you mad? you damned confounded dog,
I am to rise and speak the epilogue.”

This diverting manner was always practised by Mr. Dryden, who, if he was not the best writer of tragedies in his time, was allowed by every one to have the happiest turn for a prologue or an

¹ Dryden’s ‘*Tyrannic Love; or, the Royal Martyr*,’ produced in 1669.

epilogue. The epilogues to "Cleomenes," "Don Sebastian," "The Duke of Guise," "Aurengzebe," and "Love Triumphant," are all precedents of this nature.

'I might further justify this practice by that excellent epilogue which was spoken a few years since, after the tragedy of "Phædra and Hippolitus";¹ with a great many others, in which the authors have endeavoured to make the audience merry. If they have not all succeeded so well as the writer of this, they have, however, shown that it was not for want of goodwill.

'I must further observe, that the gaiety of it may be still the more proper, as it is at the end of a French play; since every one knows that nation, who are generally esteemed to have as polite a taste as any in Europe, always close their tragic entertainments with what they call a *petite pièce*, which is purposely designed to raise mirth, and send away the audience well pleased. The same person who has supported the chief character in the tragedy, very often plays the principal part in the *petite pièce*; so that I have myself seen, at Paris, Orestes and Lubin acted the same night by the same man.

'Tragi-comedy, indeed, you have yourself in a former speculation found fault with very justly, because it breaks the tide of the passions while they are yet flowing; but this is nothing at all to the present case, where they have already had their full course.

'As the new epilogue is written conformably to the practice of our best poets, so it is not such an one which, as the Duke of Buckingham says in

¹ See No. 18.

his "Rehearsal," might serve for any other play, but wholly rises out of the piece it was composed for.

'The only reason your mournful correspondent gives against this "facetious epilogue," as he calls it, is, that he has a mind to go home melancholy. I wish the gentleman may not be more grave than wise. For my own part, I must confess I think it very sufficient to have the anguish of a fictitious piece remain upon me while it is representing, but I love to be sent home to bed in a good humour. If Physibulus is, however, resolved to be inconsolable, and not to have his tears dried up, he need only continue his old custom, and when he has had his half-crown's worth of sorrow, slink out before the epilogue begins.

'It is pleasant enough to hear this tragical genius complaining of the great mischief Andromache had done him. What was that? Why, she made him laugh. The poor gentleman's sufferings put me in mind of Harlequin's case, who was tickled to death. He tells us soon after, through a small mistake of sorrow for rage, that during the whole action he was so very sorry, that he thinks he could have attacked half-a-score of the fiercest Mohocks in the excess of his grief. I cannot but look upon it as an happy accident, that a man who is so bloody-minded in his affliction, was diverted from this fit of outrageous melancholy. The valour of this gentleman in his distress, brings to one's memory the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance,¹ who lays about him at such an unmerciful rate in an old romance. I shall readily grant him, that his soul, as he himself says, would have made a very ridiculous figure, had it quitted

¹ Don Quixote.

the body and descended to the poetical shades in such an encounter.

‘As to his conceit of tacking a tragic head with a comic tail, in order to refresh the audience, it is such a piece of jargon that I don’t know what to make of it.

‘The elegant writer makes a very sudden transition from the playhouse to the church, and from thence to the gallows.

‘As for what relates to the church, he is of opinion that these epilogues have given occasion to those merry jigs from the organ-loft, which have dissipated those good thoughts and dispositions he has found in himself, and the rest of the pew, upon the singing of two staves called out by the judicious and diligent clerk.

‘He fetches his next thought from Tyburn ; and seems very apprehensive lest there should happen any innovations in the tragedies of his friend Paul Lorrain.

‘In the meantime, sir, this gloomy writer, who is so mightily scandalised at a gay epilogue after a serious play, speaking of the fate of those unhappy wretches who are condemned to suffer an ignominious death by the justice of our laws, endeavours to make the reader merry on so improper an occasion, by those poor burlesque expressions of tragical dramas and monthly performances.

I am, SIR,

With great respect, your most obedient,

Most humble Servant,

X.

PHILOMEIDES.’

N^o. 342. *Wednesday, April 2, 1712*
[STEELE.]

Justitiæ partes sunt non violare homines: Verecundiæ, non offendere.—TULL.

AS regard to decency is a great rule of life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the female world, I cannot overlook the following letter, which describes an egregious offender:—

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I WAS this day looking over your papers, and reading in that of December the 6th,¹ with great delight, the amiable grief of Asteria for the absence of her husband; it threw me into a great deal of reflection. I cannot say but this arose very much from the circumstances of my own life, who am a soldier, and expect every day to receive orders, which will oblige me to leave behind me a wife that is very dear to me, and that very deservedly. She is, at present, I am sure, no way below your Asteria for conjugal affection; but I see the behaviour of some women so little suited to the circumstances wherein my wife and I shall soon be, that it is with a reluctance I never knew before I am going to my duty. What puts me to present pain, is the example of a young lady, whose story you shall have as well as I can give it you. Hortensius, an officer of good rank in her Majesty’s service, happened in a certain part of England to be brought to a country-gentleman’s house, where he was received with that

¹ No. 241.

more than ordinary welcome with which men of domestic lives entertain such few soldiers whom a military life, from the variety of adventures, has not rendered overbearing, but humane, easy, and agreeable. Hortensius stayed here some time, and had easy access at all hours, as well as unavoidable conversation at some parts of the day with the beautiful Sylvana, the gentleman's daughter. People who live in cities are wonderfully struck with every little country abode they see when they take the air ; and 'tis natural to fancy they could live in every neat cottage by which they pass much happier than in their present circumstances. The turbulent way of life which Hortensius was used to, made him reflect with much satisfaction on all the advantages of a sweet retreat one day ; and among the rest, you'll think it not improbable, it might enter into his thought, that such a woman as Sylvana would consummate the happiness. The world is so debauched with mean considerations, that Hortensius knew it would be received as an act of generosity, if he asked for a woman of the highest merit, without further questions, of a parent who had nothing to add to her personal qualifications. The wedding was celebrated at her father's house ; when that was over, the generous husband did not proportion his provision for her to the circumstances of her fortune, but considered his wife as his darling, his pride, and his vanity, or rather that it was in the woman he had chosen that a man of sense could show pride or vanity with an excuse, and therefore adorned her with rich habits and valuable jewels. He did not however omit to admonish her that he did his very utmost in this ; that it was an ostentation he could not but be guilty of to a woman he had so much

pleasure in, desiring her to consider it as such; and begged of her also to take these matters rightly, and believe the gems, the gowns, the laces, would still become her better, if her air and behaviour was such, that it might appear she dressed thus rather in compliance to his humour that way, than out of any value she herself had for the trifles. To this lesson, too hard for a woman, Hortensius added, that she must be sure to stay with her friends in the country till his return. As soon as Hortensius departed, Sylvana saw in her looking-glass that the love he conceived for her was wholly owing to the accident of seeing her; and she is convinced it was only her misfortune the rest of mankind had not beheld her, or men of much greater quality and merit had contended for one so genteel, though bred in obscurity; so very witty, though never acquainted with court or town. She therefore resolved not to hide so much excellence from the world, but without any regard to the absence of the most generous man alive, she is now the gayest lady about this town, and has shut out the thoughts of her husband by a constant retinue of the vainest young fellows this age has produced; to entertain whom she squanders away all Hortensius is able to supply her with, though that supply is purchased with no less difficulty than the hazard of his life.

‘Now, Mr. Spectator, would it not be a work becoming your office to treat this criminal as she deserves? You should give it the severest reflections you can. You should tell women, that they are more accountable for behaviour in absence than after death. The dead are not dishonoured by their levities; the living may return, and be laughed at

by empty fops, who will not fail to turn into ridicule the good man, who is so unseasonable as to be still alive, and come and spoil good company.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant.'

All strictness of behaviour is so unmercifully laughed at in our age, that the other much worse extreme is the more common folly. But let any woman consider which of the two offences an husband would the more easily forgive, that of being less entertaining than she could to please company, or raising the desires of the whole room to his disadvantage; and she will easily be able to form her conduct. We have indeed carried women's characters too much into public life, and you shall see them nowadays affect a sort of fame. But I cannot help venturing to disoblige them for their service, by telling them, that the utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life; she is blamable or praiseworthy according as her carriage affects the house of her father or her husband. All she has to do in this world, is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother. All these may be well performed, though a lady should not be the very finest woman at an opera or an assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate share of wit, a plain dress, and a modest air. But when the very brains of the sex are turned, and they place their ambition on circumstances wherein to excel, it's no addition to what is truly commendable. Where can this end but, as it frequently does, in their placing all their industry, pleasure, and ambition on things which will naturally make the gratifications of life last,

at best, no longer than youth and good fortune? And when we consider the least ill consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own condition as years advance, with a disrelish of life, and falling into contempt of their own persons, or being the derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional part of the species (for their own happiness and comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born), their ambition to excel will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their lives want opportunities of being shining ornaments to their fathers, husbands, brothers, or children. T.

N^o. 343. *Thursday, April 3, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

—*Errat, et illinc*

*Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
Spiritus : eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster—*

—OVID., *Met.* xv. 165.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to show upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. ‘Sir Paul Rycaut,’¹ says he, ‘gives us an account

¹ Sir Paul Rycaut, the son of a financier, Sir Peter Rycaut, attended Lord Winchelsea as secretary to the embassy during six years which that nobleman passed at Constantinople. After that he was appointed British Consul at Smyrna, where he lived many years. His ‘Present State of the Ottoman Empire’ appeared in 1668, and before his death in 1700 he published several other

of several well-disposed Mahomedans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know,' says Will, 'the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or a sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you,' says Will, 'that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour or his fortune when he was one of us.'

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told us that Jack Freelove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lapdogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty epistle upon this hint. 'Jack,' says he, 'was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress, in the person of the monkey;

works, chiefly on Turkish affairs. He says in the book above quoted (Book ii. ch. 26) that the Turks 'hold it a pious work to buy a bird from a cage and give him his liberty,' and to buy bread and feed with it the curs that infested the streets. But this was from a principle of charity and benevolence, not on account of any opinion as to transmigration. On the other hand, in an earlier chapter Rycout tells a curious story, illustrating the belief in transmigration entertained by the Munasihi, a small Turkish sect. Addison's memory appears to have mixed up the contents of these two chapters (Arnold).

and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

‘The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt,’ says Will, ‘whether it was written by Jack or the monkey.’

‘MADAM,

‘NOT having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an Indian Brahmin and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself by my great skill in the occult sciences with a demon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this he told me was not in his power to grant me. I then begged that into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I might still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This he told me was within his power, and accordingly promised on the word of a demon that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblamably, that I was made president

of a college of Brahmins, an office which I discharged with great integrity till the day of my death.

‘I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so very well in it, that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the Brahmin, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign; till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

‘Upon my next remove I found myself in the woods under the shape of a jackal, and soon enlisted myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after his prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or an hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half-picked for my encouragement; but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three chases, he gave me such a confounded gripe in his anger that I died of it.

‘In my next transmigration I was again set upon two legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagances, and being married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt that I durst not show my head. I could no sooner step out of my house, but I was arrested by somebody or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

‘My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in that state led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me when I was in the water, and if I betook myself to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of English ships, I observed an huge seagull whetting his bill and hovering just over my head. Upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark that swallowed me down in an instant.

‘I was some years afterwards, to my great surprise, an eminent banker in Lombard Street; and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon, for I had in a manner starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

‘I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but, some time or other, I might be reduced to a mite if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with great diligence to the offices that were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole molehill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burden, by an unlucky cock-sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

‘I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other

extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder an hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the spot.

‘I might tell you of many other transmigrations which I went through; how I was a town rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how I was a tailor, a shrimp, and a tomtit. In the last of these my shapes I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

‘But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow, whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in Ethiopia, where I lived in my present grotesque shape till I was caught by a servant of the English factory,¹ and sent over into Great Britain: I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You see, madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a chain; I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my

¹ By Ethiopia is meant Abyssinia, or Abyssinia and Nubia together. The Portuguese and the French had opened up some communications with Abyssinia before Addison’s time; but no Englishman, much less an English factory, seems to have appeared in the country before the traveller James Bruce (Arnold).

person will not tend to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed favours to

Your most devoted humble Servant,

PUGG.

‘P.S.—I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of my way; for as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won’t like.’
L.

N^o. 344. *Friday, April 4, 1712*
[STEELE.]

—*In solo vivendi causa palato est.*

—JUV., Sat. xi. 11.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I THINK it has not yet fallen into your way to discourse on little ambition, or the many whimsical ways men fall into to distinguish themselves among their acquaintance: such observations, well pursued, would make a pretty history of low life. I myself am got into a great reputation, which arose (as most extraordinary occurrences in a man’s life seem to do) from a mere accident. I was some days ago unfortunately engaged among a set of gentlemen, who esteem a man according to the quantity of food he throws down at a meal. Now I, who am ever for distinguishing myself according to the notions of superiority which the rest of the company entertain, eat so immoderately for their applause as had like to have cost me my life. What added to my misfortune was that, having naturally a good stomach, and having lived soberly for some

time, my body was as well prepared for this contention as if it had been by appointment. I had quickly vanquished every glutton in company but one, who was such a prodigy in his way, and withal so very merry during the whole entertainment, that he insensibly betrayed me to continue his competitor, which in a little time concluded in a complete victory over my rival; after which, by way of insult, I eat a considerable proportion beyond what the spectators thought me obliged in honour to do. The effect, however, of this engagement has made me resolve never to eat more for renown; and I have, pursuant to this resolution, compounded three wagers I had depending on the strength of my stomach; which happened very luckily, because it was stipulated in our articles either to play or pay. How a man of common sense could be thus engaged is hard to determine; but the occasion of this is to desire you to inform several gluttons of my acquaintance, who look on me with envy, that they had best moderate their ambition in time, lest infamy or death attend their success. I forgot to tell you, sir, with what unspeakable pleasure I received the acclamations and applause of the whole board when I had almost eat my antagonist into convulsions: it was then that I returned his mirth upon him, with such success as he was hardly able to swallow, though prompted by a desire of fame, and a passionate fondness for distinction: I had not endeavoured to excel so far had not the company been so loud in their approbation of my victory. I don't question but the same thirst after glory has often caused a man to drink quarts without taking breath, and prompted men to many other as difficult enterprises; though, if otherwise pursued, might turn very much to a

man's advantage. This ambition of mine was, indeed, extravagantly pursued: however, I can't help observing that you hardly ever see a man commended for a good stomach but he immediately falls to eating more (though he had before dined), as well to confirm the person that commended him in his good opinion of him, as to convince any other at the table who may have been unattentive enough not to have done justice to his character.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
EPICURE MAMMON.¹

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I HAVE writ to you three or four times, to desire you would take notice of an impertinent custom the women, the fine women, have lately fallen into, of taking snuff.² This silly trick is attended with such a coquette air in some ladies, and such a sedate masculine one in others, that I cannot tell which most to complain of; but they are to me equally disagreeable. Mrs. Saunter is so impatient of being without it, that she takes it as often as she does salt at meals; and as she affects a wonderful ease and negligence in all her manner, an upper lip mixed with snuff and the sauce, is what is presented to the observation of all who have

¹ Sir Epicure Mammon is a character in Jonson's ‘*Alchemist*.’

² Steele ridiculed this habit in the *Tatler*, Nos. 35, 140. In 1711 Swift sent ‘a fine snuff-rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs. St. John for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco’ (‘*Journal to Stella*,’ Nov. 3, 1711). The general use of snuff in England dates from 1702, as described in Lillie's ‘*British Perfumer*.’ When Isaac Bickerstaff's sister Jenny was about to be married, he ‘made her resign her snuff-box for ever, and half drown herself with washing away the stench of the musty’ (*Tatler*, No. 79).

the honour to eat with her. The pretty creature her niece does all she can to be as disagreeable as her aunt; and if she is not as offensive to the eye, she is quite as much to the ear, and makes up all she wants in a confident air, by a nauseous rattle of the nose when the snuff is delivered, and the fingers make the stops and closes on the nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a very courtly image in speaking of ladies; that is very true, but where arises the offence? Is it in those who commit, or those who observe it? As for my part, I have been so extremely disgusted with this filthy physic hanging on the lip, that the most agreeable conversation or person has not been able to make up for it. As to those who take it for no other end but to give themselves occasion for pretty action, or to fill up little intervals of discourse, I can bear with them; but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who ought to be heard with too much respect, to admit of offering at that time from hand to hand the snuff-box. But Flavilla is so far taken with her behaviour in this kind, that she pulls out her box (which is indeed full of good Brazil) in the middle of the sermon; and to show she has the audacity of a well-bred woman, she offers it to the men as well as the women who sit near her. But since by this time all the world knows she has a fine hand, I am in hopes she may give herself no further trouble in this matter. On Sunday was sevensnight, when they came about for the offering, she gave her charity with a very good air, but at the same time asked the churchwarden if he would take a pinch. Pray, sir, think of these things in time, and you will oblige,

T.

SIR, your most humble Servant.'

N^o. 345. *Saturday, April 5, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

*Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cetera posset.
Natus homo est——* —OVID, Met. i. 76.

THE accounts which Raphael gives of the battle of angels, and the creation of the world, have in them those qualifications which the critics judge requisite to an episode. They are nearly related to the principal action, and have a just connection with the fable.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which this discourse of the archangel made on our first parent.¹ Adam afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, inquires concerning the motions of those celestial bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days' works. The poet here, with a great deal of art, represents Eve as withdrawing from this part of their conversation to amusements more suitable to her sex. He well knew, that the episode in this book, which is filled with Adam's account of his passion and esteem for Eve, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring :—

So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seemed
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse ; which Eve
Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' viii. 1-38.

To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,
 Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,
 And, touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high : such pleasure she reserved,
 Adam relating, she sole auditress ;
 Her husband the relater she preferred
 Before the angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather : he, she knew, would intermix
 Graceful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses ; from his lip
 Not words alone pleased her. Oh ! when meet now
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour joined ?¹

The angel's returning a doubtful answer to Adam's inquiries, was not only proper for the moral reason which the poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the sanction of an archangel to any particular system of philosophy. The chief points in the Ptolemaic and Copernican hypothesis are described with great conciseness and perspicuity, and at the same time dressed in very pleasing and poetical images.²

Adam, to detain the angel, enters afterwards upon his own history, and relates to him the circumstances in which he found himself upon his creation ; as also his conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with Eve.³ There is no part of the poem more apt to raise the attention of the reader, than this discourse of our great ancestor ; as nothing can be more surprising and delightful to us, than to hear the sentiments that arose in the first man while he was yet new and fresh from the hands of his Creator. The poet has interwoven everything which is delivered upon this subject in Holy Writ with so many beauti-

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' viii. 39-58.

² *Ibid.*, viii. 64 seq.

³ *Ibid.*, viii. 203-207, 250 seq.

ful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole episode. As our author knew this subject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the six days' works, but reserved it for a distinct episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining passages in the dialogue between Adam and the angel. The first is that wherein our ancestor gives an account of the pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble moral.

‘For while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven;
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasant to thirst
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant; but thy words with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.’¹

The other I shall mention is that in which the angel gives a reason why he should be glad to hear the story Adam was about to relate.

‘For I that day was absent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion toward the gates of hell;
Squared in full legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in His work;
Lest He, incensed at such eruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mixed.’²

There is no question but our poet drew the image in what follows from that in Virgil's sixth book,³

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ viii. 210–216.

² *Ibid.*, viii. 229–236.

³ *Æneid*, vi. 552–556.

where Æneas and the Sibyl stand before the adamantine gates, which are there described as shut upon the place of torments, and listen to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noise of iron whips,¹ that were heard in those regions of pain and sorrow.

‘——Fast we found, fast shut,
The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong ;
But, long ere our approaching, heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song—
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.’²

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and sentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he represent the posture in which he found himself, the beautiful landscape that surrounded him, and the gladness of heart which grew up in him on that occasion ?

‘——As new waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat ; which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turned,
And gazed awhile the ample sky ; till, raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet : about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these,
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smiled :
With fragrance and with joy my heart o’erflowed.’³

Adam is afterwards described as surprised at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself, and of all the works of Nature.⁴ He likewise is repre-

¹ Virgil’s words are, ‘Strida ferri.’

² ‘Paradise Lost,’ viii. 240–244.

³ *Ibid.*, viii. 253–266.

⁴ *Ibid.*, viii. 267–277.

sented as discovering by the light of reason, that he and everything about him must have been the effect of some being infinitely good and powerful, and that this being had a right to his worship and adoration.¹ His first address to the sun, and to those parts of the creation which made the most distinguished figure, is very natural and amusing² to the imagination.

‘——“Thou sun,” said I, “fair light,
And thou enlightened earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?”’³

His next sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His dream, in which he still preserves the consciousness of his existence, together with his removal into the garden which was prepared for his reception, are also circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred story.⁴

These and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the same time that they have all the graces of nature. They are such as none but a great genius could have thought of, though, upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the subject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural they are not obvious, which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impression which the interdiction of the Tree

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ viii. 278–282.

² Interesting, entertaining. Cf. South (‘Sermons,’ vii. 1): ‘Such a religion as should afford both sad and solemn objects to amuse and affect the pensive part of the soul.’

³ ‘Paradise Lost,’ viii. 273–277. ⁴ *Ibid.*, viii. 297 *seq.*

of Life left in the mind of our first parent, is described with great strength and judgment;¹ as the image of the several beasts and birds passing in review before him is very beautiful and lively:—

‘—Each bird and beast behold,
Approaching two and two; these cowering low
With blandishment; each bird stooped on his wing.
I named them as they passed—’²

Adam in the next place describes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of solitude.³ The poet here represents the Supreme Being as making an essay of His own work, and putting to the trial that reasoning faculty with which He had endued His creature. Adam urges, in this divine colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy, though he was the inhabitant of Paradise, and lord of the whole creation, without the conversation and society of some rational creature, who should partake those blessings with him. This dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornaments, is as fine a part as any in the whole poem. The more the reader examines the justness and delicacy of its sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The poet has wonderfully preserved the character of majesty and condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of humility and adoration in the creature, as particularly in those beautiful lines:—

‘Thus I, presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brightened, thus replied,’⁴ &c.

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ viii. 333–336.

³ *Ibid.*, viii. 357 *seq.*

² *Ibid.*, viii. 349–352.

⁴ *Ibid.*, viii. 367, 368.

‘——I, with leave of speech implored,
And humble deprecation, thus replied :
“ Let not my words offend Thee, heavenly Power ;
My Maker, be propitious while I speak,”’¹ &c.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his second sleep, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of Eve.² The new passion that was awakened in him at the sight of her is touched very finely :—

‘ Under His forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex ; so lovely fair,
That what seemed fair in all the world seemed now
Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained,
And in her looks, which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things, from her air, inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.’³

Adam’s distress upon losing sight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real creature, who resembled the apparition which had been presented to him in his dream ; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of sentiments.⁴

Though this part of the poem is worked up with great warmth and spirit, the love which is described in it is every way suitable to a state of innocence. If the reader compares the description which Adam here gives of his leading Eve to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. Dryden has made on the same occasion in a scene of his ‘Fall of Man,’⁵ he will be

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ viii. 377–380.

² *Ibid.*, viii. 452–477.

³ *Ibid.*, viii. 470–477.

⁴ *Ibid.*, viii. 478–520.

⁵ ‘The State of Innocence, and Fall of Man,’ 1674, Act iii. sc. 1.

sensible of the great care which Milton took to void all thoughts on so delicate a subject, that might be offensive to religion or good manners. The sentiments are chaste, but not cold, and convey to the mind ideas of the most transporting passion, and of the greatest purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the author joined together, in the reflection which Adam makes on the pleasures of love, compared to those of sense :—

‘ Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss,
Which I enjoy ; and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As, used or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire ; these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds ; but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch ; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmoved ; here only weak
Against the charm of beauty’s powerful glance,
Or nature failed in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain ;
Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough ; at least on her bestowed
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.’¹

‘ ——— When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded : wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows ;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made

¹ ‘ *Paradise Lost*,’ viii. 521–539.

Occasionally ; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.¹

These sentiments of love in our first parent gave the angel such an insight into human nature, that he seems apprehensive of the evils which might befall the species in general, as well as Adam in particular, from the excess of this passion. He therefore fortifies him against it by timely admonitions ;² which very artfully prepare the mind of the reader for the occurrences of the next book, where the weakness of which Adam here gives such distant discoveries brings about that fatal event which is the subject of the poem. His discourse, which follows the gentle rebuke he received from the angel, shows that his love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in reason, and consequently not improper for Paradise :—

‘ Neither her outside, formed so fair, nor aught
In procreation, common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem),
So much delights me as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mixed with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned
Union of mind, or in us both one soul—
Harmony to behold in wedded pair.’³

Adam’s speech, at parting with the angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ viii. 546–559. This passage was noticed both in the *Tatler* (Dec. 3, 1709) and the *Freeholder* (April 9, 1716).

² *Ibid.*, viii. 560–594.

³ *Ibid.*, viii. 596–605.

nature, and at the same time a certain dignity and greatness suitable to the father of mankind in his state of innocence.

N^o. 346. *Monday, April 7, 1712*
[STEELE.]

Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni munerum longe antepono. Hæc est gravium hominum atque magnorum; illa quasi assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi titillantium.—TULL.

WHEN we consider the offices of human life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call generosity, which, when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded temper, than an honest and liberal mind. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all liberality should have for its basis and support frugality. By this means the beneficent spirit works in a man from the convictions of reason, not from the impulses of passion. The generous man, in the ordinary acceptation, without respect to the demands of his own family, will soon find, upon the foot of his account, that he has sacrificed to fools, knaves, flatterers, or the deservedly unhappy, all the opportunities of affording any future assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in itself laudable, should not a man take care to secure an ability to do things praiseworthy as long as he lives? or could there be a more cruel piece of raillery upon a man who should have reduced his fortune below the capacity of acting according to his natural temper, than to say of him, 'That gentleman was

generous.' My beloved author therefore has, in the sentence on the top of my paper, turned his eye with a certain satiety from beholding the addresses to the people by largesses and public entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the circumstances of time and a man's own fortune. A constant benignity in commerce with the rest of the world, which ought to run through all a man's actions, has effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and less ostentatious in yourself. He turns his recommendation of this virtue in commercial life; and according to him, a citizen who is frank in his kindnesses, and abhors severity in his demands; he who in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to disputes, and above the sense of little sufferings, bears a nobler character, and does much more good to mankind than any other man's fortune without commerce can possibly support. For the citizen above all other men has opportunities for arriving at that highest fruit of wealth, to be liberal without the least expense of a man's own fortune. It is not to be denied but such a practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the obligation, that, among traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the favour a secret, as he who receives it. The unhappy distinctions among us in England are so great, that to celebrate the intercourse of commercial friendship (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous man so many enemies of the contrary party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of Tom the Bounteous, who lends at the ordinary interest to give men of less fortune opportunities of

making greater advantages. He conceals, under a rough air and distant behaviour, a bleeding compassion and womanish tenderness. This is governed by the most exact circumspection, that there is no industry wanting in the person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper expenses. This I know of Tom, but whom dares say it of so known a Tory? The same care I was forced to use some time ago in the report of another's virtue, and said fifty instead of an hundred,¹ because the man I pointed at was a Whig. Actions of this kind are popular without being invidious, for every man of ordinary circumstances looks upon a man who has this known benignity in his nature as a person ready to be his friend upon such terms as he ought to expect it; and the wealthy, who may envy such a character, can do no injury to its interests but by the imitation of it, in which the good citizens will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myself a greater idea of human life than in what is the practice of some wealthy men whom I could name, that make no step to the improvement of their own fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other men, who would languish in poverty without that munificence. In a nation where there are so many public funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good subject who does not embark some part of his fortune with the State, to whose vigilance he owes the security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an obligation upon many, and extending your benignity the furthest a man can possibly who is not engaged in commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the state some part of this sort of credit he

¹ See No. 248.

gives his banker, may in all the occurrences of his life have his eye upon removing want from the door of the industrious, and defending the unhappy upright man from bankruptcy. Without this benignity, pride or vengeance will precipitate a man to choose the receipt of half his demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from whom he has shown mercy. This benignity is essential to the character of a fair trader, and any man who designs to enjoy his wealth with honour and self-satisfaction; nay, it would not be hard to maintain that the practice of supporting good and industrious men would carry a man further, even to his profit, than indulging the propensity of serving and obliging the fortunate. My author¹ argues on this subject, in order to incline men's minds to those who want them most, after this manner: 'We must always consider the nature of things and govern ourselves accordingly. The wealthy man, when he has repaid you, is upon a balance with you; but the person whom you favoured with a loan, if he be a good man, will think himself in your debt after he has paid you. The wealthy and the conspicuous are not obliged by the benefits you do them, they think they conferred a benefit when they receive one. Your good offices are always suspected, and it is with them the same thing to expect their favour as to receive it. But the man below you, who knows in the good you have done him, you respected himself more than his circumstances, does not act like an obliged man only to him from whom he has received a benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whatever little offices he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it that he

¹ Cicero.

will labour to extenuate it in all his actions and expressions. Moreover, the regard to what you do to a great man at best is taken notice of no further than by himself or his family; but what you do to a man of an humble fortune (provided always that he is a good and a modest man) raises the affections towards you of all men of that character (of which there are many) in the whole city.'

There is nothing gains a reputation to a preacher so much as his own practice; I am therefore casting about what act of benignity is in the power of a Spectator. Alas, that lies but in a very narrow compass, and I think the most immediately under my patronage are either players or such whose circumstances bear an affinity with theirs. All, therefore, I am able to do at this time of this kind is to tell the town that on Friday the 11th of this instant April, there will be performed in York Buildings a concert of vocal and instrumental music, for the benefit of Mr. Edward Keen, the father of twenty children; and that this day the haughty George Powell¹ hopes all the good-natured part of the town will favour him, whom they applauded in Alexander, Timon, Lear, and Orestes, with their company this night, when he hazards all his heroic glory for their approbation in the humbler condition of honest Jack Falstaff.

T.

¹ See No. 31. 'Henry the Fourth' was acted at Powell's benefit on April 7, 1712.

N^o. 347. *Tuesday, April 8, 1712*
[BUDGELL.]

Quis furor, o cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri!

—LUCAN, i. 8.

I DO not question but my country readers have been very much surprised at the several accounts they have met with in our public papers of that species of men among us lately known by the name of Mohocks.¹ I find the opinions of the learned as to their origin and designs are altogether various, insomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such society of men. The terror which spread itself over the whole nation some years since, on account of the Irish, is still fresh in most people's memories, though it afterwards appeared there was not the least ground for that general consternation.

The late panic fear was, in the opinion of many deep and penetrating persons, of the same nature. These will have it that the Mohocks are like those spectres and apparitions which frighten several towns and villages in her Majesty's dominions, though they were never seen by any of the inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these Mohocks are a kind of bull-beggars,² first invented by prudent married men and masters of families, in order to deter their wives and daughters from taking the air at unseasonable hours; and that when they tell them the Mohocks will catch them, it is a caution of the same nature with that of our forefathers, when they bid their children have a care of Raw Head and Bloody Bones.

¹ See No. 324.

² Something terrible, used to frighten children. Cf. *Tatler*, No. 212.

For my own part I am afraid there was too much reason for that great alarm the whole city has been in upon this occasion; though at the same time I must own that I am in some doubt whether the following pieces are genuine and authentic, and the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the name by which the Emperor subscribes himself is altogether conformable to the Indian orthography.

I shall only further inform my readers that it was some time since I received the following letter and manifesto, though for particular reasons I did not think fit to publish them till now:—

‘SIR,

‘*To the SPECTATOR.*

‘FINDING that our earnest endeavours for the good of mankind have been basely and maliciously represented to the world, we send you enclosed our imperial manifesto, which it is our will and pleasure that you forthwith communicate to the public, by inserting it in your next daily paper. We do not doubt of your ready compliance in this particular, and therefore bid you heartily farewell.

(Signed) TAW WAW EBEN ZAN KALADAR,
Emperor of the Mohocks.

“*The Manifesto of TAW WAW EBEN ZAN KALADAR, Emperor of the Mohocks.*

“WHEREAS we have received information from sundry quarters of this great and populous city of several outrages committed on the legs, arms, noses, and other parts of the good people of England by such as have styled themselves our subjects; in order to vindicate our imperial dignity from those

false aspersions which have been cast on it, as if we ourselves might have encouraged or abetted any such practices; we have, by these presents, thought fit to signify our utmost abhorrence and detestation of all such tumultuous and irregular proceedings; and do hereby further give notice that if any person or persons has or have suffered any wound, hurt, damage, or detriment, in his or their limb or limbs, otherwise than shall be hereafter specified, the said person or persons, upon applying themselves to such as we shall appoint for the inspection and redress of the grievances aforesaid, shall be forthwith committed to the care of our principal surgeon, and be cured at our own expense in some one or other of those hospitals which we are now erecting for that purpose.

“And to the end that no one may, either through ignorance or inadvertency, incur those penalties which we have thought fit to inflict on persons of loose and dissolute lives, we do hereby notify to the public that if any man be knocked down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful business at proper hours, that it is not done by our order: and we do hereby permit and allow any such person so knocked down or assaulted to rise again, and defend himself in the best manner that he is able.

“We do also command all and every our good subjects that they do not presume, upon any pretext whatsoever, to issue and sally forth from their respective quarters till between the hours of eleven and twelve. That they never ‘tip the lion’¹ upon man, woman, or child till the clock at St. Dunstan’s shall have struck one.

¹ ‘Tipping the lion’ was squeezing a person’s nose flat to his face with the thumb.

“That the ‘sweat’ be never given but between the hours of one and two; always provided that our Hunters may begin to hunt a little after the close of the evening, anything to the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also that if ever they are reduced to the necessity of ‘pinking,’ it shall always be in the most fleshy parts, and such as are least exposed to view.

“It is also our imperial will and pleasure that our good subjects the Sweaters do establish their hummums¹ in such close places, alleys, nooks, and corners, that the patient or patients may not be in danger of catching cold.

“That the Tumblers, to whose care we chiefly commit the female sex, confine themselves to Drury Lane and the purlieus of the Temple; and that every other party and division of our subjects do each of them keep within the respective quarters we have allotted to them. Provided, nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall in any wise be construed to extend to the Hunters, who have our full licence and permission to enter into any part of the town wherever their game shall lead them.

“And whereas we have nothing more at our imperial heart than the reformation of the cities of London and Westminster, which to our unspeakable satisfaction we have in some measure already effected,

¹ Baths, from the Arabic ‘hammam.’ The Hummums in Covent Garden was one of the earliest of these bagnios established in London. The following advertisement is from the *Postman* for November 18, 1701: ‘This is to give notice, that at the Hummums, in Covent Garden, persons may sweat in the cleanest and be cupped after the newest manner. There is likewise good lodgings for any persons who choose to lodge there all night. The price, as was always, for sweating and bathing, is 5s. 6d.; for two in a room, 8s.; but who lodge there all night, 10s.’

we do hereby earnestly pray and exhort all husbands, fathers, housekeepers, and masters of families, in either of the aforesaid cities, not only to repair themselves to their respective habitations at early and seasonable hours; but also to keep their wives and daughters, sons, servants, and apprentices, from appearing in the streets at those times and seasons which may expose them to military discipline, as it is practised by our good subjects the Mohocks; and we do further promise, on our imperial word, that as soon as the reformation aforesaid shall be brought about, we will forthwith cause all hostilities to cease.

“Given from our Court at the Devil Tavern,
March 15, 1712.”

X.

N^o. 348. *Wednesday, April 9, 1712*
[STEELE.]

Invidiam placare paras, virtute relicta?

—HOR., 2 Sat. iii. 13.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I HAVE not seen you lately at any of the places where I visit, so that I am afraid you are wholly unacquainted with what passes among my part of the world, who are, though I say it, without controversy, the most accomplished and best bred of the town. Give me leave to tell you, that I am extremely discomposed when I hear scandal, and am an utter enemy to all manner of detraction, and think it the greatest meanness that people of distinction can be guilty of. However, it is hardly possible to come into company, where you do not find them pulling one another to pieces, and that from no other

provocation but that of hearing any one commended. Merit, both as to wit and beauty, is become no other than the possession of a few trifling people's favour, which you cannot possibly arrive at, if you have really anything in you that is deserving. What they would bring to pass is, to make all good and evil to consist in report, and with whispers, calumnies, and impertinences, to have the conduct of those reports. By this means innocents are blasted upon their first appearance in town; and there is nothing more required to make a young woman the object of envy and hatred, than to deserve love and admiration. This abominable endeavour to suppress or lessen everything that is praiseworthy, is as frequent among the men as the women. If I can remember what passed at a visit last night, it will serve as an instance that the sexes are equally inclined to defamation, with equal malice, with equal impotence. Jack Triplett came into my Lady Airy's about eight of the clock. You know the manner we sit at a visit, and I need not describe the circle; but Mr. Triplett came in, introduced by two tapers supported by a spruce servant, whose hair is under a cap till my lady's candles are all lighted up, and the hour of ceremony begins. I say, Jack Triplett came in, and singing (for he is really good company), "Every feature, charming creature," he went on, "It is a most unreasonable thing that people cannot go peaceably to see their friends, but these murderers are let loose. Such a shape! such an air! what a glance was that as her chariot passed by mine——" My lady herself interrupted him: "Pray, who is this fine thing——?" "I warrant," says another, "'tis the creature I was telling your ladyship of just now." "You were telling of?" says Jack; "I wish I had

been so happy as to have come in and heard you, for I have not words to say what she is. But if an agreeable height, a modest air, a virgin shame, and impatience of being beheld, amidst a blaze of ten thousand charms——” The whole room flew out. “Oh, Mr. Triplett!”——When Mrs. Lofty, a known prude, said she believed she knew whom the gentleman meant; but she was indeed, as he civilly represented her, impatient of being beheld——Then, turning to the lady next to her——“The most unbred creature you ever saw.” Another pursued the discourse: “As unbred, madam, as you may think her, she is extremely belied if she is the novice she appears; she was last week at a ball till two in the morning; Mr. Triplett knows whether he was the happy man that took care of her home; but——” This was followed by some particular exception that each woman in the room made to some peculiar grace or advantage; so that Mr. Triplett was beaten from one limb and feature to another, till he was forced to resign the whole woman. In the end, I took notice Triplett recorded all this malice in his heart; and saw in his countenance, and a certain waggish shrug, that he designed to repeat the conversation; I therefore let the discourse die, and soon after took an occasion to commend a certain gentleman of my acquaintance for a person of singular modesty, courage, integrity, and withal as a man of an entertaining conversation, to which advantages he had a shape and manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. Triplett, who is a woman’s man, seemed to hear me with patience enough commend the qualities of his mind. He never heard indeed but that he was a very honest man, and no fool; but for a fine gentleman he must ask pardon. Upon

no other foundation than this, Mr. Triplett took occasion to give the gentleman's pedigree, by what methods some part of the estate was acquired, how much it was beholden to a marriage for the present circumstances of it. After all, he could see nothing but a common man in his person, his breeding, or understanding.

'Thus, Mr. Spectator, this impertinent humour of diminishing every one who is produced in conversation to their advantage, runs through the world; and I am, I confess, so fearful of the force of ill tongues, that I have begged of all those who are my well-wishers never to commend me, for it will but bring my frailties into examination, and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed perfections. I am confident a thousand young people, who would have been ornaments to society, have, from fear of scandal, never dared to exert themselves in the polite arts of life. Their lives have passed away in an odious rusticity, in spite of great advantages of person, genius, and fortune. There is a vicious terror of being blamed in some well-inclined people, and a wicked pleasure in suppressing them in others; both which I recommend to your spectatorial wisdom to animadvert upon; and if you can be successful in it, I need not say how much you will deserve of the town; but new toasts will owe to you their beauty, and new wits their fame.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

T.

MARY.'

N^o. 349. *Thursday, April 10, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

—*Quos ille timorum*
Maximus haud urget, lethi metus: inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis— —LUCAN, i. 454.

I AM very much pleased with a consolatory letter of Phalaris¹ to one who had lost a son that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father is, to the best of my memory, as follows: that he should consider death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy; that while he lived he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. Whilst he is capable of changing we may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that Epaminondas, being asked whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he

¹ The spuriousness of the 'Epistles of Phalaris' was proved by Bentley in his 'Dissertation.'

himself, deserved most to be esteemed? 'You must first see us die,' said he, 'before that question can be answered.'¹

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written play, where the principal persons still act in character whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the Grecian or Roman history whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted on it. Monsieur de St. Evremont is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of Petronius Arbiter during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates.

There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflection. It was Petronius his merit that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference which he showed at the close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelessness and levity, rather than fortitude. The resolution of Socrates proceeded from very different motives,

¹ Plutarch, 'Life of Epaminondas.' The Theban Epaminondas defeated the Spartans and the Athenian generals, Chabrias and Iphicrates, in the fourth century B.C.

the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author above mentioned was so pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman Sir Thomas More.

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary discourses with wit and pleasantry, and, as Erasmus tells him in an epistle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a second Democritus.

He died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by that side for which he suffered. That innocent mirth which had been so conspicuous in his life did not forsake him to the last: he maintained the same cheerfulness of heart upon the scaffold which he used to show at his table; and upon laying his head on the block, gave instances of that good humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the most ordinary occurrences.¹ His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing of his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper on such an occasion as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Men's natural fears will be a sufficient guard against it. I shall only observe, that what

¹ More put his beard out of the way when he laid his head on the block, remarking to the headsman, that it at least had not committed treason.

was philosophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper, as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this paper with the instance of a person who seems to me to have shown more intrepidity and greatness of soul in his dying moments, than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this instance in the 'History of the Revolutions in Portugal,' written by the Abbot de Vertot.¹

When Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, Emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper, which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers that if he died during the engagement they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him

¹ The Abbé Vertot—Renatus Aubert de Vertot d'Aubœuf (1655–1735)—had exchanged out of the severe order of the Capuchins into that of the Præmonstratenses when, at the age of thirty-four, he produced, in 1689, his first work, the 'History of the Revolutions of Portugal,' here quoted. Continuing to write history, in 1701 he was made a member, and in 1705 a paid member, of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres (Morley).

as usual. Before the battle began he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge, which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.¹

L.

N^o. 350. *Friday, April 11, 1712*
[STEELE.²]

Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, si justitia vacat, pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est.—TULL.

CAPTAIN SENTRY was last night at the club, and produced a letter from Ipswich, which his correspondent desired him to communicate to his friend the Spectator. It contained an account of an engagement between a French privateer, commanded by one Dominick Pottiere, and a little vessel of that place laden with corn, the master whereof, as I remember, was one Goodwin. The Englishman defended himself with incredible bravery,

¹ King Sebastian was killed after the battle of 1579; but for many years the Portuguese believed that he had escaped alive.

² This paper bears no mark in the 1713 8vo edition; but the letter 'T' appears in the folio issue and the 1713 12mo edition.

and beat off the French, after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy still came on with greater fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize; till at last the Englishman, finding himself sink apace, and ready to perish, struck. But the effect which this singular gallantry had upon the captain of the privateer, was no other than an unmanly desire of vengeance for the loss he had sustained in his several attacks. He told the Ipswich man in a speaking-trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he stayed to see him sink. The Englishman at the same time observed a disorder in the vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the disdain which the ship's crew had of their captain's inhumanity. With this hope he went into his boat, and approached the enemy. He was taken in by the sailors in spite of their commander; but though they received him against his command, they treated him when he was in the ship in the manner he directed. Pottiere caused his men to hold Goodwin while he beat him with a stick till he fainted with loss of blood, and rage of heart; after which he ordered him into irons, without allowing him any food, but such as one or two of the men stole to him under peril of the like usage. After having kept him several days overwhelmed with the misery of stench, hunger, and soreness, he brought him into Calais. The governor of the place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed Pottiere from his charge with ignominy, and gave Goodwin all the relief which a man of honour would bestow upon an enemy barbarously treated, to recover the imputation of cruelty upon his prince and country.

When Mr. Sentry had read his letter, full of many

other circumstances which aggravate the barbarity, he fell into a sort of criticism upon magnanimity and courage, and argued, that they were inseparable; and that courage, without regard to justice and humanity, was no other than the fierceness of a wild beast. 'A good and truly bold spirit,' continued he, 'is ever actuated by reason and a sense of honour and duty: the affectation of such a spirit exerts itself in an impudent aspect, an overbearing confidence, and a certain negligence of giving offence. This is visible in all the cocking youths you see about this town, who are noisy in assemblies, unawed by the presence of wise and virtuous men; in a word, insensible of all the honours and decencies of human life. A shameless fellow takes advantage of merit clothed with modesty and magnanimity, and in the eyes of little people appears sprightly and agreeable; while the man of resolution and true gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a propriety in all things; and I believe what you scholars call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast expression, may give you an idea of what I mean, when I say modesty is the certain indication of a great spirit, and impudence the affectation of it. He that writes with judgment, and never rises into improper warmth, manifests the true force of genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in all his behaviour, is supported in that department by what we may call true courage. Alas! it is not so easy a thing to be a brave man as the unthinking part of mankind imagine. To dare is not all that there is in it. The privateer we were just now talking of, had boldness enough to attack his enemy, but not greatness of mind enough to admire the same quality exerted by that enemy in defending

himself. Thus his base and little mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the prize, of which he failed, and the damage done to his own vessel; and therefore he used an honest man, who defended his own from him, in the manner as he would a thief that should rob him.

‘He was equally disappointed, and had not spirit enough to consider that one case would be laudable, and the other criminal. Malice, rancour, hatred, vengeance, are what tear the breasts of mean men in fight; but fame, glory, conquests, desires of opportunities to pardon and oblige their opposers, are what glow in the minds of the gallant.’ The captain ended his discourse with a specimen of his book-learning; and gave us to understand that he had read a French author on the subject of justness in point of gallantry. ‘I love,’ said Mr. Sentry, ‘a critic who mixes the rules of life with annotations upon writers. My author,’¹ added he, ‘in his discourse upon epic poem, takes occasion to speak of the same quality of courage drawn in the two different characters of Turnus and Æneas. He makes courage the chief and greatest ornament of Turnus; but in Æneas there are many others which outshine it, amongst the rest that of piety. Turnus is therefore all along painted by the poet full of ostentation, his language haughty and vainglorious, as placing his honour in the manifestation of his valour; Æneas speaks little, is slow to action, and shows only a sort of defensive courage. If equipage and address make Turnus appear more courageous than Æneas, conduct and success prove Æneas more valiant than Turnus.’

¹ Bossu.

N^o. 351. *Saturday, April 12, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

—*In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.*

VIRG., *Æn.* xii. 59.

IF we look into the three great heroic poems which have appeared in the world, we may observe that they are built upon very slight foundations. Homer lived near three hundred years after the Trojan War, and, as the writing of history was not then in use among the Greeks, we may very well suppose that the tradition of Achilles and Ulysses had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge, though there is no question but he has wrought into his two poems such of their remarkable adventures as were still talked of among his contemporaries.

The story of *Æneas*, on which Virgil founded his poem, was likewise very bare of circumstances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embellishing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his fable, the principal particulars, which were generally believed among the Romans, of *Æneas* his voyage and settlement in Italy.

The reader may find an abridgment of the whole story as collected out of the ancient historians, and as it was received among the Romans, in Dionysius Halicarnasseus.¹

Since none of the critics have considered Virgil's fable with relation to this history of *Æneas*, it may

¹ 'Roman Antiquities,' Book i.

not, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this light, so far as regards my present purpose. Whoever looks into the abridgment above mentioned, will find that the character of Æneas is filled with piety to the gods, and a superstitious observation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. Virgil has not only preserved this character in the person of Æneas, but has given a place in his poem to those particular prophecies which he found recorded of him in history and tradition. The poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprising. I believe very many readers have been shocked at that ludicrous prophecy, which one of the harpies pronounces to the Trojans in the third book, namely, that before they had built their intended city, they should be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the circumstances that had been transmitted to the Romans in the history of Æneas, they will think the poet did very well in taking notice of it. The historian above mentioned acquaints us, a prophetess had foretold Æneas, that he should take his voyage westward, till his companions should eat their tables;¹ and that accordingly, upon his landing in Italy, as they were eating their flesh upon cakes of bread, for want of other conveniences, they afterwards fed on the cakes themselves; upon which one of the company said merrily, 'We are eating our tables.' 'They immediately took the hint,' says the historian, 'and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled.' As Virgil did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the history of Æneas, it may be worth

¹ Æneid, iii. 255-257.

while to consider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off everything that might have appeared improper for a passage in an heroic poem. The prophetess who foretells it is an hungry harpy, as the person who discovers it is young Ascanius.

*Heus etiam mensas consumimus inquit Iulus !*¹

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the Trojan fleet into water-nymphs, which is the most violent machine in the whole *Æneid*,² and has given offence to several critics, may be accounted for the same way. Virgil himself, before he begins that relation, premises that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by tradition. What further confirms me that this change of the fleet was a celebrated circumstance in the history of *Æneas* is, that Ovid has given a place to the same metamorphosis in his account of the heathen mythology.³

None of the critics I have met with having considered the fable of the *Æneid* in this light, and taken notice how the tradition on which it was founded authorises those parts in it which appear the most exceptionable, I hope the length of this reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my readers.

The history which was the basis of Milton's poem is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. The poet has likewise taken care to insert every circumstance of it in the body of his fable. The

¹ *Æneid*, vii. 116.

² *Ibid.*, ix. 107-122.

³ *Met.*, xiv. 530.

ninth book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field, that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit, that she was overcome by this temptation, and that Adam followed her example. From these few particulars Milton has formed one of the most entertaining fables that invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several circumstances among so many beautiful and natural fictions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon sacred writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more story in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole poem. Satan's traversing the globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the night, as fearing to be discovered by the angel of the sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his second series of adventures.¹ Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and rises up again through a fountain that issued² from it by the tree of life.³ The poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own person, and, after the example of Homer, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, in-

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' ix. 58-69.

² 'Run' (folio).

³ *Ibid.*, ix. 69-96.

roduces a soliloquy¹ of this infernal agent, who was thus restless in the destruction of man. He is then described as gliding through the garden under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out that creature in which he designed to tempt our first parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprising :—

So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
Like a black mist, low-creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent : him, fast sleeping, soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round, self-rolled,
His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles.²

The author afterwards gives us a description of the morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a divine poem, and peculiar to that first season of nature : he represents the earth before it was cursed as a great altar breathing out its incense from all parts, and sending up a pleasant savour to the nostrils of its Creator ; to which he adds a noble idea of Adam and Eve, as offering their morning worship, and filling up the universal comfort of praise and adoration :—

Now, when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,
From the earth's great altar, send up silent praise
'To the Creator, and His nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And joined their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice——³

The dispute which follows between our two first parents is represented with great art :⁴ it proceeds⁵ from a difference of judgment, not of passion, and

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' ix. 99-178.

² *Ibid.*, ix. 179-184.

³ *Ibid.*, ix. 192-199. ⁴ *Ibid.*, ix. 205 seq.

⁵ 'Arises' (folio).

is managed with reason, not with heat : it is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in Paradise had man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interspersed in Adam's discourse, and which the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of. That force of love which the father of mankind so finely describes in the eighth book, and which I inserted in my last Saturday's paper, shows itself here in many beautiful instances : as in those fond regards he cast towards Eve at her parting from him.

Her long, with ardent look, his eye pursued
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return
 Repeated : she to him as oft engaged
 To be returned by noon amid the bower.¹

In his impatience and amusement during her absence.

—Adam, the while,
 Waiting, desirous her return, had wove
 Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn
 Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
 Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delayed.²

But particularly in that passionate speech, where seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her.

‘—Some cursed fraud
 Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
 And me with thee hath ruined ; for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to die :
 How can I live without thee ? how forego
 Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ ix. 397-401.

² *Ibid.*, ix. 838-850.

Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart: no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe!'¹

The beginning of this speech and the preparation to it² are animated with the same spirit as the conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several wiles which are put in practice by the tempter, when he found Eve separated from her husband, the many pleasing images of nature which are intermixed in this part of the story, with its gradual and regular progress to the fatal catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective³ beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular similitudes in my remarks on this great work, because I have given a general account of them in my paper on the first book. There is one, however, in this part of the poem which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole poem; I mean that where the serpent is described as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil spirit, and conducting Eve to her destruction, while Adam was at too great a distance from her to give her his assistance. These several particulars are all of them wrought into the following similitude:—

——Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest. As when a wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' ix. 904–916.

² *Ibid.*, ix. 888–903.

³ 'Several' (folio).

Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
 Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
 There swallowed up and lost, from succour far.¹

That secret intoxication of pleasure, with all those transient flushings of guilt and joy which the poet represents in our first parents upon their eating the forbidden fruit, to those flaggings of spirit, damps of sorrow, and mutual accusations which succeed it,² are conceived with a wonderful imagination, and described in very natural sentiments.

When Dido, in the fourth *Æneid*,³ yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, Virgil tells us the earth trembled, the heavens were filled with flashes of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon the mountain tops. Milton, in the same poetical spirit, has described all nature as disturbed upon Eve's eating the forbidden fruit :—

So saying, her rash hand, in evil hour,
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she ate !
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature, from her seat,
 Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
 That all was lost.—⁴

Upon Adam's falling into the same guilt, the whole creation appears a second time in convulsions :—

—He scrupled not to eat,
 Against his better knowledge : not deceived,
 But fondly overcome with female charm.
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
 In pangs ; and Nature gave a second groan ;
 Sky loured, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin—⁵

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' ix. 633-642.

² *Ibid.*, ix. 1007 *seq.*

³ *Æneid*, iv. 166-168.

⁴ 'Paradise Lost,' ix. 780-784.

⁵ *Ibid.*, ix. 997-103.

As all nature suffered by the guilt of our first parents, these symptoms of trouble and consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her sympathising in the fall of man.

Adam's converse with Eve, after having eaten the forbidden fruit, is an exact copy of that between Jupiter and Juno in the fourteenth *Iliad*.¹ Juno there approaches Jupiter with the girdle which she had received from Venus; upon which he tells her that she appeared more charming and desirable than she had ever² done before, even when their loves were at the highest. The poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a summit of Mount Ida, which produced under them a bed of flowers—the lotus, the crocus, and the hyacinth, and concludes his description with their falling asleep.

Let the reader compare this with the following passage in Milton, which begins with Adam's speech to Eve:—

'For never did thy beauty, since the day
I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorned
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever; bounty of this virtuous tree!'
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seized; and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof embowered,
He led her, nothing loth: flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth; earth's freshest, softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin; till dewy sleep
Oppressed them——³

¹ *Iliad*, xiv. 292–353.

² 'Ever had' (folio).

³ 'Paradise Lost,' ix. 1029–1045.

As no poet seems ever to have studied Homer more, or to have more resembled him in the greatness of genius than Milton, I think I should have given but a very imperfect account of his beauties if I had not observed the most remarkable passages which look like parallels in these two great authors. I might, in the course of these criticisms, have taken notice of many particular lines and expressions which are translated from the Greek poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only set off by being shown in the same light with several of the same nature in Homer, but by that means may be also guarded against the cavils of the tasteless or ignorant.

L.

N^o. 352. *Monday, April 14, 1712*
[STEELE.]

—*Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia.*—TULL.

WILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yesterday, that the conversation of the town is so altered of late years that a fine gentleman is at a loss for matter to start discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the talk he generally meets with. Will takes notice that there is now an evil under the sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any satirist or moralist in any age: men, said he, grow knave sooner than they ever did since the creation of the world before. If you read the tragedies of the last age you find the

artful men, and persons of intrigue, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleasures and sallies of youth; but now Will observes that the young have taken in the vices of the aged; and you shall have a man of five-and-twenty crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to overreach, cozen, and beguile. My friend adds, that till about the latter end of King Charles' reign there was not a rascal of any eminence under forty: in the places of resort for conversation you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving men's fortunes, without regard to the methods towards it. This is so fashionable, that young men form themselves upon a certain neglect of everything that is candid, simple, and worthy of true esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are by acknowledging in their general turn of mind and discourse that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honesty; preferring the capacity of being artful to gain their ends to the merit of despising those ends when they come in competition with their honesty. All this is due to the very silly pride that generally prevails of being valued for the ability of carrying their point: in a word, from the opinion that shallow and inexperienced people entertain of the short-lived force of cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various faces which folly covered with artifice puts on to impose upon the unthinking, produce a great authority¹ for asserting that nothing but truth and ingenuity² has any lasting good even upon a man's fortune and interest:—

‘Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any-

¹ Tillotson's Sermons, vol. ii. Sermon I. (fol.). ² Ingenuousness.

thing be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that, it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

‘It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody’s satisfaction; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the

more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest truth and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

‘Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man’s invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable, than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

‘Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey’s end than byways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever con-

venience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

‘And I have often thought, that God hath in His great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

‘Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this

world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end; all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.' T.

N^o. 353. *Tuesday, April 15, 1712*
[BUDGELL.]

In tenui labor.—VIRG., Georg. iv. 6.

THE gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular, with his thoughts upon education,¹ has just sent me the following letter:—

‘SIR,

‘I TAKE the liberty to send you a fourth letter upon the education of youth: in my last I gave you my thoughts about some particular tasks which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix with their usual exercises, in order to give them an early seasoning of virtue; I shall in this propose some others which I fancy might contribute to give them a right turn for the world, and enable them to make their way in it.

‘The design of learning is, as I take it, either to render a man an agreeable companion to himself,

¹ Budgell. See Nos. 307, 313, 337.

and teach him to support solitude with pleasure; or, if he is not born to an estate, to supply that defect, and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A person who applies himself to learning with the first of these views may be said to study for ornament, as he who proposes to himself the second properly studies for use. The one does it to raise himself a fortune, the other to set off that which he is already possessed of: but as far the greater part of mankind are included in the latter class, I shall only propose some methods at present for the service of such who expect to advance themselves in the world by their learning: in order to which I shall premise that many more estates have been acquired by little accomplishments than by extraordinary ones; those qualities which make the greatest figure in the eye of the world not being always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to their owners.

‘The posts which require men of shining and uncommon parts to discharge them are so very few, that many a great genius goes out of the world without ever having had an opportunity to exert itself; whereas persons of ordinary endowments meet with occasions fitted to their parts and capacities every day in the common occurrences of life.

‘I am acquainted with two persons who were formerly schoolfellows,¹ and have been good friends

¹ Perhaps Swift and his old schoolfellow, Mr. Stratford, the Hamburg merchant. ‘Stratford is worth a plumb, and is now lending the Government £40,000; yet we were educated together at the same school and university.’—‘Journal to Stella,’ September 14, 1710. Stratford was afterwards a bankrupt, in the Queen’s Bench prison; but with the consent of his creditors he went abroad in 1713, ‘to gather up his debts, and be clear in the world.’

ever since: one of them was not only thought an impenetrable blockhead at school, but still maintained his reputation at the university; the other was the pride of his master, and the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The man of genius is at present buried in a country parsonage of eight score pounds a year; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, has got an estate of above an hundred thousand pounds.

‘I fancy from what I have said it will almost appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy citizen, whether or no he ought to wish his son should be a great genius; but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a lad the education of one, whom nature has not favoured with any particular marks of distinction.

‘The fault, therefore, of our grammar schools is that every boy is pushed on to works of genius; whereas it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical arts and sciences as do not require any great share of parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into play during the course of a man’s life.

‘Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I have known a man contract a friendship with a minister of state upon cutting a dial in his window; and remember a clergyman who got one of the best benefices in the west of England by setting a country gentleman’s affairs in some method, and giving him an exact survey of his estate.

‘While I am upon this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a particular which is of use in every station of life, and which methinks every master should teach his scholars, I mean the writing of

English letters. To this end, instead of perplexing them with Latin epistles, themes, and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of business, or be allowed sometimes to give a range to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed at the appointed time to answer his correspondent's letter.

‘I believe I may venture to affirm that the generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom, when they come to be men, than by all the Greek and Latin their masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

‘The want of it is very visible in many learned persons, who, while they are admiring the styles of Demosthenes or Cicero, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasions. I have seen a letter from one of these Latin orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney.

‘Under this head of writing I cannot omit accounts and shorthand, which are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such arts as I have been here recommending.

‘You must doubtless, sir, observe that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such boys as do not appear to have anything extraordinary in their natural talents, and consequently are not qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet I believe I might carry this matter still further, and venture to assert that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little acquirements, to be as it were the forerunners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

‘History is full of examples of persons who, though they have had the largest abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the favour of great men by these trivial accomplishments; as the complete gentleman, in some of our modern comedies, makes his first advances to his mistress under the disguise of a painter or a dancing-master.

‘The difference is, that in a lad of genius these are only so many accomplishments, which in another are essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great genius, with these little additions, in the same light as I regard the grand signior, who is obliged by an express command in the “Alcoran,” to learn and practice some handicraft trade. Though I need not have gone for my instance further than Germany, where several emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. Leopold the last¹ worked in wood, and I have heard there are several handicraft works of his making to be seen at Vienna so neatly turned, that the best joiner in Europe might safely own them, without any disgrace to his profession.

‘I would not be thought, by anything I have said, to be against improving a boy’s genius to the utmost pitch it can be carried. What I would endeavour to show in this essay is, that there may be methods taken to make learning advantageous even to the meanest capacities. I am, SIR,

X.

Yours, &c.’

¹ The Emperor Leopold—the first of that name—died May 6, 1705. Born in 1640, and educated by the Jesuits, he became emperor in 1658. He was an adept in metaphysics and theology, as well as in wood-turning, but a feeble and oppressive ruler, whose empire was twice saved for him; by Sobieski from the Turks, and from the French by Marlborough.

N^o. 354. *Wednesday, April 16, 1712*
 [STEELE.]

—*Cum magnis virtutibus affers
 Grande supercilium.*

—JUV., Sat. vi. 167.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘**Y**OU have in some of your discourses described most sort of women in their distinct and proper classes, as the ape, the coquette, and many others;¹ but I think you have never yet said anything of a *devotée*. A *devotée* is one of those who disparage religion by their indiscreet and unseasonable introduction of the mention of virtue on all occasions. She professes she is what nobody ought to doubt she is; and betrays the labour she is put to, to be what she ought to be with cheerfulness and alacrity. She lives in the world, and denies herself none of the diversions of it, with a constant declaration how insipid all things in it are to her. She is never herself but at church; there she displays her virtue, and is so fervent in her devotions, that I have frequently seen her pray herself out of breath. While other young ladies in the house are dancing, or playing at Questions and Commands,² she reads aloud in her closet. She says all love is ridiculous, except it be celestial; but she speaks of the passion of one mortal to another with too much bitterness, for one that had no jealousy mixed with her contempt of it. If at any time she sees a man warm in his addresses to his mistress,

¹ Nos. 209, 281, &c.

² See No. 245, and the *Lover*, No. 13: ‘I might have been a king at Questions and Commands.’

she will lift up her eyes to heaven and cry, 'What nonsense is that fool talking? Will the bell never ring for prayers?' We have an eminent lady of this stamp in our country, who pretends to amusements very much above the rest of her sex. She never carries a white shock-dog with bells under her arm, nor a squirrel or dormouse in her pocket, but always an abridged piece of morality to steal out when she is sure of being observed. When she went to the famous ass race (which I must confess was but an odd diversion to be encouraged by people of rank and figure) it was not, like other ladies, to hear those poor animals bray, nor to see fellows run naked, or to hear country squires in bob-wigs and white girdles make love at the side of a coach, and cry "Madam, this is dainty weather." Thus she described the diversion; for she went only to pray heartily that nobody might be hurt in the crowd, and to see if the poor fellow's face, which was distorted with grinning, might any way be brought to itself again. She never chats over her tea, but covers her face, and is supposed in an ejaculation before she taste a sup. This ostentatious behaviour is such an offence to true sanctity, that it disparages it, and makes virtue not only unamiable, but also ridiculous. The sacred writings are full of reflections which abhor this kind of conduct; and a *devotée* is so far from promoting goodness, that she deters others by her example. Folly and vanity in one of these ladies, is like vice in a clergyman; it does not only debase himself, but makes the inconsiderate part of the world think the worse of religion.

I am, SIR,
Your humble Servant,

HOTSPUR.'

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘XENOPHON in his short account of the Spartan commonwealth,¹ speaking of the behaviour of their young men in the streets, says: “There was so much modesty in their looks, that you might as soon have turned the eyes of a marble statue upon you as theirs; and that in all their behaviour they were more modest than a bride when put to bed upon her wedding-night. This virtue, which is always joined to magnanimity, had such an influence upon their courage, that in battle an enemy could not look them in the face; and they durst not but die for their country.

‘Whenever I walk into the streets of London and Westminster, the countenances of all the young fellows that pass by me, make me wish myself in Sparta: I meet with such blustering airs, big looks, and bold fronts, that to a superficial observer would bespeak a courage above those Grecians. I am arrived to that perfection in speculation, that I understand the language of the eyes, which would be a great misfortune to me, had I not corrected the testiness of old age by philosophy. There is scarce a man in a red coat who does not tell me, with a full stare, he’s a bold man. I see several swear inwardly at me, without any offence of mine, but the oddness of my person. I meet contempt in every street, expressed in different manners, by the scornful look, the elevated eyebrow, and the swelling nostrils of the proud and prosperous. The prentice speaks his disrespect by an extended finger, and the porter by stealing out his tongue. If a country gentleman

¹ In his ‘Polity of Lacedæmon’ Xenophon holds up to admiration the Spartan laws and customs.

appears a little curious in observing the edifices, signs, clocks, coaches, and dials, it is not to be imagined how the polite rabble of this town, who are acquainted with these objects, ridicule his rusticity. I have known a fellow with a burden on his head steal a hand down from his load, and slyly twirl the cock of a squire's hat behind him; while the offended person is swearing, or out of countenance, all the wag-wits in the highway are grinning in applause of the ingenious rogue that gave him the tip; and the folly of him who had not eyes all around his head to prevent receiving it. These things arise from a general affectation of smartness, wit, and courage. Wycherley somewhere rallies the pretensions this way, by making a fellow say, red breeches are a certain sign of valour;¹ and Otway makes a man, to boast his agility, trip up a beggar on crutches.²

¹ *Novel* ("a pert railing coxcomb"). These sea captains make nothing of dressing. But let me tell you, sir, a man by his dress, as much as by anything, shows his wit and judgment; nay, and his courage too.

Freeman. How, his courage, Mr. Novel?

Novel. Why, for example, by red breeches, tucked-up hair, or peruke, a greasy broad belt, and nowadays a short sword.

—*Plain Dealer*, Act ii. sc. 1.

² *Malagene*. I tell you what I did the other day. Faith, 'tis as good a jest as ever you heard.

Valentine. Pray, sir, do.

Malagene. Why, walking alone, a lame fellow followed me and asked my charity (which by the way was a pretty proposition to me). Being in one of my witty, merry fits, I asked him how long he had been in that condition? The poor fellow shook his head, and told me he was born so. But how d'ye think I served him?

Valentine. Nay, the devil knows.

Malagene. I showed my parts, I think; for I tripped up both his wooden legs, and walked off gravely about my business.

Truman. And this you say is your way of wit?

Malagene. Aye, altogether, this and mimicry.

—*Friendship in Fashion*, Act iii. sc. 1.

From such hints I beg a speculation on this subject ; in the meantime I shall do all in the power of a weak old fellow in my own defence ; for as Diogenes, being in quest of an honest man, sought for him when it was broad daylight with a lantern and candle, so I intend for the future to walk the streets with a dark lantern, which has a convex crystal in it ; and if any man stares at me, I give fair warning that I'll direct the light full into his eyes ; thus despairing to find men modest, I hope by this means to evade their impudence. I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

T.

SOPHROSUNIUS.'

N^o. 355. *Thursday, April 17, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

Non ego mordaci distinxī carmine quenquam.

—OVID, 1 Trist. ii. 563.¹

I HAVE been very often tempted to write invectives upon those who have detracted from my works, or spoken in derogation of my person ; but I look upon it as a particular happiness that I have always hindered my resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone through half a satire, but found so many motions of humanity rising in me towards the persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little epigrams and lampoons, and after having admired them a day or two, have likewise committed them to the flames. These I look

¹ The folio issue contained also the line 'Nulla ve ænata littera mista joco est.'

upon as so many sacrifices to humanity, and have received much greater satisfaction from the suppressing such performances, than I could have done from any reputation they might have procured me, or from any mortification they might have given my enemies, in case I had made them public. If a man has any talent in writing, it shows a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness with which they are offered. But when a man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great and heroical. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy, and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in Epictetus,¹ which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The sense of it is as follows: 'Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or distracting? Consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true; if they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable, and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease: his reproaches may indeed

¹ Enchiridion, chaps. xlviii., lxiv.

continue, but thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches.'

I often apply this rule to myself, and when I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it, or subject himself to the penalty when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himself in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

The famous Monsieur Balzac, in a letter to the Chancellor of France,¹ who had prevented the publication of a book against him, has the following words, which are a lively picture of the greatness of mind so visible in the works of that author: 'If it was a new thing, it may be I should not be displeased with the suppression of the first libel that should abuse me; but since there are enough of 'em to make a small library, I am secretly pleased to see the number increased, and take delight in raising a heap of stones that envy has cast at me without doing me any harm.'

¹ Letters of M. de Balzac, translated by Sir R. Baker, &c., 1654.

The author here alludes to those monuments of the Eastern nations, which were mountains of stones raised upon the dead body by travellers that used to cast every one his stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the hands of envy. For my part, I admire an author for such a temper of mind as enables him to bear an undeserved reproach without resentment, more than for all the wit of any the finest satirical reply.

Thus far I thought necessary to explain myself in relation to those who have animadverted on this paper, and to show the reasons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal answer. I must further add, that the work would have been of very little use to the public had it been filled with personal reflections and debates; for which reason I have never once turned out of my way to observe those little cavils which have been made against it by envy or ignorance. The common fry of scribblers, who have no other way of being taken notice of but by attacking what has gained some reputation in the world, would have furnished me with business enough had they found me disposed to enter the lists with 'em.

I shall conclude with the fable of Boccalini's¹ traveller, who was so pestered with the noise of grasshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. This, says the author, was troubling himself to no manner of purpose: had he pursued his journey without taking any notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of themselves in a very few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them. L.

¹ See No. 291.

N^o. 356. *Friday, April 18, 1712*
 [STEELE.]

—*Aptissima quæque dabunt Dii.*
Carior est illis homo quam sibi—

—Juv., Sat. x. 349.

IT is owing to pride and a secret affectation of a certain self-existence, that the noblest motive for action that ever was proposed to man is not acknowledged the glory and happiness of their being. The heart is treacherous to itself, and we do not let our reflections go deep enough to receive religion as the most honourable incentive to good and worthy actions. It is our natural weakness to flatter ourselves into a belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find ourselves wholly disinterested and divested of any views arising from self-love and vainglory. But, however spirits of superficial greatness may disdain at first sight to do anything but from a noble impulse in themselves, without any future regards in this or another being; upon stricter inquiry they will find, to act worthily and expect to be rewarded only in another world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenor of our actions have any other motive than the desire to be pleasing in the eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than men if we are not too much exalted in prosperity and depressed in adversity; but the Christian world has a Leader, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of His power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.¹

¹ This paper was published on Good Friday.

It is owing to the forbidding and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word Christian does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society; yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

When a man with a steady faith looks back on the great catastrophe of this day, with what bleeding emotions of heart must he contemplate the life and sufferings of his Deliverer? When His agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the glance of a wanton, for the applause of a vain world, for an heap of fleeting past pleasures, which are at present aching sorrows?

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our Almighty Leader took in conducting us to His heavenly mansions! In¹ plain and apt parable, similitude, and allegory, our great Master enforced the doctrine of our salvation; but they of His acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they. They² could not raise

¹ The remainder of this paper is a reprint of part of the second chapter of Steele's 'Christian Hero,' first published in 1701. The variations are indicated in the notes.

² 'Wiser than they: Is not this the carpenter's son? is not His mother called Mary, His brothers, James, Simon, and Judas? They' ('Christian Hero').

their little ideas above the consideration of Him, in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that He who appeared not more terrible or pompous, should have anything more exalted than themselves; He in that place therefore would not longer ineffectually exert a power which was incapable of conquering the prepossession of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes followed Him, and brought Him the dumb, the blind, the sick, and maimed; whom when their Creator had touched, with a second life they saw, spoke, leaped, and ran. In affection to Him, and admiration of His actions, the crowd could not leave Him, but waited near Him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for succour. He had compassion on them, and by a miracle supplied their necessities.¹ Oh the ecstatic entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately increase to the Distributor's hand, and see their God in person feeding and refreshing His creatures! Oh envied happiness! But why do I say envied, as if our God² did not still preside over our temperate meals, cheerful hours, and innocent conversations.

But though the sacred story is everywhere full of miracles not inferior to this, and though in the midst of those acts of divinity He never gave the least hint of a design to become a secular prince; yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches, and pomp; for Peter, upon an accident of

¹ 'He had compassion on 'em, commanded 'em to be seated, and with seven loaves, and a few little fishes, fed four thousand men, besides women and children' ('Christian Hero').

² 'Our good God' ('Christian Hero' and folio issue).

ambition among the Apostles, hearing his Master explain that¹ His kingdom was not of this world, was so scandalised that He whom he had so long followed should suffer the ignominy, shame, and death which He foretold, that he took Him aside and said, 'Be it far from Thee, Lord; this shall not be unto Thee;' for which he suffered a severe reprehension from his Master, as having in his view the glory of man rather than that of God.

The great change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of Nature thought fit as a Saviour and Deliverer to make His public entry into Jerusalem with more than the power and joy, but none of the ostentation and pomp of a triumph. He came humble, meek, and lowly; with an unfelt new ecstasy multitudes strewed His way with garments and olive branches, crying with loud gladness and acclamation, 'Hosannah to the Son of David, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!' At this great King's accession to His throne, men were not ennobled but saved; crimes were not remitted, but sins forgiven; He did not bestow medals, honours, favours, but health, joy, sight, speech. The first object the blind ever saw, was the Author of sight; while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the 'Hosannah.' Thus attended, he entered into His own house, the sacred temple, and by His divine authority expelled traders

¹ 'Secular prince, or in a forcible or miraculous manner to cast off the Roman yoke they were under, and restore again those disgraced favourites of heaven, to its former indulgence, yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves (so deep set is our natural pride) any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches, and pomp. For Peter, who it seems ever since he left his net and his skiff, dreamt of nothing but being a great man, was utterly undone to hear our Saviour explain to 'em that' ('Christian Hero').

and worldlings that profaned it; and thus did He, for a time, use a great and despotic power, to let unbelievers understand, that it was not want of, but superiority to all worldly dominion, that made Him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? is this the Deliverer? Shall this obscure Nazarene command Israel, and sit in the throne of David?¹ Their proud and disdainful hearts, which were petrified² with the love and pride of this world, were impregnable to the reception of so mean a Benefactor, and were now enough exasperated with benefits to conspire His death. Our Lord was sensible of their design, and prepared His disciples for it, by recounting to them now more distinctly what should befall Him; but Peter with an ungrounded resolution, and in a flush of temper, made a sanguine protestation, that though all men were offended in Him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great article of our Saviour's business in the world, to bring us to a sense of our inability, without God's assistance, to do anything great or good; he therefore told Peter, who thought so well of his courage and fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny Him thrice that very night.

But what heart can conceive, what tongue utter the sequel? Who is that yonder buffeted, mocked, and spurned? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to expiate

¹ The following words here occur in the 'Christian Hero': 'Such were the unpleasant forms that ran in the thoughts of the then powerful in Jerusalem, upon the most truly glorious entry that ever prince made; for there was not one that followed Him who was not in His interest.'

² 'Putrified' ('Christian Hero').

those very injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord and Giver of life! How His wounds blacken, His body writhes, and heart heaves with pity and with agony! O Almighty Sufferer, look down, look down from Thy triumphant infamy: Lo, He inclines His head to His sacred bosom! Hark, He groans; see, He expires! The earth trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burst, the dead arise! Which are the quick? which are the dead? Sure Nature, all Nature is departing with her Creator.

T.

N^o. 357. *Saturday, April 19, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

—*Quis talia fando . . .*
Temperet à lacrymis?—

—VIRG., *Æn.* ii. 6, 8.¹

THE tenth book of 'Paradise Lost' has a greater variety of persons in it than any other in the whole poem. The author, upon the winding up of his action, introduces all those who had any concern in it, and shows with great beauty the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last act of a well-written tragedy, in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the audience, and represented under those circumstances in which the determination of the action places them.

I shall, therefore, consider this book under four heads, in relation to the celestial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary persons who have their respective parts allotted in it.

¹ The folio issue had for motto Horace's '*Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique,*' already used for No. 279.

To begin with the celestial persons : the guardian angels of Paradise are described as returning to heaven upon the fall of man in order to approve their vigilance ; their arrival, their manner of reception, with the sorrow which appeared in themselves, and in those spirits who are said to rejoice at the conversion of a sinner, are very finely laid together in the following lines :—

Up into heaven from Paradise, in haste,
 The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad,
 For man ; for of his state by this they knew,
 Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stolen
 Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news
 From earth arrived at heaven gate, displeased
 All were who heard ; dim sadness did not spare
 That time celestial visages, yet, mixed
 With pity, violated not their bliss.
 About the new-arrived, in multitudes,
 The ethereal people ran, to hear and know
 How all befell : they, towards the throne supreme,
 Accountable, made haste to make appear,
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
 And easily approved ; when the Most High,
 Eternal Father, from His secret cloud
 Amidst, in thunder uttered thus His voice.¹

The same divine person, who in the foregoing parts of this poem interceded for our first parents before their fall, overthrew the rebel angels, and created the world, is now represented as descending to Paradise, and pronouncing sentence upon the three offenders.² The cool of the evening, being a circumstance with which Holy Writ introduces this great scene, it is poetically described by our author, who has also kept religiously to the form of words in which the three several sentences were passed upon Adam, Eve, and the serpent. He has rather

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' x. 17-33.

² *Ibid.*, x. 90 seq.

chosen to neglect the numerousness of his verse than to deviate from those speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The guilt and confusion of our first parents standing naked before their Judge is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of Sin and Death into the works of the Creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to His angels that surrounded Him—

‘See, with what heat these dogs of hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created,’¹ &c.

The following passage is formed upon that glorious image in Holy Writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable host of angels, uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings, or of many waters :—

He ended, and the heavenly audience loud
Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung : ‘Just are Thy ways,
Righteous are Thy decrees in all Thy works,
Who can extenuate Thee ?——’²

Though the author in the whole course of his poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite allusions to places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my remarks of such as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of this fable. Of this kind is that passage in the present book where, describing Sin and Death as marching through the works of nature, he adds—

——Behind her, Death
Close following, pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse :——³

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ x. 616-618.

² *Ibid.*, x. 641-645.

³ *Ibid.*, x. 588-590.

Which alludes to that passage in Scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination, 'And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with sickness, and with the beasts of the earth.'¹ Under this first head of celestial persons we must likewise take notice of the command which the angels received, to produce the several changes in nature, and sully the beauty of the Creation.² Accordingly they are represented as infecting the stars and planets with malignant influences, weakening the light of the sun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and storms in several quarters of the sky, storing the clouds with thunder, and, in short, perverting the whole frame of the universe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the poem, the following lines, in which we see the angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different posture to the sun from what it had before the fall of man, is conceived with that sublime imagination which was so peculiar to this great author:—

Some say, he bid his angels turn askance
The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,
From the sun's axle; they with labour pushed
Oblique the centre globe:—³

We are, in the second place, to consider the infernal agents under the view which Milton has given us of them in this book. It is observed by

¹ Revelation vi. 8.

² 'Paradise Lost,' x. 649-667.

³ *Ibid.*, x. 668-671.

those who would set forth the greatness of Virgil's plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were discovered in his time. Asia, Africa, and Europe are the several scenes of his fable. The plan of Milton's poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more astonishing circumstances. Satan, having surrounded the earth seven times,¹ departs at length from Paradise. We then² see him steering his course among the constellations, and after having traversed the whole creation, pursuing his voyage through the chaos, and entering into his own infernal dominions.³

His first appearance in the assembly of fallen angels is worked up with circumstances which give a delightful surprise to the reader;⁴ but there is no incident in the whole poem which does this more than the transformation⁵ of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of Satan himself is described after Ovid's manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that poet's works. Milton never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches to every incident which is admitted into his poem. The unexpected hiss which rises in this episode, the dimensions and bulk of Satan so much superior to those of the infernal spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer,⁶ are instances of this kind.

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' ix. 63.

² 'Afterwards' (folio).

³ 'Paradise Lost,' x. 326-346, 414-419.

⁴ *Ibid.*, x. 441-458.

⁵ *Ibid.*, x. 504-547.

⁶ *Ibid.*, x. 575-577.

The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole episode, as I have observed, in the sixth paper of these my remarks, the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of Adam and Eve, or the human persons, come next under our consideration. Milton's art is nowhere more shown than in his conducting the parts of these our first parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compassion towards them. Though Adam involves the whole species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for Eve that ruined Adam and his posterity. I need not add, that the author is justified in this particular by many of the fathers, and the most orthodox writers. Milton has by this means filled a great part of his poem with that kind of writing which the French critics call the tender, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of readers.

Adam and Eve, in the book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such sentiments as do not only interest the reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration. When Adam sees the several changes in nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and his happiness; he is filled with horror, remorse, despair; in the anguish of his heart he expostulates with

his Creator for having given¹ him an unasked existence :—

‘Did I request Thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I solicit Thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurred not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust;
Desirous to resign, and render back,
All I received——’²

He immediately after recovers from his presumption, owns his doom to be just, and begs that the death which is threatened him may be inflicted on him.

‘——Why delays
His hand to execute what His decree
Fixed on this day? Why do I overlive,
Why am I mocked with death, and lengthened out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! How glad would lay me down,
As in my mother’s lap? there should I rest,
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse
To me, and to my offspring, would torment me
With cruel expectation——’³

This whole speech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all those sentiments which we may suppose natural to a mind so broken and disturbed. I must not omit that generous concern which our first father shows in it for his posterity, and which is so proper to affect the reader.

‘——Hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness! Yet well, if here would end

¹ ‘For giving’ (folio).

² ‘Paradise Lost,’ x. 743–750.

³ *Ibid.*, x. 771–782.

The misery ; I deserved it, and would bear
 My own deservings ; but this will not serve :
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard
 Delightfully, "Increase and multiply,"
 Now death to hear !——¹

——In me all

Posterity stands cursed ; fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, sons ! Oh ! were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none !
 So disinherited, how would ye bless
 Me, now your curse ! Ah, why should all mankind,
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemned,
 If guiltless ? But from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt——²

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his existence, and wishing for death, without sympathising with him in his distress ?

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,
 Through the still night ; not now, as ere man fell,
 Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
 Accompanied ; with damps and dreadful gloom,
 Which to his evil conscience represented
 All things with double terror : on the ground
 Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
 Cursed his creation ; death as oft accused
 Of tardy execution——³

The part of Eve in this book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the reader in her favour. She is represented with great tenderness as approaching Adam, but is spurned from him with a spirit of upbraiding and indignation conformable to the nature of man, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him.⁴ The following passage, wherein she is

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' x. 723-731.

³ *Ibid.*, x. 845-853.

² *Ibid.*, x. 817-825.

⁴ *Ibid.*, x. 863-908.

described as renewing her addresses to him, with the whole speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetic :—

He added not, and from her turned : but Eve,
Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,
And tresses all disordered, at his feet
Fell humble ; and, embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint :
‘ Forsake me not thus, Adam ! witness, Heaven,
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceived ! Thy suppliant,
I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress
My only strength and stay ; forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace,’¹ &c.

Adam’s reconciliation to her is worked up in the same spirit of tenderness. Eve afterwards proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity they should resolve to live childless ; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods.² As those sentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the mother of mankind with more than ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying to end our miseries, does not show such a degree of magnanimity as a resolution to bear them, and submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our author has therefore, with great delicacy, represented Eve as entertaining this thought, and Adam as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the imagi-

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ x. 909-924.

² *Ibid.*, x. 979-1006.

nary persons, or Death and Sin,¹ who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly some of the finest compositions of genius; but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the nature of an heroic poem. This of Sin and Death is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as a part of such a work. The truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a reader who knows the strength of the English tongue, will be amazed to think how the poet could find such apt words and phrases to describe the actions of those² two imaginary persons, and particularly in that part where Death is exhibited as forming a bridge over the chaos;³ a work suitable to the genius of Milton.

Since the subject I am upon gives me an opportunity of speaking more at large of such shadowy and imaginary persons as may be introduced into heroic poems, I shall beg leave to explain myself in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the critics have treated of. It is certain Homer and Virgil are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful in poetry when they are just shown without being engaged in any series of action. Homer indeed represents Sleep as a person, and ascribes a short part to him in his *Iliad*,⁴ but we must consider that though we now regard such a person as entirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the heathens made statues of him, placed him in their temples, and looked upon him as a real deity. When Homer makes use of other such allegorical persons, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to

¹ 'Sin and Death' (folio).

² 'The action of these' (folio).

³ 'Paradise Lost,' x. 280-320.

⁴ *Iliad*, xiv. 231 *seq.*

the mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as poetical phrases than allegorical descriptions. Instead of telling us that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the persons of Flight and Fear, who, he tells us, are inseparable companions.¹ Instead of saying that the time was come when Apollo ought to have received his recompense, he tells us that the hours brought him his reward.² Instead of describing the effects which Minerva's ægis produced in battle, he tells us that the brims of it were encompassed by Terror, Rout, Discord, Fury, Pursuit, Massacre, and Death.³ In the same figure of speaking he represents Victory as following Diomedes; Discord as the mother of funerals and mourning;⁴ Venus as addressed by the Graces;⁵ Bellona as wearing Terror and Consternation like a garment.⁶ I might give several other instances out of Homer, as well as a great many out of Virgil. Milton has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us that Victory sat on the right hand of the Messiah when He marched forth against the rebel angels;⁷ that at the rising of the sun the Hours unbarred the gates of light;⁸ that Discord was the daughter of Sin.⁹ Of the same nature are those expressions where, describing the singing of the nightingale, he adds, 'Silence was pleased;'¹⁰ and upon the Messiah's bidding peace to the chaos, Con-

¹ *Iliad*, ix. 2.² *Ibid.*, xxi. 450.³ *Ibid.*, v. 738-740; iv. 439, 440.⁴ Not apparently in Homer. See Hesiod's 'Theogony,' 226-232 (Cook).⁵ *Iliad*, v. 338.⁶ *Ibid.*, v. 593.⁷ 'Paradise Lost,' vi. 762.⁸ *Ibid.*, vi. 4.⁹ *Ibid.*, x. 707-708.¹⁰ *Ibid.*, iv. 604.

fusion heard His voice.¹ I might add innumerable² instances of our poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which persons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the reader after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such persons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear, therefore, thinking that Sin and Death are as improper agents in a work of this nature as Strength and Necessity³ in one of the tragedies of *Æschylus*,⁴ who represented those two persons nailing down Prometheus to a rock, for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics. I do not know any imaginary person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the prophets, who, describing God as descending from heaven and visiting the sins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance, 'Before Him went the pestilence.'⁵ It is certain this imaginary person might have been described in all her purple spots. The fever might have marched before her, Pain might have stood at her right hand, Frenzy on her left, and Death in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted upon the earth in a flash of lightning: she might have tainted the atmosphere with her breath; the very glaring of her eyes might have

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' iii. 710. ² 'Innumerable other' (folio).

³ 'Violence' (folio). ⁴ 'Prometheus Bound.'

⁵ Habakkuk iii. 5.

scattered infection. But I believe every reader will think, that in such sublime writings the mentioning of her as it is done in Scripture has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination. L.

N^o. 358. *Monday, April 21, 1712*
[STEELE.]

Desipere in loco.—HOR., 4 Od. xii. 28.

CHARLES LILLIE attended me the other day, and made me a present of a large sheet of paper, on which is delineated a pavement in mosaic work, lately discovered at Stunsfield, near Woodstock.¹ A person who has so much the gift of speech as Mr. Lillie, and can carry on a discourse without reply, had great opportunity on that occasion to expatiate upon so fine a piece of antiquity. Among other things, I remember he gave me his

¹ In No. 353 and some following numbers appeared an advertisement of this plate, which was engraved by Vertue: 'Whereas about nine weeks since there was accidentally discovered by an husbandman, at Stunsfield, near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, a large Pavement of rich Mosaic Work of the Ancient Romans, which is adorned with several figures alluding to Mirth and Concord, in particular that of Bacchus seated on a panther: this is to give notice, the exact delineation of the same is engraven and imprinted on a large elephant sheet of paper, which are to be sold at Mr. Charles Lillie's, Perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand, at 1s. *N.B.*—There are to be had, at the same place, at one guinea each, on superfine atlas paper, some painted with the same variety of colours that the said pavement is beautified with; this piece of antiquity is esteemed by the learned to be the most considerable ever found in Britain.' The fine pavement discovered at Stonesfield in 1711 measures 35 feet by 60.

opinion, which he drew from the ornaments of the work, that this was the floor of a room dedicated to Mirth and Concord. Viewing this work made my fancy run over the many gay expressions I had read in ancient authors, which contained invitations to lay aside care and anxiety, and give a loose to that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of business, and enjoy their very selves. These hours were usually passed in rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner as the objects all around the company gladdened their hearts; which, joined to the cheerful looks of well-chosen and agreeable friends, gave new vigour to the airy, produced the latent fire of the modest, and gave grace to the slow humour of the reserved. A judicious mixture of such company, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and the whole apartment glittering with gay lights, cheered with a profusion of roses, artificial falls of water, and intervals of soft notes to songs of love and wine, suspended the cares of human life, and made a festival of mutual kindness. Such parties of pleasure as these, and the reports of the agreeable passages in their jollities, have in all ages awakened the dull part of mankind to pretend to mirth and good humour without capacity for such entertainments; for if I may be allowed to say so, there are an hundred men fit for any employment to one who is capable of passing a night in the company of the first taste, without shocking any member of the society, overrating his own part of the conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the pleasure of the whole company. When one considers such collections of companions in past times, and such as one might name in the present age, with how much spleen must a man

needs reflect upon the awkward gaiety of those who affect the frolic with an ill grace? I have a letter from a correspondent of mine who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a frolic. Irregularity in itself is not what creates pleasure and mirth; but to see a man who knows what rule and decency are, descend from them agreeably in our company, is what denominates him a pleasant companion. Instead of that, you find many whose mirth consists only in doing things which do not become them, with a secret consciousness that all the world know they know better. To this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry fellows, among whom the frolic was started, and passed by a great majority, that every man should immediately draw a tooth; after which they have gone in a body and smoked a cobbler. The same company, at another night, has each man burned his cravat; and one¹ perhaps, whose estate would bear it, has thrown a long wig and laced hat into the same fire. Thus they have jested themselves stark naked, and ran into the streets, and frightened women very successfully. There is no inhabitant of any standing in Covent Garden, but can tell you a hundred good humours, where people have come off with little bloodshed, and yet scowered all the witty hours of the night. I know a gentleman that has several wounds in the head by watch-poles, and has been thrice run through the body to carry on a good jest. He is very old for a man of so much good humour; but to this day he is seldom merry, but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time.

¹ Sir Charles Sedley.

But by the favour of these gentlemen, I am humbly of opinion, that a man may be a very witty man, and never offend one statute of this kingdom, not excepting even that of stabbing.

The writers of plays have what they call unity of time and place to give a justness to their representation; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be companions, would confine their action to the place of meeting: for a frolic carried further may be better performed by other animals than men. It is not to rid much ground, or do much mischief, that should denominate a pleasant fellow; but that is truly frolic which is the play of the mind, and consists of various and unforced sallies of imagination. Festivity of spirit is a very uncommon talent, and must proceed from an assemblage of agreeable qualities in the same person: there are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a talent one cannot name in a man, especially when one considers that it is never very graceful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second place. The best man that I know of for heightening the revel-gaiety of a company, is Estcourt,¹ whose jovial humour diffuses itself from the highest person at an entertainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt gestures and lively representations of circumstances and persons, beguile the gravest mind into a consent to be as humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has a mimicry that does not debase the person he represents; but which, taking from the gravity of the character,

¹ See Nos. 264, 370, 468. Congreve's 'Love for Love' was to be acted for Estcourt's benefit on the night after the publication of this paper.

adds to the agreeableness of it. This pleasant fellow gives one some idea of the ancient pantomime,¹ who is said to have given the audience, in dumb show, an exact idea of any character or passion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence, with no other expression than that of his looks and gestures. If all who have been obliged to these talents in Estcourt, will be at 'Love for Love' to-morrow night,² they will but pay him what they owe him; at so easy a rate as being present at a play which nobody would omit seeing that had, or had not, ever seen it before.

N^o. 359. *Tuesday, April 22, 1712*
[BUDGELL.]

*Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam ;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.*

VIRG., Ecl. ii. 63.

AS we were at the club last night, I observed that my friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head, and heard him

¹ Pantomimist. Mr. Dobson quotes from 'Hudibras,' Part III.
ii. 1287 :—

‘Not that I think those pantomimes,
Who vary action, with the tunes,
Are less ingenuous in their art
Than those who dully act one part.’

² Estcourt played Sir Sampson Legend on the occasion of his benefit.

say to himself, 'A foolish woman! I can't believe it.' Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. 'However,' says Sir Roger, 'I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.'

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunty laugh, 'I thought, knight,' says he, 'thou hadst lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known.' Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. 'I am now,' says he, 'upon the verge of fifty' (though, by the way, we all knew he was turned of threescore). 'You may easily guess,' continued Will, 'that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success.'

'I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country, but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to

hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

‘I made my next applications to a widow, and attacked her so briskly that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon’s Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

‘A few months after I addressed myself to a young lady, who was an only daughter, and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things, and, in short, made no doubt of her heart; and though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

‘I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid, indeed, told me one day that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

‘After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don’t know how it came to pass, though I seldom

failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

'I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last had not she been carried off by an hard frost.'

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday which deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and taking out a pocket Milton read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall:—

‘——Oh! why did our¹

Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine?
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen,
And more that shall befall; innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex; for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gained
By a far worse; or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already linked and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.’²

¹ ‘God,’ (Milton).

² ‘Paradise Lost,’ x. 888-908.

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention, and desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed. X.

N^o. 360. *Wednesday, April 23, 1712*
[STEELE.]

—*De paupertate tacentes*
Plus poscente ferent.

—HOR., I Ep. xvii. 43.

I HAVE nothing to do with the business of this day any further than affixing the piece of Latin on the head of my paper; which I think a motto not unsuitable, since if silence of our poverty is a recommendation, still more commendable is his modesty who conceals it by a decent dress.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘**T**HERE is an evil under the sun which has not yet come within your speculation, and is the censure, disesteem, and contempt which some young fellows meet with from particular persons for the reasonable methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better dress than may seem to a relation regularly consistent with a small fortune; and therefore may occasion a judgment of a suitable extravagance in other particulars: but the disadvantage with which the man of narrow circumstances acts and speaks is so feelingly set forth in a little book called the “Christian Hero,”¹ that the

¹ The reference is to a passage in the third chapter of Steele’s book.

appearing to be otherwise is not only pardonable but necessary. Every one knows the hurry of conclusions that are made in contempt of a person that appears to be calamitous, which makes it very excusable to prepare one's self for the company of those that are of a superior quality and fortune, by appearing to be in a better condition than one is, so far as such appearance shall not make us really off worse.

‘It is a justice due to the character of one who suffers hard reflections from any particular person upon this account, that such persons would inquire into his manner of spending his time; of which, though no further information can be had than that he remains so many hours in his chamber, yet if this is cleared, to imagine that a reasonable creature wrung with a narrow fortune does not make the best use of this retirement, would be a conclusion extremely uncharitable. From what has or will be said, I hope no consequence can be extorted implying that I would have any young fellow spend more time than the common leisure which his studies require, or more money than his fortune or allowance may admit of, in the pursuit of an acquaintance with his betters. For as to his time, the gross of that ought to be sacred to more substantial acquisitions; for each irrevocable moment of which he ought to believe he stands religiously accountable. And as to his dress, I shall engage myself no further than in the modest defence of two plain suits a year. For being perfectly satisfied in Eutrapelus's contrivance of making a Mohock of a man by presenting him with laced and embroidered suits, I would by no means be thought to controvert that conceit by insinuating the advantages of foppery. It is an assertion which admits of much proof, that a stranger

of tolerable sense, dressed like a gentleman, will be better received by those of quality above him, than one of much better parts, whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions of frugality. A man's appearance falls within the censure of every one that sees him; his parts and learning very few are judges of; and even upon these few, they can't at first be well intruded; for policy and good breeding will counsel him to be reserved among strangers, and to support himself only by the common spirit of conversation. Indeed, among the injudicious, the words delicacy, idiom, fine images, structure of periods, genius, fire, and the rest, made use of with a frugal and comely gravity, will maintain the figure of immense reading and the depth of criticism.

'All gentlemen of fortune, at least the young and middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their dress, and consequently to value others in some measure upon the same consideration. With what confusion is a man of figure obliged to return the civilities of a hat to a person whose air and attire hardly entitle him to it? For whom nevertheless the other has particular esteem, though he is ashamed to have it challenged in so public a manner. It must be allowed, that any young fellow that affects to dress and appear genteelly, might by artificial management save ten pound a year; as instead of fine Holland he might mourn in sackcloth, and in other particulars be proportionably shabby: but of what great service would this sum be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any other? As the appearance of an easy fortune is necessary towards making one, I don't know but it might be of advantage sometimes to throw into

one's discourse certain exclamations about bank stock, and to show a marvellous surprise upon its fall, as well as the most affected triumph upon its rise. The veneration and respect which the practice of all ages has preserved to appearances, without doubt suggested to our tradesmen that wise and politic custom, to apply and recommend themselves to the public by all those decorations upon their sign-posts and houses, which the most eminent hands in the neighbourhood can furnish them with. What can be more attractive to a man of letters, than that immense erudition of all ages and languages, which a skilful bookseller, in conjunction with a painter, shall image upon his column and the extremities of his shop? The same spirit of maintaining a handsome appearance reigns among the grave and solid apprentices of the law (here I could be particularly dull in proving¹ the word apprentice to be significant of a barrister), and you may easily distinguish who has most lately made his pretensions to business, by the whitest and most ornamental frame of his window. If indeed the chamber is a ground room, and has rails before it, the finery is of necessity more extended, and the pomp of business better maintained. And what can be a greater indication of the dignity of dress, than that burdensome finery which is the regular habit of our judges, nobles, and bishops, with which upon certain days we see them encumbered? And though it may be said this is awful and necessary for the dignity of the State, yet the wisest of them have been remarkable, before they arrived at their present stations, for being very well-dressed persons. As to my own part, I am near thirty; and since I left school have not been idle,

¹ 'Clearing' (folio).

which is a modern phrase for having studied hard. I brought off a clean system of moral philosophy, and a tolerable jargon of metaphysics from the university; since that, I have been engaged in the clearing part of the perplexed style and matter of the law, which so hereditarily descends to all its professors. To all which severe studies I have thrown in, at proper interims, the pretty learning of the classics. Notwithstanding which I am what Shakespeare calls "a fellow of no mark or likelihood;"¹ which makes me understand the more fully, that since the regular methods of making friends and a fortune by the mere force of a profession is so very slow and uncertain, a man should take all reasonable opportunities, by enlarging a good acquaintance, to court that time and chance which is said to happen to every man.' T.

N^o. 361. *Thursday, April 24, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

*Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omnis
Contremuit domus*²——

—VIRG., *Æn.* vii. 514.

I HAVE lately received the following letter from a country gentleman:—

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE night before I left London I went to see a play called "The Humorous Lieutenant."³ Upon the rising of the curtain I was very much

¹ '1 Henry IV.,' Act iii. sc. 2. ² 'Nemus' (Virgil).

³ By Beaumont and Fletcher.

surprised with the great concert of catcalls which was exhibited that evening, and began to think with myself that I had made a mistake, and gone to a music meeting instead of the playhouse. It appeared indeed a little odd to me to see so many persons of quality of both sexes assembled together at a kind of caterwauling; for I cannot look upon that performance to have been anything better, whatever the musicians themselves might think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the house to ask questions of, and was forced to go out of town early the next morning, I could not learn the secret of this matter. What I would therefore desire of you is, to give some account of this strange instrument, which I found the company called a catcall; and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of music lately come from Italy. For my own part, to be free with you, I would rather hear an English fiddle; though I durst not show my dislike whilst I was in the playhouse, it being my chance to sit the very next man to one of the performers.

I am, SIR,
Your most affectionate
Friend and Servant,
JOHN SHALLOW, Esq.'

In compliance with Squire Shallow's requests, I design this paper as a dissertation upon the catcall. In order to make myself a master of the subject, I purchased one the beginning of last week, though not without great difficulty, being informed at two or three toyshops that the players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned antiquaries in relation to its original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that par-

ticular. A Fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its sound, that the catcall is older than any of the inventions of Jubal. He observes very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds and other melodious animals; 'and what,' says he, 'was more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat that lived under the same roof with them?' He added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind instrument, but for our string music in general.

Another virtuoso of my acquaintance will not allow the catcall to be older than Thespis, and is apt to think it appeared in the world soon after the ancient comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our dramatic entertainments. Nor must I here omit what a very curious gentleman, who is lately returned from his travels, has more than once assured me, namely, that there was lately dug up at Rome the statue of a Momus, who holds an instrument in his right hand very much resembling our modern catcall.

There are others who ascribe this invention to Orpheus, and look upon the catcall to be one of those instruments which that famous musician made use of to draw the beasts about him. It is certain that the roaring of a cat does not call together a greater audience of that species than this instrument, if dexterously played upon in proper time and place.

But notwithstanding these various and learned conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the cat-

call is originally a piece of English music. Its resemblance to the voice of some of our British songsters, as well as the use of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at least received great improvements among us, whether we consider the instrument itself, or those several quavers and graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this who heard that remarkable overgrown catcall which was placed in the centre of the pit, and presided over all the rest at the celebrated performance lately exhibited in Drury Lane.

Having said thus much concerning the original of the catcall, we are in the next place to consider the use of it. The catcall exerts itself to most advantage in the British theatre: it very much improves the sound of nonsense, and often goes along with the voice of the actor who pronounces it, as the violin or harpsichord accompanies the Italian *recitativo*.

It has often supplied the place of the ancient chorus, in the words of Mr. * * *. In short, a bad poet has as great an antipathy to a catcall as many people have to a real cat.

Mr. Collier, in his ingenious essay upon music,¹ has the following passage:—

‘I believe ’tis possible to invent an instrument that shall have a quite contrary effect to those martial ones now in use. An instrument that shall sink the spirits, and shake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inspire despair, and cowardice and consternation, at a surprising rate. ’Tis probable the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and screech-owls, together

¹ ‘Essays upon several Moral Subjects,’ by Jeremy Collier (1732), Part ii. p. 30.

with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whether such anti-music as this might not be of service in a camp, I shall leave to the military men to consider.'

What this learned gentleman supposes in speculation, I have known actually verified in practice. The catcall has struck a damp into generals, and frightened heroes off the stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a crowned head tremble, and a princess fall into fits. The humorous lieutenant himself could not stand it; nay, I am told that even Almanzor¹ looked like a mouse, and trembled at the voice of this terrifying instrument.

As it is of a dramatic nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the stage, I can by no means approve the thought of that angry lover, who, after an unsuccessful pursuit of some years, took leave of his mistress in a serenade of catcalls.

I must conclude this paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artist, who has long studied this instrument, and is very well versed in all the rules of the drama. He teaches to play on it by book, and to express by it the whole art of criticism. He has his base and his treble catcall; the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy; only in tragi-comedies they may both play together in concert. He has a particular squeak to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different sounds to show whether he aims at the poet or the player. In short, he teaches the smut-note, the fustian-note, the stupid-note, and has composed a

¹ A character in Dryden's 'Conquest of Granada.'

kind of air that may serve as an act tune to an incorrigible play, and which takes in the whole compass of the catcall.¹ L.

N^o. 362. *Friday, April 25, 1712*
[STEELE.]

Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus.—HOR., I Ep. xix. 6.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘TEMPLE, *April 24.*

‘SEVERAL of my friends were this morning got together over a dish of tea in very good health, though we had celebrated yesterday² with more glasses than we could have dispensed with, had we not been beholden to Brooke and Hellier.³ In gratitude, therefore, to those good citizens, I am, in the name of the company, to accuse you of great negligence in overlooking their merit who have imported true and generous wine, and taken care that it should not be adulterated by the retailers before it comes to the tables of private

¹ The following sentence here appears in the folio issue: ‘* * * Not being yet determined with whose name to fill up the gap in this dissertation which is marked with asterisks, I shall defer it till this paper appears with others in a volume.’

² April 23 was Queen Anne’s coronation day.

³ See No. 264. Thomas Brooke and John Hellier, wine merchants, of Basing Lane, Bread Street, often advertised in the *Spectator*. They had vaults in various places, ‘for the better accommodation of the whole town.’ In No. 326 there was advertised, ‘Brooke and Hellier. A Satire. Price 3d.;’ and another attack was called ‘The Quack Vintners; or, a Satire against Bad Wine,’ 1712. The firm claimed to have paid in one year £2500 Customs duties (‘The Case of Messieurs Brooke and Hellier,’ 1710); but in 1712 they were in difficulties, and dissolved partnership. Brooke afterwards started in business by himself.

families or the clubs of honest fellows. I cannot imagine how a Spectator can be supposed to do his duty without frequent resumption of such subjects as concern our health, the first thing to be regarded if we have a mind to relish anything else. It would therefore very well become your spectatorial vigilance to give it in orders to your officer for inspecting signs, that in his march he would look into the itinerants who deal in provisions, and inquire where they buy their several wares. Ever since the decease of Cully¹ Mully Puff² of agreeable and noisy memory, I cannot say I have observed anything sold in carts, or carried by horse or ass, or in fine in any moving market, which is not perished or putrified; witness the wheelbarrows of rotten raisins, almonds, figs, and currants, which you see vended by a merchant dressed in a second-hand suit of a foot soldier. You should consider that a child may be poisoned for the worth of a farthing; but except his poor parents send to one certain doctor in town,³ they can have no advice for him under a guinea. When poisons are thus cheap and medicines thus dear, how can you be negligent in inspecting what we eat and drink, or take no notice of such as the above-mentioned citizens who have been so serviceable to us of late in that particular? It was a custom among the old Romans to do him particular honours who had saved the life of a citizen; how much more does the world owe to those who prevent the death

¹ 'Mully' (folio).

² Puff—whose portrait is to be found in the 'London Cries' (see No. 251) in Granger's Biographical History—was a little man who was barely able to carry on his head his basket of pastry.

³ A doctor who advertised that he attended patients at from one shilling to half-a-crown, according to the distance.

of multitudes? As these men deserve well of your office, so such as act to the detriment of our health, you ought to represent to themselves and their fellow-subjects in the colours which they deserve to wear. I think it would be for the public good that all who vend wines should be under oaths in that behalf. The chairman at a quarter sessions should inform the country, that the vintner who mixes wine to his customers, shall (upon proof that the drinker thereof died within a year and a day after taking it) be deemed guilty of wilful murder; and the jury shall be instructed to inquire and present such delinquents accordingly. It is no mitigation of the crime, nor will it be conceived that it can be brought in chance-medley or manslaughter, upon proof that it shall appear wine joined to wine, or right Herefordshire poured into port-o-port; but his selling it for one thing knowing it to be another, must justly bear the foresaid guilt of wilful murder: for that he, the said vintner, did an unlawful act willingly in the false mixture; and is therefore with equity liable to all the pains to which a man would be if it were proved he designed only to run a man through the arm whom he whipped through the lungs. This is my third year at the Temple, and this is or should be law. An ill intention well proved should meet with no alleviation because it outran itself. There cannot be too great severity used against the injustice as well as cruelty of those who play with men's lives by preparing liquors whose nature, for aught they know, may be noxious when mixed, though innocent when apart: and Brooke and Hellier, who have insured our safety at our meals, and driven jealousy from our cups in conversation, deserve the custom and thanks of the

whole town; and it is your duty to remind them of the obligation.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

TOM POTTLE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a person who was long immured in a college, read much, saw little; so that I knew no more of the world than what a lecture or a view of the map taught me. By this means I improved in my study, but became unpleasant in conversation. By conversing generally with the dead, I grew almost unfit for the society of the living; so by a long confinement I contracted an ungainly aversion to conversation, and ever discoursed with pain to myself, and little entertainment to others. At last I was in some measure made sensible of my failing, and the mortification of never being spoke to, or speaking, unless the discourse ran upon books, put me upon forcing myself amongst men. I immediately affected the politest company, by the frequent use of which I hoped to wear off the rust I had contracted; but by an uncouth imitation of men used to act in public, I got no further than to discover I had a mind to appear a finer thing than I really was.

'Such I was, and such was my condition, when I became an ardent lover and passionate admirer of the beauteous Belinda: then it was that I really began to improve. This passion changed all my fears and diffidences in my general behaviour to the sole concern of pleasing her. I had not now to study the action of a gentleman, but love possessing all my thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had

a mind to appear. My thoughts grew free and generous, and the ambition to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in my carriage a faint similitude of that disengaged manner of my Belinda. The way we are in at present is that she sees my passion, and sees I at present forbear speaking of it through prudential regards. This respect to her she returns with much civility, and makes my value for her as little a misfortune to me as is consistent with discretion. She sings very charmingly, and is readier to do so at my request, because she knows I love her: she will dance with me rather than another for the same reason. My fortune must alter from what it is before I can speak my heart to her, and her circumstances are not considerable enough to make up for the narrowness of mine. But I write to you now only to give you the character of Belinda as a woman that has address enough to demonstrate a gratitude to her lover, without giving him hopes of success in his passion. Belinda has from a great wit, governed by as great prudence, and both adorned with innocence, the happiness of always being ready to discover her real thoughts. She has many of us, who now are her admirers; but her treatment of us is so just and proportioned to our merit towards her, and what we are in ourselves, that I protest to you I have neither jealousy nor hatred toward my rivals. Such is her goodness, and the acknowledgment of every man who admires her, that he thinks he ought to believe she will take him who best deserves her. I will not say that this peace among us is not owing to self-love, which prompts each to think himself the best deserver: I think there is something uncommon and worthy of imitation in this lady's character. If you will please to print my letter,

you will oblige the little fraternity of happy rivals,
and in a more particular manner, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

T.

WILL. CYMON.'

N^o. 363. *Saturday, April 26, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

—*Crudelis ubique*

Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.

—VIRG., *Æn.* ii. 368.

MILTON has shown a wonderful art in describing that variety of passions which arise in our first parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the triumph of their guilt through remorse, shame, despair, contrition, prayer, and hope, to a perfect and complete repentance. At the end of the tenth book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: to which the poet joins this beautiful circumstance, that they offered up their penitential prayers on the very place where their Judge appeared to them when He pronounced their sentence:—

—They, forthwith to the place

Repairing where He judged them, prostrate fell

Before Him reverent, and both confessed

Humbly their faults, and pardon begged, with tears

Watering the ground——¹

There² is a beauty of the same kind in a tragedy

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' x. 1098–1102.

² This paragraph was added in the 1713 collected edition.

of Sophocles,¹ where Œdipus, after having put out his own eyes, instead of breaking his neck from the palace battlements (which furnishes so elegant an entertainment for our English audience), desires that he may be conducted to Mount Cithæron, in order to end his life in that very place where he was exposed in his infancy, and where he should then have died, had the will of his parents been executed.

As the author never fails to give a poetical turn to his sentiments, he describes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which these their prayers met with, in a short allegory formed upon that beautiful passage in Holy Writ, 'And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God.'²

——To heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they passed
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne——³

We have the same thought expressed a second time in the intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very emphatic sentiments and expressions.⁴

Among the poetical parts of Scripture which Milton has so finely wrought into this part of his narration, I must not omit that wherein Ezekiel, speaking of the angels who appeared to him in a

¹ 'Œdipus,' 1451-1455.

² Revelation viii. 3, 4.

³ 'Paradise Lost,' xi. 14-20. ⁴ *Ibid.*, xi. 22-25.

vision, adds that 'every one had four faces,' and that 'their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings were full of eyes round about.'¹

—The cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus; all their shape
Spangled with eyes——²

The assembling of all the angels of heaven to hear the solemn decree passed upon man, is represented in very lively ideas.³ The Almighty is here described as remembering mercy in the midst of judgment, and commanding Michael to deliver his message in the mildest terms, lest the spirit of man, which was already broken with the sense of his guilt and misery, should fail before him.

'——Yet, lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urged
(For I behold them softened, and with tears
Bewailing their excess), all terror hide.'⁴

The conference of Adam and Eve is full of moving sentiments.⁵ Upon their going abroad after the melancholy night which they had passed together, they discover the lion and the eagle pursuing each of them their prey towards the eastern gates of Paradise.⁶ There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it presents great and just omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expresses that enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The poet, to show the like changes in nature, as well as to grace his fable with a noble prodigy, represents the sun in an eclipse. This

¹ Ezekiel i. 6; x. 12.

³ *Ibid.*, xi. 72-83.

⁵ *Ibid.*, xi. 141 *seq.*

² 'Paradise Lost,' xi. 127-130.

⁴ *Ibid.*, xi. 108-111.

⁶ *Ibid.*, xi. 184-190.

particular incident has likewise a fine effect upon the imagination of the reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the sun is under an eclipse, a bright cloud descends in the western quarter of the heavens, filled with an host of angels, and more luminous than the sun itself. The whole theatre of nature is darkened, that this glorious machine may appear in all its lustre and magnificence.

‘——Why, in the east,
 Darkness ere day’s mid-course, and morning-light
 More orient in that ¹ western cloud, that draws
 O’er the blue firmament a radiant white,
 And slow descends, with something heavenly fraught?’
 He erred not, for by this the heavenly bands
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;
 A glorious apparition——²

I need not observe how properly this author, who always suits his parts to the actors whom he introduces, has employed Michael in the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. The archangel on this occasion neither appears in his proper shape, nor in that familiar manner with which Raphael the sociable spirit entertained the Father of mankind before the fall. His person, his port, and behaviour are suitable to a spirit of the highest rank, and exquisitely described in the following passage:—

——The archangel soon drew nigh,
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man
 Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
 A military vest of purple flowed
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
 In time of truce: Iris had dipped the woof;

¹ ‘Yon’ (Milton).

² ‘Paradise Lost,’ xi. 203–211.

His starry helm, unbuckled, showed him prime
In manhood where youth ended ; by his side,
As in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bowed low ; he, kingly, from his state
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared.¹

Eve's complaint upon hearing that she was to be removed from the garden of Paradise is wonderfully beautiful : the sentiments are not only proper to the subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish.

‘Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil ? these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both ? O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world ; to this obscure
And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits ?’²

Adam's speech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following passage in it:—

‘This most afflicts me ; that, departing hence,
As from His face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed countenance : here I could frequent

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ xi. 238-250.

² *Ibid.*, xi. 269-285.

With worship, place by place where He vouchsafed
 Presence Divine, and to my sons relate,
 On this mount He appeared ; under this tree
 Stood visible ; among these pines His voice
 I heard ; here with Him at this fountain talked :
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory
 Or monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footsteps¹ trace ?
 For though I fled Him angry ; yet, recalled
 To life prolonged and promised race, I now
 Gladly behold though but His utmost skirts
 Of glory, and far off His steps adore.’²

The angel afterwards leads Adam to the highest mount of Paradise, and lays before him a whole hemisphere, as a proper stage for those visions which were to be represented on it.³ I have before observed how the plan of Milton’s poem is in many particulars greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. Virgil’s hero, in the last of these poems, is entertained with a sight of all those who are to descend from him ; but though that episode is justly admired as one of the noblest designs in the whole *Æneid*, every one must allow that this of Milton is of a much higher nature. Adam’s vision is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind, but extends to the whole species.

In this great review which Adam takes of all his sons and daughters, the first objects he is presented with exhibit to him the story of Cain and Abel, which is drawn together with much closeness and propriety of expression.⁴ That curiosity and natural

¹ ‘Footstep’ (Milton).

³ *Ibid.*, xi. 376-411.

² ‘Paradise Lost,’ xi. 315-333.

⁴ *Ibid.*, xi. 429-447.

horror which arises in Adam at the sight of the first dying man, is touched with great beauty.

‘But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold!
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!’¹

The second vision sets before him the image of Death in a great variety of appearances.² The angel, to give him a general idea of those effects which his guilt had brought upon his posterity, places before him a large hospital, or lazaret-house, filled with persons lying under all kinds of mortal diseases. How finely has the poet told us that the sick persons languished under lingering and incurable distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such imaginary beings as those I mentioned in my last Saturday’s paper.

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick busy³ from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.⁴

The passion which likewise rises in Adam on this occasion is very natural.

Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compassion quelled
His best of man, and gave him up to tears.⁵

The discourse between the angel and Adam, which follows, abounds with noble morals.⁶

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ xi. 462–465.

² *Ibid.*, xi. 477–488.

³ ‘Busiest’ (Milton).

⁴ ‘Paradise Lost,’ xi. 489–493.

⁵ *Ibid.*, xi. 494–497.

⁶ *Ibid.*, xi. 500 *seq.*

than a contrast and opposition of incidents, the author, after this melancholy prospect of death and sickness, raises up a scene of mirth, love, and jollity.¹ The secret pleasure that steals into Adam's heart as he is intent upon this vision, is imagined with great delicacy. I must not omit the description of the loose female troupe, who seduced the sons of God, as they are called in Scripture.

'For that fair female troupe thou saw'st, that seemed
Of goddesses, so blythe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress and troll the tongue, and roll the eye:
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists——'²

The next vision is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of war.³ Adam at the sight of it melts into tears, and breaks out in that passionate speech:—

'——O what are those?
Death's ministers, not men! who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten-thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother; for of whom such massacre
Made they, but of their brethren; men of men?'⁴

Milton, to keep up an agreeable variety in his visions, after having raised in the mind of his reader the several ideas of terror which are conformable to the description of war, passes on to those softer

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' xi. 580–596.

² *Ibid.*, xi. 614–625.

³ *Ibid.*, xi. 638 *seq.*

⁴ *Ibid.*, xi. 675–680.

images of triumphs and festivals, in that vision of lewdness and luxury which ushers in the Flood.¹

As it is visible that the poet had his eye upon Ovid's account of the universal deluge,² the reader may observe with how much judgment he has avoided everything that is redundant or puerile in the Latin poet. We do not here see the wolf swimming among the sheep, nor any of those wanton imaginations which Seneca found fault with,³ as unbecoming the great catastrophe of nature. If our poet has imitated that verse in which Ovid tells us that there was nothing but sea, and that this sea had no shore to it, he has not set the thought in such a light as to incur the censure which critics have passed upon it. The latter part of that verse in Ovid is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in Milton.

Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant,
Nil nisi pontus erat, deerant quoque littera ponto.

—OVID.⁴

—Sea covered sea,
Sea without shore—

—MILTON.⁵

In Milton the former part of the description does not forestall the latter. How much more great and solemn on this occasion is that which follows in our English poet—

—And in their palaces,
Where luxury late reigned, sea monsters whelped
And stabled—⁶

than that in Ovid, where we are told that the sea-calves lay in those places where the goats were used to

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' xi. 712-718.

² *Metam.*, i. 260-312.

³ *Nat. Quæst.*, Book iii., sec. 27.

⁴ *Metam.*, i. 291-292.

⁵ 'Paradise Lost,' xi. 749-750.

⁶ *Ibid.*, xi. 750-752.

browse.¹ The reader may find several other parallel passages in the Latin and English description of the Deluge, wherein our poet has visibly the advantage. The skies being overcharged with clouds, the descending of the rains, the rising of the seas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are such descriptions as every one must take notice of.² The circumstance relating to Paradise is so finely imagined and suitable to the opinions of many learned authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper:—

‘—Then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be moved
Out of his place, pushed by the hornèd flood,
With all his verdure spoiled, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root, an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews’ clang.’³

The transition which the poet makes from the vision of the Deluge, to the concern it occasioned in Adam, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after Virgil, though the first thought it introduces is rather in the spirit of Ovid:—

How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation! Then another flood,
Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drowned,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till, gently reared
By the angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
Though comfortless; as when a father mourns
His children, all in view destroyed at once.⁴

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh book of ‘Paradise Lost,’ because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining

¹ *Metam.*, i. 299–300.

² ‘Paradise Lost,’ xi. 738–747, 863–867.

³ *Ibid.*, xi. 829–835.

⁴ *Ibid.*, xi. 754–761.

books of this poem; for which reason the reader might be apt to overlook those many passages in it which deserve our admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single circumstance of the removal of our first parents from Paradise; but though this is not in itself so great a subject as that in most of the foregoing books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising incidents and pleasing episodes, that these two last books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine poem. I must further add, that had not Milton represented our first parents as driven out of Paradise, his fall of man would not have been complete, and consequently his action would have been imperfect. L.

No. 364. *Monday, April 28, 1712*
[STEELE.]

—*Navibus*¹ *atque*
Quadrigris petimus bene vivere—
—HOR., I Ep. xi. 28.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,²

‘**A**LADY of my acquaintance, for whom I have too much respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet action, has given occasion to this trouble. She is a widow, to whom the indulgence of a tender husband has entrusted the management of a very great fortune, and a son about sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of.

¹ ‘*Strenua nos exercet inertia; Navibus*’ (folio).

² Dr. Thomas Birch, in a letter of June 15, 1764, said that this letter, besides another piece in the *Spectator* which cannot be identified, was by Philip Yorke, afterwards Earl of Hardwicke.

The boy has parts of the middle size, neither shining nor despicable, and has passed the common exercises of his years with tolerable advantage; but is withal what you would call a forward youth. By the help of this last qualification, which serves as a varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best use of his learning, and display it at full length upon all occasions. Last summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably, by puzzling the vicar before an assembly of most of the ladies in the neighbourhood; and from such weighty considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the mother is become invincibly persuaded that her son is a great scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary methods of education with others of his age, would be to cramp his faculties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful capacity.

‘I happened to visit at the house last week, and missing the young gentleman at the tea-table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a circumstance avoid inquiring after him. My lady told me, “He was gone out with her woman, in order to make some preparations for their equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to travel.” The oddness of the expression shocked me a little; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this summer to show her son his estate in a distant county, in which he has never yet been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agreeable mistake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young master’s prodigious improvements, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-learning;

concluding, that it was now high time he should be made acquainted with men and things; that she had resolved he should make the tour of France and Italy, but could not bear to have him out of her sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

‘I was going to rally her for so extravagant a resolution, but found myself not in fit humour to meddle with a subject that demanded the most soft and delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the son’s abilities, or the mother’s discretion; being sensible that in both these cases, though supported with all the powers of reason, I should, instead of gaining her ladyship over to my opinion, only expose myself to her disesteem: I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole matter to the Spectator.

‘When I came to reflect at night, as my custom is, upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but believe that this humour of carrying a boy to travel in his mother’s lap, and that upon pretence of learning men and things, is a case of an extraordinary nature, and carries on it a particular stamp of folly. I did not remember to have met with its parallel within the compass of my observation, though I could call to mind some not extremely unlike it. From hence my thoughts took occasion to ramble into the general notion of travelling, as it is now made a part of education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a lad from grammar and taw, and under the tuition of some poor scholar, who is willing to be banished for thirty pounds a year and a little victuals, send him crying and snivelling into foreign countries. Thus he spends his time as

children do at puppet-shows, and with much the same advantage, in staring and gaping at an amazing variety of strange things; strange indeed to one that is not prepared to comprehend the reasons and meaning of them; whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life under some skilful master of the art of instruction.

‘Can there be a more astonishing thought in nature, than to consider how men should fall into so palpable a mistake? It is a large field, and may very well exercise a sprightly genius; but I don’t remember you have yet taken a turn in it. I wish, sir, you would make people understand, that travel is really the last step to be taken in the institution of youth; and that to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

‘Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts is to look into their customs and policies, and observe in what particulars they excel or come short of our own; to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off such awkward stiffnesses and affectations in our behaviour as may possibly have been contracted from constantly associating with one nation of men, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation. But how can any of these advantages be attained by one who is a mere stranger to the customs and policies of his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind the first principles of manners and behaviour? To endeavour it is to build a gaudy structure without any foundation; or, if I may be allowed the expression, to work a rich embroidery upon a cobweb.

‘Another end of travelling which deserves to be

considered, is the improving our taste of the best authors of antiquity by seeing the places where they lived and of which they wrote; to compare the natural face of the country with the descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the picture agrees with the original. This must certainly be a most charming exercise to the mind that is rightly turned for it; besides that it may in a good measure be made subservient to morality if the person is capable of drawing just conclusions concerning the uncertainty of human things, from the ruinous alterations time and barbarity have brought upon so many palaces, cities, and whole countries, which make the most illustrious figures in history. And this hint may be not a little improved by examining every spot of ground that we find celebrated as the scene of some famous action, or retaining any footsteps of a Cato, Cicero, or Brutus, or some such great virtuous man. A nearer view of any such particular, though really little and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous mind to an emulation of their virtues, and a greater ardency of ambition to imitate their bright examples, if it comes duly tempered and prepared for the impression. But this I believe you'll hardly think those to be who are so far from entering into the sense and spirit of the ancients, that they don't yet understand their language with any exactness.¹

¹ The following passage follows here in the folio issue: 'I can't quit this head without paying my acknowledgments to one of the most entertaining pieces this age has produced, for the pleasure it gave me. You will easily guess that the book I have in my head is Mr. Addison's "Remarks upon Italy." That ingenious gentleman has with so much art and judgment applied his exact knowledge of all the parts of classical learning to illustrate the several occurrences of his travels, that his work alone is a pregnant

‘But I have wandered from my purpose, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond English mother, and mother’s own son, from being shown a ridiculous spectacle through the most polite part of Europe. Pray tell them, that though to be sea-sick, or jumbled in an outlandish stage-coach, may perhaps be healthful for the constitution of the body, yet it is apt to cause such a dizziness in young empty heads, as too often lasts their lifetime.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
PHILIP HOMEBRED.’

‘SIR,

‘BIRCHIN LANE.

‘I WAS married on Sunday last, and went peaceably to bed; but, to my surprise, was awakened the next morning by the thunder of a set of drums. These warlike sounds (methinks) are very improper in a marriage consort, and give great offence; they seem to insinuate that the joys of this state are short, and that jars and discord soon ensue. I fear they have been ominous to many matches, and sometimes proved a prelude to a battle in the honeymoon. A nod from you may hush them; therefore, pray sir, let them be silenced, that for the future none but soft airs may usher in the morning of a bridal night,

proof of what I have said. Nobody that has a taste this way can read him going from Rome to Naples, and making Horace and Silius Italicus his chart, but he must feel some uneasiness in himself to reflect that he was not in his retinue. I am sure I wished it ten times in every page, and that not without a secret vanity to think in what state I should have travelled the Appian Road with Horace for a guide and in company with a countryman of my own, who of all men living knows best how to follow his steps.’

which will be a favour not only to those who come after, but to me, who can still subscribe myself,

Your most humble

and most obedient Servant,

ROBIN BRIDEGROOM.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of that sort of women whom the gayer part of our sex are apt to call a prude. But to show them that I have very little regard to their raillery, I shall be glad to see them all at the "Amorous Widow; or, the Wanton Wife"; which is to be acted, for the benefit of Mrs. Porter, on Monday the 28th instant.¹ I assure you I can laugh at an amorous widow or wanton wife with as little temptation to imitate them as I could at any other virtuous character. Mrs. Porter obliged me so very much in the exquisite sense she seemed to have of the honourable sentiments and noble passions in the character of Hermione, that I shall appear in her behalf at a comedy, though I have no great relish for any entertainments where the mirth is not seasoned

¹ The advertisement of the performance in this number began thus: 'At the desire of several Ladies of Quality. For the benefit of Mrs. Porter, who is on her recovery from a severe fever.' Mary Porter (died 1765) began life by acting at Bartholomew Fair, where she was seen by Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle. Among other parts, she was Philadelphia in Betterton's 'Amorous Widow,' and Fainlove in Steele's 'Tender Husband'; and on March 17, 1712, she appeared as the original Hermione in Philips's 'Distrest Mother.' Next year she created the part of Marcia in Addison's 'Cato.' In 1730 Mrs. Porter had a serious accident, but she continued to act until 1743. She was very popular, and was much respected. As an actress she shone in tragedy, and Johnson says he never saw her excelled in 'vehemence of rage.'

with a certain severity, which ought to recommend it to people who pretend to keep reason and authority over all their actions. I am,

SIR,

Your frequent Reader,

T.

ALTAMIRA.'

N^o. 365. *Tuesday, April 29, 1712*
[BUDGELL.]

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus—
—VIRG., Georg. iii. 272.

THE author of the *Menagiana*¹ acquaints us that discoursing one day with several ladies of quality about the effects of the month of May, which infuses a kindly warmth into the earth and all its inhabitants, the Marchioness of S—, who was one of the company, told him that though she would promise to be chaste in every month besides, she could not engage for herself in May. As the beginning, therefore, of this month is now very near, I design this paper for a caveat to the fair sex, and publish it before April is quite out, that if any of them should be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely notice.

I am induced to this, being persuaded the above-mentioned observation is as well calculated for our climate as for that of France, and that some of our British ladies are of the same constitution with the French marchioness.

I shall leave it among physicians to determine what may be the cause of such an anniversary inclination; whether or no it is that the spirits, after having

¹ Gilles Ménage. See No. 60.

been as it were frozen and congealed by winter, are now turned loose and set a-rambling; or that the gay prospects of fields and meadows, with the courtship of the birds in every bush, naturally unbend the mind, and soften it to pleasure; or that, as some have imagined, a woman is prompted by a kind of instinct to throw herself on a bed of flowers, and not to let those beautiful couches which nature has provided lie useless. However it be, the effects of this month on the lower part of the sex, who act without disguise, is very visible. It is at this time that we see the young wenches in a country parish dancing round a May-pole, which one of our learned antiquaries supposes to be a relic of a certain pagan worship that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewise on the first day of this month that we see the ruddy milkmaid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and like the virgin Tarpeia,¹ oppressed by the costly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her.²

I need not mention the ceremony of the green gown, which is also peculiar to this gay season.

The same periodical love-fit spreads through the whole sex, as Mr. Dryden well observes in his description of this merry month:—

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the graces lead the dancing hours,
And nature's ready pencil paints the flowers. . . .

¹ Livy, Hist. Dec. I. Book I. chap. xi.

² Misson in his 'Travels in England,' p. 307, says: 'On the first of May, and the five and six days following, all the pretty young country girls that serve the town with milk dress themselves up very neatly, and borrow abundance of silver plate, whereof they

The sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sleep;
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves,
Inspires new flames, revives extinguished loves.¹

Accordingly among the works of the great masters in painting, who have drawn this genial season of the year, we often observe cupids confused with zephyrs, flying up and down promiscuously in several parts of the picture. I cannot but add from my own experience, that about this time of the year love-letters come up to me in great numbers from all quarters of the nation.

I received an epistle in particular by the last post from a Yorkshire gentleman, who makes heavy complaints of one Zelinda, whom it seems he has courted unsuccessfully these three years past. He tells me that he designs to try her this May, and if he does not carry his point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admonished the female sex, and laid before them the dangers they are exposed to in this critical month, I shall in the next place lay down some rules and directions for their better avoiding those calentures which are so very frequent in this season.

In the first place, I would advise them never to venture abroad in the fields, but in the company of a parent, a guardian, or some other sober, discreet person. I have before shown how apt they are to trip in a flowery meadow, and shall further observe make a pyramid, which they adorn with ribands and flowers, and carry upon their heads, instead of their common milk-pails. In this equipage, accompanied by some of their fellow milkmaids, and a bagpipe or fiddle, they go from door to door, dancing before the houses of their customers.

¹ 'Palamon and Arcite,' ii. 663-666, i. 176-179.

to them that Proserpine was out a-Maying when she met with that fatal adventure to which Milton alludes when he mentions

—That fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered——¹

Since I am got into quotations, I shall conclude this head with Virgil's advice to young people, while they are gathering wild strawberries and nose-gays, that they should have a care of the snake in the grass.²

In the second place, I cannot but approve those prescriptions which our astrological physicians give in their almanacs for this month; such as are 'A spare and simple diet, with the moderate use of phlebotomy.'

Under this head of abstinence I shall also advise my fair readers to be in a particular manner careful how they meddle with romances, chocolate, novels, and the like inflamers, which I look upon as very dangerous to be made use of during this great carnival of nature.

As I have often declared, that I have nothing more at heart than the honour of my dear country-women, I would beg them to consider, whenever their resolutions begin to fail them, that there are but one and thirty days of this soft season, and that if they can but weather out this one month, the rest of the year will be easy to them. As for that part of the fair sex who stay in town, I would advise them to be particularly cautious how they give themselves up to their most innocent entertainments. If they cannot forbear the playhouse, I would recommend

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' iv. 268-271.

² 'Latet anguis in herba' (Eclog., iii. 93).

tragedy to them, rather than comedy; and should think the puppet-show much safer for them than the opera all the while the sun is in Gemini.

The reader will observe, that this paper is written for the use of those ladies who think it worth while to war against nature in the cause of honour. As for that abandoned crew, who do not think virtue worth contending for, but give up their reputation at the first summons, such warnings and premonitions are thrown away upon them. A prostitute is the same easy creature in all months of the year, and makes no difference between May and December.

X.

N^o. 366. *Wednesday, April 30, 1712*
[STEELE.]

*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura, . . .
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.*

—HOR., I Od. xxii. 17.

THERE are such wild inconsistencies in the thoughts of a man in love, that I have often reflected there can be no reason for allowing him more liberty than others possessed with frenzy; but that his distemper has no malevolence in it to any mortal. That devotion to his mistress kindles in his mind a general tenderness, which exerts itself towards every object as well as his fair one. When this passion is represented by writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain quaintnesses and turns of imagination, which are apparently the work of a mind at ease; but the

men of true taste can easily distinguish the exertion of a mind which overflows with tender sentiments, and the labour of one which is only describing distress. In performances of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; every sentiment must grow out of the occasion, and be suitable to the circumstances of the character. Where this rule is transgressed, the humble servant, in all the fine things he says, is but showing his mistress how well he can dress, instead of saying how well he loves. Lace and drapery is as much a man, as wit and turn is passion.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THE following verses are a translation of a Lapland love-song, which I met with in Scheffer’s¹ history of that country. I was agreeably surprised to find a spirit of tenderness and poetry in a region which I never suspected for delicacy.

¹ John Scheffer (1621–1679), Professor of Law and Rhetoric at the University of Upsala, and librarian to Queen Christina of Sweden, published ‘Lapponia,’ in Latin, in 1673. In the following year an English version was printed at Oxford, and Ambrose Philips, the writer of the verses in the *Spectator*, based his work on the translation of 1674, of which the following is a specimen:—

With brightest beams let the sun shine
On Orra Moor.
Could I be sure
That from the top of the lofty pine
I Orra Moor might see,
I to his highest bough would climb,
And with industrious labour try
Thence to descry
My mistress, if that there she be.

A version of another song from the same source will be found in No. 406 (Morley).

In hotter climates, though altogether uncivilised, I had not wondered if I had found some sweet wild notes among the natives, where they live in groves of oranges, and hear the melody of birds about them : but a Lapland lyric, breathing sentiments of love and poetry not unworthy old Greece or Rome; a regular ode from a climate pinched with frost, and cursed with darkness so great a part of the year, where 'tis amazing that the poor natives should get food, or be tempted to propagate their species; this, I confess, seemed a greater miracle to me, than the famous stories of their drums, their winds, and enchantments.

I am the bolder in commending this northern song, because I have faithfully kept to the sentiments, without adding or diminishing; and pretend to no greater praise from my translation, than they who smooth and clean the furs of that country which have suffered by carriage. The numbers in the original are as loose and unequal, as those in which the British ladies sport their Pindarics; and perhaps the fairest of them might not think it a disagreeable present from a lover: but I have ventured to bind it in stricter measures, as being more proper for our tongue, though perhaps wilder graces may better suit the genius of the Lapponian language.

It will be necessary to imagine that the author of this song, not having the liberty of visiting his mistress at her father's house, was in hopes of spying her at a distance in the fields.

I.

Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

II.

Oh ! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough
Aloft in air that quivering plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

III.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid ?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid ?
Fast by the roots enraged I'll tear
The trees that hide my promised fair.

IV.

Oh ! I could ride the clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise :
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way.

V.

My bliss too long my bride denies,
Apace the wasting summer flies :
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Not storms or night shall keep me here.

VI.

What may for strength with steel compare ?
Oh ! love has fetters stronger far :
By bolts of steel are limbs confined,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

VII.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment the first are best ;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away to Orra, haste away.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' April the 10th.

' I AM one of those despicable creatures called a chambermaid, and have lived with a mistress for some time, whom I love as my life, which has made my duty and pleasure inseparable. My greatest delight has been in being employed about her person ;

and indeed she is very seldom out of humour, for a woman of her quality; but here lies my complaint, sir: to bear with me is all the encouragement she is pleased to bestow upon me; for she gives her cast-off clothes from me to others; some she is pleased to bestow in the house to those that neither wants nor wears them; and some to hangers-on that frequents the house daily, who comes dressed out in them. This, sir, is a very mortifying sight to me, who am a little necessitous for clothes and loves to appear what I am, and causes an uneasiness, so that I can't serve with that cheerfulness as formerly; which my mistress takes notice of, and calls envy and ill-temper at seeing others preferred before me. My mistress has a younger sister lives in the house with her that is some thousands below her in estate, who is continually heaping her favours on her maid, so that she can appear every Sunday, for the first quarter, in a fresh suit of clothes for her mistress's giving, with all other things suitable: all this I see without envying, but not without wishing my mistress would a little consider what a discouragement it is to me to have my perquisites divided between fawners and jobbers, which others enjoy entire to themselves. I have spoke to my mistress, but to little purpose; I have desired to be discharged (for indeed I fret myself to nothing), but that she answers with silence. I beg, sir, your direction what to do, for I am fully resolved to follow your counsel; who am
Your Admirer and humble Servant,

CONSTANTIA COMB-BRUSH.

‘I beg that you would put it in a better dress, and let it come abroad, that my mistress, who is an admirer of your speculations, may see it.’ T.

N^o. 367. *Thursday, May 1, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

—*Perituræ parcite chartæ.*—Juv., Sat. i. 18.

I HAVE often pleased myself with considering the two kinds of benefits which accrue to the public from these my speculations, and which, were I to speak after the manner of logicians, I would distinguish into the material and the formal. By the latter I understand those advantages which my readers receive, as their minds are either improved or delighted by these my daily labours; but having already several times descanted on my endeavours in this light, I shall at present wholly confine myself to the consideration of the former. By the word material I mean those benefits which arise to the public from these my speculations, as they consume a considerable quantity of our paper manufacture, employ our artisans in printing, and find business for great numbers of indigent persons.

Our paper manufacture takes into it several mean materials which could be put to no other use, and affords work for several hands in the collecting of them, which are incapable of any other employment. Those poor retailers, whom we see so busy in every street, deliver in their respective gleanings to the merchant. The merchant carries them in loads to the paper-mill, where they pass through a fresh set of hands, and give life to another trade. Those who have mills on their estates by this means considerably raise their rents, and the whole nation is in a great measure supplied with a manufacture for which formerly she was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no sooner wrought into paper, but they are distributed among the presses, where they again set innumerable artists at work, and furnish business to another mystery. From hence, accordingly as they are stained with news or politics, they fly through the town in *Postmen*, *Postboys*, *Daily Courants*, *Reviews*, *Medleys*, and *Examiners*.¹ Men, women, and children contend who shall be the first bearers of them, and get their daily sustenance by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of *Spectators*, I find so many hands employed in every step they take through their whole progress, that while I am writing a *Spectator*, I fancy myself providing bread for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my paper, after it is thus printed and published, is still beneficial to the public on several occasions. I must confess I have lighted my pipe with my own works for this twelvemonth past. My landlady often sends up her little daughter to desire some of my old *Spectators*, and has frequently told me, that the paper they are printed on is the best in the world to wrap spice in. They likewise make a good foundation for a mutton pie, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much sought for last Christmas by the whole neighbourhood.

¹ Defoe's *Weekly Review* was begun in 1704. The *Whig Medley* (1710-1712) was edited by Arthur Maynwaring; and the *Examiner* was a celebrated Tory paper, to which Swift and many others contributed. The *Postboy* was brought out by Abel Roper in 1695, in opposition to George Ridpath's *Flying Post*. The *Postman* was conducted by a French Protestant named Fontive, whom Dunton calls 'the glory and mirror of newswriters; a very grave, learned, orthodox man' ('Life and Errors,' ii. 429).

It is pleasant enough to consider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes by passing through the several hands above mentioned. The finest pieces of holland, when worn to tatters, assume a new whiteness more beautiful than their first, and often return in the shape of letters to their native country. A lady's shift may be metamorphosed into billets-doux, and come into her possession a second time. A beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel or a napkin, may by this means be raised from a dung-hill, and become the most valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet.

The politest nations of Europe have endeavoured to vie with one another for the reputation of the finest printing. Absolute governments, as well as republics, have encouraged an art which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial that was ever invented among the sons of men. The present King of France, in his pursuits after glory, has particularly distinguished himself by the promoting of this useful art, insomuch that several books have been printed in the Louvre at his own expense, upon which he sets so great a value, that he considers them as the noblest presents he can make to foreign princes and ambassadors. If we look into the commonwealths of Holland and Venice, we shall find that in this particular they have made themselves the envy of the greatest monarchies. Elzevir and Aldus are more frequently mentioned than any pensioner of the one or doge of the other.

The several presses which are now in England, and the great encouragement which has been given

to learning for some years last past, has made our own nation as glorious upon this account, as for its late triumphs and conquests. The new edition which is given us of Cæsar's 'Commentaries,' has already been taken notice of in foreign gazettes, and is a work that does honour to the English press.¹ It is no wonder that an edition should be very correct, which has passed through the hands of one of the most accurate, learned, and judicious writers this age has produced. The beauty of the paper, of the character, and of the several cuts with which this noble work is illustrated, makes it the finest book that I have ever seen; and is a true instance of the English genius, which, though it does not come the first into any art, generally carries it to greater heights than any other country in the world. I am particularly glad that this author comes from a British printing-house in so great a magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable account of our country.

My illiterate readers, if any such there are, will be surprised to hear me talk of learning as the glory of a nation, and of printing as an art that gains a reputation to a people among whom it flourishes.

¹ This work was advertised in the *Spectator* for April 7, 1712 (No. 346), as published 'this day,' by Tonson. The editor, Dr. Samuel Clarke (1675-1729), had been for twelve years chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, and Boyle Lecturer in 1704-5, when he took for his subject 'The Being and Attributes of God and the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion.' He had also translated Newton's 'Optics,' and was chaplain to the Queen, Rector of St. James's, Westminster, and D.D. of Cambridge. The accusations of heterodoxy that followed him through his after life date from this year (1712), in which, besides the edition of Cæsar, he published his 'Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity.' Shortly before his death he published the first twelve books of the Iliad, with a Latin version, and notes.

When men's thoughts are taken up with avarice and ambition, they cannot look upon anything as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary power or interest to the person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink this paper so far as to engage with Goths and Vandals, I shall only regard such kind of reasoners with that pity which is due to so deplorable a degree of stupidity and ignorance. L.

N^o. 368. *Friday, May 2, 1712*

[STEELE.]

—*Nos decebat
Lugere ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus
Humanæ vitæ varia reputantes mala;
At qui labores morte finisset graves
Omnes amicos laude et lætitia exequi.*

—EURIP. apud TULL.

AS the *Spectator* is in a kind a paper of news from the natural world, as others are from the busy and politic part of mankind, I shall translate the following letter written to an eminent French gentleman in this town from Paris, which gives us the exit of an heroine who is a pattern of patience and generosity:—

‘SIR,

‘PARIS, April 18, 1712.

‘IT is so many years since you left your native country, that I am to tell you the characters of your nearest relations as much as if you were an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this is to give you an account of the death of Madam de Villacerfe, whose departure out of this life I

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know not whether a man of your philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole life happy in an uninterrupted health, and was always honoured for an evenness of temper and greatness of mind. On the tenth instant that lady was taken with an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick-bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known, that some years ago Monsieur Festeau, one of the most considerable surgeons in Paris, was desperately in love with this lady. Her quality placed her above any application to her on the account of his passion; but as a woman always has some regard to the person whom she believes to be her real admirer, she now took it in her head (upon advice of her physicians to lose some of her blood) to send for Monsieur Festeau on that occasion. I happened to be there at that time, and my near relation gave me the privilege to be present. As soon as her arm was stripped bare, and he began to press it in order to raise the vein, his colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden tremor, which made me take the liberty to speak of it to my cousin with some apprehension. She smiled, and said she knew Mr. Festeau had no inclination to do her injury. He seemed to recover himself, and smiling also, proceeded in his work. Immediately after the operation he cried out, that he was the most unfortunate of all men, for that he had opened an artery instead of a vein. It is as impossible to express the artist's distraction as the patient's composure. I will not dwell on little circumstances, but go on to inform

you, that within three days' time it was thought necessary to take off her arm. She was so far from using Festeau as it would be natural to one of a lower spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any consultation about her present condition, and on every occasion asked whether he was satisfied in the measures that were taken about her. Before this last operation she ordered her will to be drawn, and after having been about a quarter of an hour alone, she bid the surgeons, of whom poor Festeau was one, go on in their work. I know not how to give you the terms of art, but there appeared such symptoms after the amputation of her arm, that it was visible she could not live four and twenty hours. Her behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole affair, that I was particularly curious in taking notice of what passed as her fate approached nearer and nearer, and took notes of what she said to all about her, particularly word for word what she spoke to Mr. Festeau, which was as follows :—

““Sir, you give me inexpressible sorrow for the anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all intents and purposes from the interests of human life, therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life ; no, you are my benefactor, as you have hastened my entrance into a happy immortality. This is my sense of this accident, but the world in which you live may have thoughts of it to your disadvantage ; I have therefore taken care to provide for you in my will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their ill-nature.”

‘ While this excellent woman spoke these words, Festeau looked as if he received a condemnation to

die instead of a pension for his life. Madam de Villacerfe lived till eight of the clock the next night; and though she must have laboured under the most exquisite torments, she possessed her mind with so wonderful a patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe than she died at that hour. You who had not the happiness to be personally known to this lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the honour you had of being related to so great merit; but we who have lost her conversation, cannot so easily resign our own happiness by reflection upon hers.

I am, SIR,
Your affectionate Kinsman and
Most obedient humble Servant,
PAUL REGNAUD.'

There hardly can be a greater instance of an heroic mind, than the unprejudiced manner in which this lady weighed this misfortune. The regard of life itself could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man, whose more than ordinary concern for her was all his guilt. It would certainly be of singular use to human society to have an exact account of this lady's ordinary conduct, which was crowned by so uncommon magnanimity. Such greatness was not to be acquired in her last article, nor is to be doubted but it was a constant practice of all that is praiseworthy, which made her capable of beholding death, not as the dissolution, but consummation of her life. T.

N^o. 369. *Saturday, May 3, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus—*
—HOR., *Ars Poet.* 180.

MILTON, after having represented in vision the history of mankind to the first great period of nature, despatches the remaining part of its narration. He has devised a very handsome reason for the angel's proceeding with Adam after this manner;¹ though doubtless the true reason was the difficulty which the poet would have found to have shadowed out so mixed and complicated a story in visible objects. I could wish, however, that the author had done it, whatever pains it might have cost him. To give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the history of mankind in vision, and part in narrative, is as if an history-painter should put in colours one half of his subject, and write down the remaining part of it. If Milton's poem flags anywhere, it is in this narration, where in some places the author has been so attentive to his divinity, that he has neglected his poetry. The narration, however, rises very happily on several occasions, where the subject is capable of poetical ornaments, as particularly in the confusion which he describes among the builders of Babel,² and in his short sketch of the plagues of Egypt.³ The storm of hail and fire, with the darkness that overspread the land for three days, are described with great

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' xii. 6-12. ² *Ibid.*, xii. 51-62.

³ *Ibid.*, xii. 176-190.

strength. The beautiful passage which follows is raised upon noble hints in Scripture.

‘——Thus, with ten wounds,
The river-dragon, tamed, at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice
More hardened after thaw ; till, in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismissed, the sea
Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass,
As on dry land, between two crystal walls,
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided——’¹

The river-dragon is an allusion to the crocodile, which inhabits the Nile, from whence Egypt derives her plenty. This allusion is taken from that sublime passage in Ezekiel: ‘Thus saith the Lord God ; Behold, I am against thee, Pharaoh king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself.’² Milton has given us another very noble and poetical image in the same description, which is copied almost word for word out of the history of Moses.

‘All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between, till morning watch ;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God, looking forth, will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot-wheels : when, by command,
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea ; the sea his rod obeys ;
On their embattled ranks the waves return
And overwhelm their war——’³

As the principal design of this episode was to give Adam an idea of the Holy Person who was to re-

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ xii. 190–199.

² Ezekiel xxix. 3.

³ ‘Paradise Lost,’ xii. 206–214.

instate human nature in that happiness and perfection from which it had fallen, the poet confines himself to the line of Abraham, from whence the Messiah was to descend. The angel is described as seeing the Patriarch actually travelling towards the Land of Promise, which gives a particular liveliness to this part of the narration.

‘I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, his native soil,
Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God who called him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents
Pitched about Sichem, and the neighbouring plain
Of Moreh; there, by promise, he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the desert south
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed).’¹

As Virgil’s vision in the sixth *Æneid* probably gave Milton the hint of this whole episode, the last line is a translation of that verse where Anchises mentions the names of places, which they were to bear hereafter.

Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.²

The poet has very finely represented the joy and gladness of heart which rises in Adam upon his discovery of the Messiah.³ As he sees his day at a distance through types and shadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the redemption of man

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ xii. 128-140. ² *Æneid*, vi. 776.

³ ‘Paradise Lost,’ xii. 372-384.

completed, and Paradise again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and transport—

‘O goodness infinite, goodness immense !
That all this good of evil shall produce,’¹ &c.

I have hinted in my sixth paper on Milton,² that an heroic poem, according to the opinion of the best critics, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the reader, after having conducted it through many doubts and fears, sorrows and inquietudes, in a state of tranquillity and satisfaction. Milton’s fable, which had so many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular. It is here, therefore, that the poet has shown a most exquisite judgment, as well as the finest invention, by finding out a method to supply this natural defect in his subject. Accordingly he leaves the adversary of mankind, in the last view which he gives us of him, under the lowest state of mortification and disappointment. We see him chewing ashes, grovelling in the dust, and laden with supernumerary pains and torments.³ On the contrary, our two first parents are comforted by dreams and visions, cheered with promises of salvation, and in a manner raised to a greater happiness than that which they had forfeited : in short, Satan is represented miserable in the height of his triumphs, and Adam triumphant in the height of misery.

Milton’s poem ends very nobly. The last speeches of Adam and the archangel are full of moral and instructive sentiments.⁴ The sleep that fell upon Eve, and the effects it had in quieting the disorders of her mind, produces the same kind of consolation

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ xii. 469-470.

³ ‘Paradise Lost,’ x. 566.

² No. 297.

⁴ *Ibid.*, xii. 552 *seq.*

in the reader, who cannot pursue the last beautiful speech which is ascribed to the mother of mankind, without a secret pleasure and satisfaction.

‘ Whence thou return’st, and whither went’st, I know ;
For God is also in sleep ; and dreams advise,
Which He hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart’s distress
Wearied, I fell asleep : but now lead on—
In me is no delay : with thee to go,
Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence,
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I, unworthy, am vouchsafed,
By me the promised Seed shall all restore.’¹

The following lines, which conclude the poem, rise in a most glorious blaze of poetical images and expressions.

Heliodorus, in his ‘Æthiopics,’² acquaints us that the motion of the gods differs from that of mortals, as the former do not stir their feet, nor proceed step by step, but slide o’er the surface of the earth by an uniform swimming of the whole body. The reader may observe with how poetical a description Milton has attributed the same kind of motion to the angels who were to take possession of Paradise.

So spake our mother Eve ; and Adam heard,
Well pleased, but answered not ; for now too nigh
The archangel stood ; and from the other hill
To their fixed station, all in bright array,
The cherubim descended, on the ground
Gliding metéorous, as evening mist,
Risen from a river, o’er the marish glides,

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ xii. 610–623.

² ‘Greek Romances’ (Bohn’s edition), 74.

And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel,
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet——¹

The author helped his invention in the following passage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the angel who, in Holy Writ, has the conduct of Lot and his family.² The circumstances drawn from that relation are very gracefully made use of on this occasion.

In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back,³ &c.——

The scene⁴ which our first parents are surprised with upon their looking back on Paradise, wonderfully strikes the reader's imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the tears they shed on that occasion.

They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon:
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.⁵

If I might presume to offer at the smallest alteration in this divine work, I should think the poem would end better with the passage here quoted, than with the two verses which follow:—

They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.⁶

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' xii. 624–634.

² 'Paradise Lost,' xii. 637–641.

³ 'Paradise Lost,' xii. 641–647.

⁴ Genesis xix. 16.

⁵ 'Prospect' (folio).

⁶ *Ibid.*, xii. 648–649.

These two verses, though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing passage, and renew in the mind of the reader that anguish which was pretty well laid by that consideration.

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

The number of books in 'Paradise Lost' is equal to those of the *Æneid*. Our author in his first edition had divided his poem into ten books, but afterwards broke the seventh and the eleventh¹ each of them into two different books, by the help of some small additions. This second division was made with great judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a chimerical beauty as that of resembling Virgil in this particular, but for the more just and regular disposition of this great work.

Those who have read Bossu, and many of the critics who have written since his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in 'Paradise Lost.' Though I can by no means think with the last-mentioned French author, that an epic writer first of all pitches upon a certain moral as the groundwork and foundation of his poem, and afterwards finds out a story to it: I am, however, of opinion that no just heroic poem ever was or can be made from whence one great moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in Milton is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined; it is in short this, that obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that disobedience makes them miserable. This is

¹ A mistake for 'tenth.'

visibly the moral of the principal fable which turns upon Adam and Eve, who continued in Paradise while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the moral of the principal episode, which shows us how an innumerable multitude of angels fell from their state of bliss, and were cast into hell upon their disobedience. Besides this great moral, which may be looked upon as the soul of the fable, there are an infinity of under-morals which are to be drawn from the several parts of the poem, and which makes this work more useful and instructive than any other poem in any language.

Those who have criticised on the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months or days contained in the action of each of those poems.¹ If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in Milton, he will find that from Adam's first appearance in the fourth book to his expulsion from Paradise in the twelfth, the author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is described in the three first books, as it does not pass within the regions of nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any calculations of time.

I have now finished my observations on a work which does an honour to the English nation. I have taken a general view of it under those four heads, the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language, and made each of them the subject of a particular paper. I have in the next place spoken of the censures which our author may incur under each of these heads, which I have confined to two papers, though I might have enlarged the number

¹ Cf. No. 267.

if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a subject. I believe, however, that the severest reader will not find any little fault in heroic poetry, which this author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those heads among which I have distributed his several blemishes. After having thus treated at large of 'Paradise Lost,' I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this poem in the whole without descending to particulars. I have therefore bestowed a paper upon each book, and endeavoured not only to prove¹ that the poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties, and to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to show how some passages are beautiful by being sublime, others by being soft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the passion, which by the moral, which by the sentiment, and which by the expression. I have likewise endeavoured² to show how the genius of the poet shines by a happy invention, a distant allusion, or a judicious imitation; how he has copied or improved Homer or Virgil, and raised his own imaginations by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several passages of Tasso, which our author has³ imitated; but as I do not look upon Tasso to be a sufficient voucher, I would not perplex my reader with such quotations as might do more honour to the Italian than the English poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularise those innumerable kinds of beauty which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to poetry, and which may be met

¹ 'Show' (folio).

² 'Have endeavoured' (folio).

³ 'Inserted several passages of Tasso, which our author has likewise' (folio).

with in the works of this great author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have entered upon it; but the kind reception which it has met with among those whose judgments I have a value for, as well as the uncommon demands which my bookseller tells me have been made for these particular discourses, give me no reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them. L.

N^o. 370. *Monday, May 5, 1712*
[STEELE.]

Totus mundus agit histrionem.

MANY of my fair readers, as well as very gay and well-received persons of the other sex, are extremely perplexed at the Latin sentences at the head of my speculations; I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with translations of each of them. However, I have to-day taken down from the top of the stage in Drury Lane a bit of Latin which often stands in their view, and signifies that 'the whole world acts the player.' It is certain that if we look all round us, and behold the different employments of mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the player is, in an assumed character. The lawyer, who is vehement and loud in a cause wherein he knows he has not the truth of the question on his side, is a player as to the personated part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the prostitution of himself for hire; because the pleader's falsehood introduces injustice, the player feigns for no other end but to

divert or instruct you. The divine, whose passions transport him to say anything with any view but promoting the interests of true piety and religion, is a player with a still greater imputation of guilt in proportion to his depreciating a character more sacred. Consider all the different pursuits and employments of men, and you will find half their actions tend to nothing else but disguise and imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a man's very self is the action of a player. For this reason it is that I make so frequent mention of the stage: it is, with me, a matter of the highest consideration what parts are well or ill performed, what passions or sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and consequently what manners and customs are transfused from the stage to the world, which reciprocally imitate each other. As the writers of epic poems introduce shadowy persons and represent vices and virtues under the characters of men and women, so I, who am a Spectator in the world, may perhaps sometimes make use of the names of the actors on the stage, to represent or admonish those who transact affairs in the world. When I am commending Wilks¹ for representing the tenderness of a husband and a father in Macbeth, the contrition of a reformed prodigal in Harry the Fourth, the winning emptiness of a young man of good-nature and wealth² in 'The Trip to the Jubilee,'³ the officiousness of an artful servant⁴ in 'The Fox,'⁵—when I thus celebrate Wilks, I talk to all the world who are engaged in any of those circumstances. If I were to speak of merit neglected,

¹ See No. 268.

² Sir Harry Wildair.

³ The second title of Farquhar's 'Constant Couple.'

⁴ Mosca.

⁵ Ben Jonson's 'Volpone.'

misapplied, or misunderstood, might not I say Estcourt¹ has a great capacity? But it is not the interest of others who bear a figure on the stage that his talents were understood; it is their business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his hands anything in which he would shine. Were one to raise a suspicion of himself in a man who passes upon the world for a fine thing, in order to alarm him, one might say, if Lord Foppington² were not on the stage (Cibber acts the false pretensions to a genteel behaviour so very justly), he would have in the generality of mankind more that would admire than deride him. When we come to characters directly comical, it is not to be imagined what effect a well-regulated stage would have upon men's manners. The craft of an usurer, the absurdity of a rich fool, the awkward roughness of a fellow of half courage, the ungraceful mirth of a creature of half wit, might be for ever put out of countenance by proper parts for Doggett,³ Johnson,⁴ by acting Corbacchio⁵ the other night, must have given all who saw him a thorough detestation of aged avarice. The petulancy of a peevish old fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the ingenious Mr.

¹ See Nos. 264, 358, 468.

² A character in Colley Cibber's 'Careless Husband,' 1704. Cibber—actor, manager, dramatist, and laureate—was born in 1671, and died in 1757. His famous 'Apology,' begun on his retirement from the stage in 1733, was published in 1740.

³ See No. 235.

⁴ Benjamin Johnson (died 1742) was a good actor, whose performance as Corbacchio is specially praised by Downes. After Doggett's retirement, Johnson was entrusted with the principal parts of that actor. He was at first a scene-painter.

⁵ In Jonson's 'Volpone.'

William Penkethman¹ in 'The Fop's Fortune,'² where, in the character of Don Cholerick Snap Shorto de Testy, he answers no questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of anything from those he approves. Mr. Penkethman is also master of as many faces in the dumb scene as can be expected from a man in the circumstances of being ready to perish out of fear and hunger: he wonders throughout the whole scene very masterly, without neglecting his victuals. If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great qualification for the world to follow business and pleasure too, what is it in the ingenious Mr. Penkethman to represent a sense of pleasure and pain at the same time, as you may see him do this evening?³

As it is certain that a stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the nation, men turned for regular pleasure cannot employ their thoughts more usefully for the diversion of mankind than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this entertainment to the greatest height. It would be a great improvement, as well as embellishment to the theatre, if dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the actors. One who has the advantage of such an agreeable

¹ See Nos. 31, 455, and *Tatler*, Nos. 4, 188.

² The second title of Cibber's 'Love Makes a Man,' 1701.

³ On May 5 'Love Makes a Man' was acted for Penkethman's benefit at Drury Lane Theatre: 'The part of Don Lewis, alias Don Cholerick Snap Shorto de Testy, by Mr. Penkethman; Carlos, Mr. Wilks; Clodio, alias Don Dismallo Thick-Scullo de Half-Witto, Mr. Cibber; and all the other parts to the best advantage. With a new epilogue, spoken by Mr. Penkethman, riding on an ass. By her Majesty's command, no persons are to be admitted behind the scenes. And to-morrow, being Tuesday, will be presented a comedy called "The Constant Couple; or, a Trip to the Jubilee." For the benefit of Mrs. Bicknell.'

girlish person as Mrs. Bicknell,¹ joined with her capacity of imitation, could in proper gesture and motion represent all the decent characters of female life. An amiable modesty in one aspect of a dancer, an assumed confidence in another, a sudden joy in another, a falling off with an impatience of being beheld, a return towards the audience with an unsteady resolution to approach them, and a well-acted solicitude to please, would revive in the company all the fine touches of mind raised in observing all the objects of affection or passion they had before beheld. Such elegant entertainments as these would polish the town into judgment in their gratifications, and delicacy in pleasure is the first step people of condition take in reformation from vice. Mrs. Bicknell has the only capacity for this sort of dancing of any on the stage; and I dare say all who see her performance to-morrow night, when sure the romp will do her best for her own benefit, will be of my mind. T.

N^o. 371. *Tuesday, May 6, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

*Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus unus
Ridebat? — — — — — Juv., Sat. x. 28.*

I SHALL communicate to my reader the following letter for the entertainment of this day:—

¹ Mrs. Bicknell, who died in 1723, is first heard of on the stage in 1706. She acted as Miss Prue in Congreve's 'Love for Love,' and as Miss Hoyden in Vanbrugh's 'Relapse'; and Steele often spoke highly of her. He praised her as the Country Wife in Wycherley's play (*Tatler*, No. 3), called her 'pretty Mrs. Bignell' (*Tatler*, No. 11), and his friend (*Guardian*, No. 50).

‘SIR,

‘YOU know very well that our nation is more famous for that sort of men who are called whims and humorists, than any other country in the world, for which reason it is observed that our English comedy excels that of all other nations in the novelty and variety of its characters.

‘Among those innumerable sets of whims which our country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of diversion for the entertainment of themselves or their friends. My letter shall single out those who take delight in sorting a company that has something of burlesque and ridicule in its appearance. I shall make myself understood by the following example. One of the wits of the last age,¹ who was a man of a good estate, thought he never laid out his money better than in a jest. As he was one year at the Bath, observing that in the great confluence of fine people there were several among them with long chins, a part of the visage by which he himself was very much distinguished, he invited to dinner half-a-score of these remarkable persons who had their mouths in the middle of their faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the table, but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our English proverb says :—

‘Tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag all.

It proved so in an assembly I am now speaking of,

¹ George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

who, seeing so many peaks of faces agitated with eating, drinking, and discourse, and observing all the chins that were present meeting together very often over the centre of the table, every one grew sensible of the jest, and came into it with so much good humour, that they lived in strict friendship and alliance from that day forward.

‘The same gentleman some time after packed together a set of oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky cast in their eyes. His diversion on this occasion was to see the cross bows, mistaken signs, and wrong connivances that passed amidst so many broken and refracted rays of sight.

‘The third feast which this merry gentleman exhibited was to the stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient body to fill his table. He had ordered one of his servants, who was placed behind a screen, to write down their table-talk, which was very easy to be done without the help of shorthand. It appears by the notes which were taken, that though their conversation never fell, there were not above twenty words spoken during the first course; that upon serving up the second, one of the company was a quarter of an hour in telling them that the ducklings and sparrow-grass were very good; and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same opinion. This jest did not, however, go off so well as either of the former; for one of the guests being a brave man, and fuller of resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the room, and sent the facetious inviter a challenge in writing, which, though it was afterwards dropped by the interposition of friends, put a stop to these ludicrous entertainments.

‘Now, sir, I dare say you will agree with me,

that as there is no moral in these jests, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of unluckiness than wit. However, as it is natural for one man to refine upon the thought of another, and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to invent an art and bring it to its utmost perfection, I shall here give you an account of an honest gentleman of my acquaintance, who upon hearing the character of the wit above mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited half-a-dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant phrases in their discourse, as "D'ye hear me?" "D'ye see?" "That is," "And so, sir." Each of the guests making frequent use of his particular elegance, appeared so ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the company. By this means, before they had sat long together, every one talking with the greatest circumspection and carefully avoiding his favourite expletive, the conversation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of sense, though less of sound in it.

'The same well-meaning gentleman took occasion, at another time, to bring together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual custom of swearing. In order to show them the absurdity of the practice, he had recourse to the invention above mentioned, having placed an amanuensis in a private part of the room. After the second bottle, when men open their minds without reserve, my honest friend began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary words that had passed in his house

since their sitting down at table, and how much good conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous phrases. "What a tax," says he, "would they have raised for the poor had we put the laws in execution upon one another?" Every one of them took this gentle reproof in good part: upon which he told them, that knowing their conversation would have no secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and for the humour sake would read it to them if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it, which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable interpolations I have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold blood, it looked rather like a conference of fiends than of men. In short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he had pronounced amidst the heat and inadvertency of discourse.

'I shall only mention another occasion wherein he made use of the same invention to cure a different kind of men, who are the pests of all polite conversation, and murder time as much as either of the two former, though they do it more innocently; I mean that dull generation of story-tellers. My friend got together about half-a-dozen of his acquaintance, who were infected with this strange malady. The first day one of them, sitting down, entered upon the siege of Namur, which lasted till four o'clock, their time of parting. The second day a North Briton took possession of the discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his hands so long as the company stayed together. The third day was engrossed after the same manner by a story of the same length. They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treating one another,

and by this means awakened out of that lethargy with which each of them had been seized for several years.

‘As you have somewhere declared that extraordinary and uncommon characters of mankind are the game which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the greatest sportsman, or, if you please, the Nimrod among this species of writers, I thought this discovery would not be unacceptable to you.

I am,

I.

SIR, &c.’

N^o. 372. *Wednesday, May 7, 1712*
[STEELE.]

—*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*

—OVID, *Met.* i. 758.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘*May 6, 1712.*

‘**I** AM sexton of the parish of Covent Garden, and complained to you some time ago,¹ that as I was tolling in to prayers at eleven in the morning, crowds of people of quality hastened to assemble at a puppet show on the other side of the garden. I had at the same time a very great disesteem for Mr. Powell and his little thoughtless commonwealth, as if they had enticed the gentry into those wanderings: but let that be as it will, I now am convinced of the honest intentions of the said Mr. Powell and company; and send this to acquaint you, that he has given all the profits which shall arise to-morrow night by his play

¹ See No. 14.

to the use of the poor charity children of this parish. I have been informed, sir, that in Holland all persons who set up any show, or act any stage-play, be the actors either of wood and wire, or flesh and blood, are obliged to pay out of their gain such a proportion to the honest and industrious poor in the neighbourhood: by this means they make diversion and pleasure pay a tax to labour and industry. I have been told also, that all the time of Lent, in Roman Catholic countries, the persons of condition administered to the necessities of the poor, and attended the beds of lazars and diseased persons. Our Protestant ladies and gentlemen are much to seek for proper ways of passing time, that they are obliged to Punchinello for knowing what to do with themselves. Since the case is so, I desire only you would entreat our people of quality, who are not to be interrupted in their pleasure to think of the practice of any moral duty, that they would at least fine for their sins, and give something to these poor children; a little out of their luxury and superfluity would atone, in some measure, for the wanton use of the rest of their fortunes. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if the ladies who haunt the cloisters and passages of the playhouse, were upon every offence obliged to pay to this excellent institution of schools of charity: this method would make offenders themselves do service to the public. But in the meantime I desire you would publish this voluntary reparation which Mr. Powell does our parish for the noise he has made in it by the constant rattling of coaches, drums, trumpets, triumphs, and battles. The destruction of Troy, adorned with Highland dances, are to make up the entertainment of all who are so well disposed as not

to forbear a light entertainment, for no other reason but that it is to do a good action. I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

RALPH BELLFRY.

‘I am credibly informed, that all the insinuations which a certain writer made against Mr. Powell at the Bath¹ are false and groundless.’

‘Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘MY employment, which is that of a broker, leading me often into taverns about the Exchange, has given me occasion to observe a certain enormity, which I shall here submit to your animadversion. In three or four of these taverns I have, at different times, taken notice of a precise set of people with grave countenances, short wigs, black clothes, or dark camlet trimmed with black, and mourning gloves and hatbands, who meet on certain days at each tavern successively, and keep a sort of moving club. Having often met with their faces, and observed a certain slinking way in their dropping in one after another, I had the curiosity to inquire into their characters, being the rather moved to it by their agreeing in the singularity of their dress; and I find upon due examination they are a knot of parish clerks who have taken a fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the bills of mortality over their half-pints. I have so great a value and veneration for any who have but even an assenting Amen in the service of religion, that I am afraid lest these persons should incur some scandal by this practice; and would therefore have them, without raillery, advised

¹ See No. 277.

to send the Florence and pullets home to their own houses, and not pretend to live as well as the overseers of the poor. I am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

HUMPHRY TRANSFER.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'*May 6.*

'I WAS last Wednesday night at a tavern in the City among a set of men who call themselves the Lawyers' Club. You must know, sir, this club consists only of attorneys; and at this meeting every one proposes the cause he has then in hand to the board, upon which each member gives his judgment according to the experience he has met with. If it happens that any one puts a case of which they have had no precedent, it is noted down by their clerk, Will Goosequill (who registers all their proceedings), that one of them may go the next day with it to a counsel. This, indeed, is commendable, and ought to be the principal end of their meeting; but had you been there to have heard them relate their methods of managing a cause, their manner of drawing out their bills, and, in short, their arguments upon the several ways of abusing their clients, with the applause that is given to him who has done it most artfully, you would before now have given your remarks on them. They are so conscious that their discourses ought to be kept secret, that they are very cautious of admitting any person who is not of their profession. When any who are not of the law are let in, the person who introduces him says he is a very honest gentleman, and he is taken in, as their cant is, to pay costs. I am admitted,

upon the recommendation of one of their principals, as a very honest good-natured fellow that will never be in a plot, and only desires to drink his bottle and smoke his pipe. You have formerly remarked upon several sorts of clubs; and as the tendency of this is only to increase fraud and deceit, I hope you will please to take notice of it.

I am (with respect),

Your humble Servant,

T.

H. R.'

N^o. 373. *Thursday, May 8, 1712*
[BUDGELL.]

Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbra.

—JUV., Sat. xiv. 109.¹

MR. LOCKE, in his 'Treatise of Human Understanding,' has spent two chapters upon the abuse of words.² The first and most palpable abuse of words, he says, is when they are used without clear and distinct ideas: the second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the application of them that we sometimes use them to signify one idea, sometimes another. He adds that the result of our contemplations and reasonings, while we have no precise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this incon-

¹ The folio issue has for motto Horace's

'——Strabonem

Appellat pætum pater; et pullum, malè parvus

Si cui filius est; ut abortivus fuit olim

Sisyphus: hunc varum, distortis cruribus; illum

Balbutit scaurum, pravus fultum malè talis.'

² Book iii. chaps. 10, 11.

venience, more especially in moral discourses, where the same word should constantly be used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of definitions. 'A definition,' says he, 'is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known.' He therefore accuses those of great negligence, who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of, since upon the forementioned ground he does not scruple to say that he thinks morality is capable of demonstration as well as the mathematics.

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them than those two, Modesty and Assurance. To say such an one is a modest man sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, a man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour, therefore, in this essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of modesty from being confounded with that of sheepishness, and to hinder impudence from passing for assurance.

If I was put to define modesty I would call it 'The reflection of an ingenious¹ mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.'

¹ Ingenuous.

For this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young prince whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take assurance to be the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in

himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the prince above mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared never so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say a modest assurance; by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villainies, or most indecent action.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, that the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both. X.

N^o. 374. *Friday, May 9, 1712*

[STEELE.]

Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.

—LUCAN, ii. 57.

THERE is a fault, which, though common, wants a name. It is the very contrary to procrastination. As we lose the present hour by delaying from day to day to execute what we ought to do immediately; so most of us take occasion to sit still and throw away the time in our possession, by retrospect on what is past, imagining we have already acquitted ourselves, and established our characters in the sight of mankind. But when we thus put a value upon ourselves for what we have already done, any further than to explain ourselves in order to assist our future conduct, that will give us an overweening opinion of our merit to the prejudice of our present industry. The great rule, methinks, should be to manage the instant in which we stand with fortitude, equanimity, and moderation, according to men's respective circumstances. If our past actions reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own severe reflections so effectually as by a contrary behaviour. If they are praiseworthy, the memory of them is of no use but to act suitably to them. Thus a good present behaviour

is an implicit repentance for any miscarriage in what is past ; but present slackness will not make up for past activity. Time has swallowed up all that we contemporaries did yesterday, as irrevocably as it has the actions of the antediluvians. But we are again awake, and what shall we do to-day—to-day which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the folly of last night, or resolve upon the exercise of virtue to-morrow? last night is certainly gone, and to-morrow may never arrive. This instant make use of. Can you oblige any man of honour and virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick friend? will it revive him to see you enter, and suspend your own ease and pleasure to comfort his weakness, and hear the impertinences of a wretch in pain? Don't stay to take coach, but begone. Your mistress will bring sorrow, and your bottle madness. Go to neither.—Such virtues and diversions as these are mentioned because they occur to all men. But every man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable folly; what I attempted to consider, was the mischief of setting such a value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a man have filled all the offices of life with the highest dignity till yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to-day, he must expect he will in the effects upon his reputation be considered as the man who died yesterday. The man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a press of people; those before him intercept his progress, and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. Cæsar, of whom it was said that he thought nothing done while there was anything left

for him to do,¹ went on in performing the greatest exploits, without assuming to himself a privilege of taking rest upon the foundation of the merit of his former actions. It was the manner of that glorious captain to write down what scenes he passed through, but it was rather to keep his affairs in method, and capable of a clear review in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a renown upon anything which was past. I shall produce two fragments of his to demonstrate that it was his rule of life to support himself rather by what he should perform, than what he had done already. In the tablet which he wore about him the same year in which he obtained the battle of Pharsalia, there were found these loose notes for his own conduct. It is supposed by the circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the evening of the same night.

‘My part is now but begun, and my glory must be sustained by the use I make of this victory; otherwise my loss will be greater than that of Pompey. Our personal reputation will rise or fall as we bear our respective fortunes. All my private enemies among the prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this, in order to obtain such another day. Trebutius is ashamed to see me: I will go to his tent, and be reconciled in private. Give all the men of honour, who take part with me, the terms I offered before the battle. Let them owe this to their friends who have been long in my interest. Power is weakened by the full use of it, but extended by moderation. Galbinus is proud, and will be servile in his present fortune; let him wait.

¹ Lucan, ‘Pharsalia,’ ii. 657.

Send for Stertinius: he is modest, and his virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my heart with reflection, and am fit to rejoice with the army to-morrow. He is a popular general who can expose himself like a private man during a battle; but he is more popular who can rejoice but like a private man after a victory.'

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to industry in the pursuit of honour and virtue is, that this hero was more than ordinarily solicitous about his reputation, when a common mind would have thought itself in security, and given itself a loose to joy and triumph. But though this is a very great instance of his temper, I must confess I am more taken with his reflections when he retired to his closet in some disturbance upon the repeated ill-omens of Calphurnia's dream the night before his death. The literal translation of that fragment shall conclude this paper:—

'Be it so, then. If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-morrow: it will not be then, because I am willing it should be then; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling. It is in the gods when, but in myself how I shall die. If Calphurnia's dreams are fumes of indigestion, how shall I behold the day after to-morrow? If they are from the gods, their admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a fulness of days and of glory; what is there that Cæsar has not done with as much honour as ancient heroes? Cæsar has not yet died: Cæsar is prepared to die.'

T.

N^o. 375. *Saturday, May 10, 1712*
[HUGHES.¹]

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum : rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque leto flagitium timet.*

—HOR., 4 Od. ix. 45.

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of Seneca the philosopher, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes, and rising above them, is an object on which the gods themselves may look down with delight.² I shall therefore set before my reader a scene of this kind of distress in private life, for the speculation of this day.

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends in order to support the show of an estate when the substance was gone. His wife (who was a woman of sense and virtue) behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the

¹ On the authority of the notice at the end of No. 537.

² *De Providentiâ*, sec. 2.

instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expense, their eldest daughter (whom I shall call Amanda) was sent into the country to the house of an honest farmer who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty when the lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's house as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but from a loose education had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon Amanda's virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person, and having observed his growing passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a match she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day as he called to see her, he found her in tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of everything by an execution. The lover, who with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It was impossible to express Amanda's confusion when she found his pre-

tensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately despatched a messenger to her father with the following letter:—

‘SIR,

‘I HAVE heard of your misfortune, and have offered your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down the sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenious as to tell you that I do not intend marriage: but if you are wise you will use your authority with her not to be too nice when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making herself happy. I am, &c.’

This letter came to the hands of Amanda’s mother; she opened and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger, but desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows:—

‘DEAREST CHILD,

‘YOUR father and I have just now received a letter from a gentleman who pretends love to you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower degree of misery than anything which is come upon us. How could this barbarous man think that the tenderest of parents would be tempted to supply their want by

giving up the best of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make this proposal at a time when he thinks our necessities must compel us to anything; but we will not eat the bread of shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the snare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us: it is not so bad as you have perhaps been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my child better news.

‘I have been interrupted. I know not how I was moved to say things would mend. As I was going on, I was startled by a noise of one that knocked at the door, and hath brought us an unexpected supply of a debt which had long been owing. Oh, I will now tell thee all. It is some days I have lived almost without support, having conveyed what little money I could raise to your poor father——Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will be soon at liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no companion at present besides little Fanny, who stands watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her sister. She says she is sure you are not well, having discovered that my present trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my sorrows to grieve thee; no, it is to entreat thee not to make them insupportable by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear cheerfully an affliction which we have not brought on ourselves, and remember there is a power who can better deliver us out of it than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child.

Thy affectionate Mother.’

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress: but at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to see her were in vain till she was assured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it, but upon condition that she should read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention: her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and when she burst into tears he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle, which he now wrote to Amanda's mother:—

‘MADAM,

‘I AM full of shame, and will never forgive myself if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could anything, but my being a stranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a son. You cannot be unhappy while

Amanda is your daughter; nor shall be, if anything can prevent it, which is in the power of,

MADAM,

Your most obedient humble Servant.'

This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself, to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.

N^o. 376. *Monday, May 12, 1712*
[STEELE.]

—*Pavone ex Pythagoreo.*

—PERSIUS, Sat. vi. 11.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE not observed that the officer you some time ago appointed as inspector of signs¹ has done his duty so well as to give you an account of very many strange occurrences in the public streets, which are worthy of, but have escaped your notice. Among all the oddnesses which I have ever met with, that which I am now telling you of gave me most delight. You must have observed that all the criers in the street attract the attention of the passengers, and of the inhabitants in the several parts, by something very particular in their

¹ See No. 28.

tone itself, in the dwelling upon a note, or else making themselves wholly unintelligible by a stream. The person I am so delighted with has nothing to sell, but very gravely receives the bounty of the people, for no other merit but the homage they pay to his manner of signifying to them that he wants a subsidy. You must, sure, have heard speak of an old man who walks about the city, and that part of the suburbs which lies beyond the Tower, performing the office of a day-watchman, followed by a goose, which bears the bob of his ditty, and confirms what he says with a "Quack, quack." I gave little heed to the mention of this known circumstance, till, being the other day in those quarters, I passed by a decrepit old fellow with a pole in his hand, who just then was bawling out, "Half-an-hour after one o'clock!" and immediately a dirty goose behind him made her response, "Quack, quack." I could not forbear attending this grave procession for the length of half a street, with no small amazement to find the whole place so familiarly acquainted with a melancholy midnight voice at noonday, giving them the hour, and exhorting them of the departure of time, with a bounce at their doors. While I was full of this novelty I went into a friend's house, and told him how I was diverted with their whimsical monitor and his equipage. My friend gave me the history, and interrupted my commendation of the man by telling me the livelihood of these two animals is purchased rather by the good parts of the goose than of the leader; for it seems the peripatetic who walked before her was a watchman in that neighbourhood, and the goose of herself, by frequent hearing his tone, out of her natural vigilance, not only observed but answered it very

regularly from time to time. The watchman was so affected with it that he bought her, and has taken her in partner, only altering their hours of duty from night to day. The town has come into it, and they live very comfortably. This is the matter of fact. Now I desire you, who are a profound philosopher, to consider this alliance of instinct and reason; your speculation may turn very naturally upon the force the superior part of mankind may have upon the spirits of such as, like this watchman, may be very near the standard of geese. And you may add to this practical observations, how in all ages and times the world has been carried away by odd unaccountable things, which one would think would pass upon no creature which had reason; and, under the symbol of this goose, you may enter into the manner and method of leading creatures, with their eyes open, through thick and thin, for they know not what, they know not why.

‘All which is humbly submitted to your spectatorial wisdom by,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

MICHAEL GANDER.’

‘Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I HAVE for several years had under my care the government and education of young ladies, which trust I have endeavoured to discharge with due regard to their several capacities and fortunes. I have left nothing undone to imprint in every one of them an humble courteous mind, accompanied with a graceful becoming mien, and have made them pretty much acquainted with the household part of family affairs; but still I find there is something

very wanting in the air of my ladies, different from what I observe in those that are esteemed your fine-bred women. Now, sir, I must own to you, I never suffered my girls to learn to dance; but since I have read your discourse of dancing,¹ where you have described the beauty and spirit there is in regular motion, I own myself your convert, and resolve for the future to give my young ladies that accomplishment. But upon imparting my design to their parents, I have been made very uneasy for some time, because several of them have declared, that if I did not make use of the master they recommended, they would take away their children. There was Colonel Jumper's lady, a colonel of the Train-Bands, that has a great interest in her parish; she recommends Mr. Trott² for the prettiest master in town, that no man teaches a jig like him, that she has seen him rise six or seven capers together with the greatest ease imaginable, and that his scholars twist themselves more ways than the scholars of any master in town; besides, there is Madam Prim, an alderman's lady, recommends a master of her own name, but she declares he is not of their family, yet a very extraordinary man in his way; for, besides a very soft air he has in dancing, he gives them a particular behaviour at a tea-table, and in presenting their snuff-box, to twirl, slip, or flirt a fan, and how to place patches to the best advantage, either for fat or lean, long or oval faces; for my lady says there is more in these things than the world imagines. But I must confess the major part of those I am concerned with leave it to me. I desire therefore, according to the enclosed direction, you would send your correspondent who has writ to you

¹ See No. 334.² See Nos. 296, 308, 314, 316.

on that subject to my house. If proper application this way can give innocence new charms, and make virtue legible in the countenance, I shall spare no charge to make my scholars in their very features and limbs bear witness how careful I have been in the other parts of their education.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

T.

RACHEL WATCHFULL.

N^o. 377. *Tuesday, May 13, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

*Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas—*

—HOR., 2 Od. xiii. 13.

LOVE was the mother of poetry, and still produces, among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary distresses and poetical complaints. It makes a footman talk like Oroondates,¹ and converts a brutal rustic into a gentle swain. The most ordinary plebeian or mechanic in love, bleeds and pines away with a certain elegance and tenderness of sentiments which this passion naturally inspires.

These inward languishings of a mind infected with this softness, have given birth to a phrase which is made use of by all the melting tribe, from the highest to the lowest; I mean that of 'dying for love.'

Romances, which owe their very being to this passion, are full of these metaphorical deaths. Heroes and heroines, knights, squires, and damsels,

¹ See No. 199.

are all of them in a dying condition. There is the same kind of mortality in our modern tragedies, where every one gasps, faints, bleeds, and dies. Many of the poets, to describe the execution which is done by this passion, represent the fair sex as basilisks that destroy with their eyes; but I think Mr. Cowley has with greater justness of thought compared a beautiful woman to a porcupine, that sends an arrow from every part.¹

I have often thought, that there is no way so effectual for the cure of this general infirmity, as a man's reflecting upon the motives that produce it. When the passion proceeds from the sense of any virtue or perfection in the person beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a man considers that all his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths rise from some little affectations of coquetry, which are improved into charms by his own fond imagination, the very laying before himself the cause of his distemper, may be sufficient to effect the cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several bundles of letters which I have received from dying people, and composed out of them the following bill of mortality, which I shall lay before my reader without any further preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several places where there is most danger, and those fatal arts which are made use of to destroy the heedless and unwary:—

Lysander, slain at a puppet-show on the 3rd of September.

Thyrsis, shot from a casement in Piccadilly.

¹ Cowley's '*Anacreontics*,' iii.

T. S., wounded by Zelinda's scarlet stocking, as she was stepping out of a coach.

Will. Simple, smitten at the opera by the glance of an eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

Tho. Vainlove, lost his life at a ball.

Tim. Tattle, killed by the tap of a fan on his left shoulder by Coquetilla, as he was talking carelessly with her in a bow-window.

Sir Simon Softly, murdered at the playhouse in Drury Lane by a frown.

Philander, mortally wounded by Cleora as she was adjusting her tucker.

Ralph Gapely, Esq., hit by a random shot at the ring.

F. R., caught his death upon the water, April the 31st.

W. W., killed by an unknown hand, that was playing with the glove off upon the side of the front box¹ in Drury Lane.

Sir Christopher Crazy, Bart., hurt by the brush of a whalebone petticoat.

Sylvius, shot through the sticks of a fan at St. James's Church.

Damon, struck through the heart by a diamond necklace.

Thomas Trusty, Francis Goosequill, William Meanwell, Edward Callow, Esqs., standing in a row, fell all four at the same time by an ogle of the Widow Trapland.

Tom Rattle, chancing to tread upon a lady's tail as he came out of the playhouse, she turned full upon him and laid him dead upon the spot.

¹ See Nos. 88, 311; and Steele's *Theatre*, No. 3: 'Three of the fair sex for the front-boxes, two gentlemen of wit and pleasure for the side-boxes, and three substantial citizens for the pit.'

Dick Tastewell, slain by a blush from the Queen's box in the third act of the 'Trip to the Jubilee.'

Samuel Felt, haberdasher, wounded in his walk to Islington by Mrs. Susannah Cross-stitch, as she was clambering over a stile.

R., F. T., W. S., I. M., P., &c., put to death in the last Birthday massacre.

Roger Blinko, cut off in the twenty-first year of his age by a whitewash.

Musidorus, slain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in Belinda's left cheek.

Ned Courtly, presenting Flavia with her glove (which she had dropped on purpose), she received it, and took away his life with a curtsy.

John Gosselin, having received a slight hurt from a pair of blue eyes, as he was making his escape, was despatched by a smile.

Strephon, killed by Clarinda as she looked down into the pit.

Charles Careless, shot flying by a girl of fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her head upon him out of a coach.

Josiah Wither, aged threescore and three, sent to his long home by Elizabeth Jett-well, spinster.

Jack Freelove, murdered by Melissa in her hair.

William Wiseaker, gent., drowned in a flood of tears by Moll Common.

John Pleadwell, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, assassinated in his chambers the 6th instant by Kitty Sly, who pretended to come to him for his advice.

I.

N^o. 378. *Wednesday, May 14, 1712*
[STEELE.]

Aggredere, O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.

—VIRG., *Ecl.* iv. 48.

I WILL make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following poem, which is written by a great genius,¹ a friend of mine in the country, who is not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker:—

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE, COMPOSED OF SEVERAL PASSAGES OF
ISAIAH THE PROPHET.

Written in imitation of Virgil's 'Pollio.'

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun,
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's Root behold a Branch arise,*
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies.
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.

* Isaiah xi. 1.

¹ Alexander Pope. Virgil's fourth eclogue celebrates the coming birth, during Pollio's consulship, of a boy who was to usher in the golden age; and the poem bears, in parts, a curious resemblance to Isaiah. The modern reader will find little pleasure in Pope's adulteration, as Wordsworth called it, of the prophet's words. In No. 534 Steele took an opportunity of naming Pope as the writer of the poem.

Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,*
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 The sick and weak the healing Plant shall aid,†
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale; ‡
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe be born!
 See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance, §
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 'Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!' ||
 'A God, a God!' the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys rise:
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
 Hear Him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold! ¶
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,* *
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day.
 'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear.
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No¹ sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,

* Isaiah xlv. 8.

† xxv. 4.

† ix. 7.

§ XXXV. 2.

|| xl. 3, 4.

¶ xlii. 18.

* * XXXV. 5, 6.

¹ This and the three next lines were, at Steele's suggestion, substituted in the collected edition for the following lines in the folio issue :—

**' Before Him Death, the grisly tyrant, flies ;
He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.'**

'I have,' wrote Steele (June 1, 1712), 'turned to every verse
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From every face he wipes off every tear.
 In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,*
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,†
 Seeks freshest pastures and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
 Mankind shall thus His guardian care engage,
 The promised Father of the future age.‡
 No more shall nation against nation rise,§
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son ||
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise ¶
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear:
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,**
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;

* Isaiah xxv. 8.

† xl. 11.

‡ ix. 6.

§ ii. 4.

|| lxv. 21, 22.

¶ xxxix. 1, 7.

** xli. 19, lv. 13.

and chapter, and think you have preserved the sublime, heavenly spirit throughout the whole, especially at "Hark! a glad voice," and "The lamb with wolves shall graze." There is but one line which I think is below the original—

'He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.'

You have expressed it with a good and pious but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet: "The Lord God shall wipe away tears from off all faces." If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended.'

To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,*
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
 Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongue and pointless sting shall play.
 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem rise! †
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
 See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn; ‡
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend, §
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
 And heaped with products of Sabæan springs! ||
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn, ¶
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn,
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light Himself shall shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,* *
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fixed His word, His saving power remains,
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

T.

* Isaiah xi. 6, 7, 8.

† lx. 1.

‡ lx. 4.

§ lx. 3.

|| lx. 6.

¶ lx. 19, 20.

* * li. 6, liv. 10.

N^o. 379. *Thursday, May 15, 1712*
[BUDGELL.]

Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

—PERS., Sat. i. 27.

I HAVE often wondered at that ill-natured position which has been sometimes maintained in the schools, and is comprised in an old Latin verse, namely, that a man's knowledge is worth nothing if he communicates what he knows to any one besides. There is certainly no more sensible pleasure to a good-natured man than if he can by any means gratify or inform the mind of another. I might add that this virtue naturally carries its own reward along with it, since it is almost impossible it should be exercised without the improvement of the person who practises it. The reading of books, and the daily occurrences of life, are continually furnishing us with matter for thought and reflection. It is extremely natural for us to desire to see such our thoughts put into the dress of words, without which indeed we can scarce have a clear and distinct idea of them ourselves: when they are thus clothed in expressions, nothing so truly shows us whether they are just or false, as those effects which they produce in the minds of others.

I am apt to flatter myself that in the course of these my speculations I have treated of several subjects, and laid down many such rules for the conduct of a man's life, which my readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at least those few who were acquainted with them looked upon as so many secrets they had found out for the conduct of themselves, but were resolved never to have made public.

I am the more confirmed in this opinion from my having received several letters, wherein I am censured for having prostituted learning to the embraces of the vulgar, and made her, as one of my correspondents phrases it, a common strumpet; I am charged by another with laying open the Arcana, or secrets of prudence, to the eyes of every reader.

The narrow spirit which appears in the letters of these my correspondents is the less surprising, as it has shown itself in all ages. There is still extant an epistle written by Alexander the Great to his tutor Aristotle, upon that philosopher's publishing some part of his writings, in which the prince complains of his having made known to all the world those secrets in learning which he had before communicated to him in private lectures; concluding, that he had rather excel the rest of mankind in knowledge than in power.¹

Louisa de Padilla, a lady of great learning, and Countess of Aranda, was in like manner angry with the famous Gracian upon his publishing his treatise of the 'Discreto,' wherein she fancied that he had laid open those maxims to common readers which ought only to have been reserved for the knowledge of the great.²

These objections are thought by many of so much weight, that they often defend the above-mentioned authors by affirming they have effected such an obscurity in their style and manner of writing, that though every one may read their works, there

¹ Aulus Gellius, 'Noct. Att.,' xx. 5.

² This story of 'the Phoenix of our nation, the learned Countess of Aranda,' is told by Don John de Lastanora in his preface to the 'Discreto,' 1655 (see No. 293). The Countess's 'Lagrimas' (Tears) was published in 1639.

will be but very few who can comprehend their meaning..

Persius, the Latin satirist, affected obscurity for another reason; with which, however, Mr. Cowley is so offended that, writing to one of his friends, 'You,' says he, 'tell me that you do not know whether Persius be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand him; for which very reason I affirm that he is not so.'

However, this art of writing unintelligibly has been very much improved, and followed by several of the moderns, who, observing the general inclination of mankind to dive into a secret, and the reputation many have acquired by concealing their meaning under obscure terms and phrases, resolve, that they may be still more abstruse, to write without any meaning at all. This art, as it is at present practised by many eminent authors, consists in throwing so many words at a venture into different periods, and leaving the curious reader to find out the meaning of them.

The Egyptians, who made use of hieroglyphics to signify several things, expressed a man who confined his knowledge and discoveries altogether within himself by the figure of a dark lantern closed on all sides, which, though it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of light or advantage to such as stood by it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the public whatever discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compared to an ordinary lamp, which consumes and wastes itself for the benefit of every passenger.

I shall conclude this paper with the story of Rosicrucius's sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform my readers that this man was the founder of

the Rosicrucian sect,¹ and that his disciples still pretend to new discoveries, which they are never to communicate to the rest of mankind.

A certain person having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground where this philosopher lay interred, met with a small door having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surprised by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault: at the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armour sitting by a table, and leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within the vault than the statue, erecting itself from its leaning posture, stood bolt upright; and upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in its right hand. The man still ventured a third step, when the statue with a furious blow broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his guest in a sudden darkness.

Upon the report of this adventure the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and discovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clockwork; that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs, which, upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened.

Rosicrucius, say his disciples, made use of this

¹ Rosicrucius, the imaginary subject of a number of pamphlets published early in the seventeenth century, was best known through the '*Comte de Gabalis*,' a romance by the Abbé de Villars. It was from this book—which told how the Rosicrucians assigned sylphs to the air, gnomes to the earth, nymphs to the water, and salamanders to the fire—that Pope borrowed the machinery in the second version of his '*Rape of the Lock*.'

method to show the world that he had re-invented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients, though he was resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery. X.

N^o. 380. *Friday, May 16, 1712*
[STEELE.]

Rivalem patienter habe—

—OVID, *Ars Aman.* ii. 538.

‘SIR,

‘*Thursday, May 8, 1712.*

‘THE character you have in the world of being the lady’s philosopher, and the pretty advice I have seen you give to others in your papers, makes me address myself to you in this abrupt manner, and do desire your opinion what in this age a woman may call a lover. I have lately had a gentleman that I thought made pretensions to me, insomuch that most of my friends took notice of it, and thought we were really married; which I did not take much pains to undeceive them, and especially a young gentlewoman of my particular acquaintance which was then in the country. She coming to town, and seeing our intimacy so great, she gave herself the liberty of taking me to task concerning it. I ingeniously told her we were not married, but I did not know what might be the event. She soon got acquainted with the gentleman, and was pleased to take upon her to examine him about it. Now whether a new face had made a greater conquest than the old, I’ll leave you to judge. But I am informed that he utterly denied all pretensions to courtship, but withal professed

a sincere friendship for me; but whether marriages are proposed by way of friendship or not, is what I desire to know, and what I may really call a lover. There are so many who talk in a language fit only for that character, and yet guard themselves against speaking in direct terms to the point, that it is impossible to distinguish between courtship and conversation. I hope you will do me justice both upon my lover and my friend if they provoke me further; in the meantime I carry it with so equal a behaviour, that the nymph and the swain too are mightily at a loss; each believes I, who know them both well, think myself revenged in their love to one another, which creates an irreconcilable jealousy. If all comes right again, you shall hear further from,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

MIRTILLA.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'*April 28, 1712.*

'YOUR observations on persons that have behaved themselves irreverently at church,¹ I doubt not have had a good effect on some that have read them. But there is another fault which has hitherto escaped your notice, I mean of such persons as are very zealous and punctual to perform an ejaculation that is only preparatory to the service of the Church, and yet neglect to join in the service itself. There is an instance of this in a friend of Will Honeycomb's, who sits opposite to me. He seldom comes in till the prayers are about half over, and when he has entered his seat (instead of joining with the congregation) he devoutly holds his hat before his face

¹ No. 259.

for three or four moments, then bows to all his acquaintance, sits down, takes a pinch of snuff (if it be evening service perhaps a nap), and spends the remaining time in surveying the congregation. Now, sir, what I would desire is, that you will animadvert a little on this gentleman's practice. In my opinion, this gentleman's devotion, cap in hand, is only a compliance to the custom of the place, and goes no further than a little ecclesiastical good breeding. If you will not pretend to tell us the motives that bring such triflers to solemn assemblies, yet let me desire that you will give this letter a place in your paper, and I shall remain,

SIR,

Your obliged humble Servant,

J. S.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'May the 5th.

'THE conversation at a club, of which I am a member, last night falling upon vanity and the desire of being admired, put me in mind of relating how agreeably I was entertained at my own door last Thursday by a clean fresh-coloured girl, under the most elegant and the best furnished milk-pail I had ever observed. I was glad of such an opportunity of seeing the behaviour of a coquette in low life, and how she received the extraordinary notice that was taken of her; which I found had affected every muscle of her face in the same manner as it does the feature of a first-rate toast at a play, or in an assembly. This hint of mine made the discourse turn upon the sense of pleasure; which ended in a general resolution, that the milkmaid enjoys her vanity as exquisitely as the woman of quality. I

think it would not be an improper subject for you to examine this frailty, and trace it to all conditions of life; which is recommended to you as an occasion of obliging many of your readers, among the rest,

Your most humble Servant,

T. B.'

'SIR,

'COMING last week into a coffee-house not far from the Exchange with my basket under my arm, a Jew of considerable note, as I am informed, takes half-a-dozen oranges of me, and at the same time slides a guinea into my hand. I made him a curtsy and went my way. He followed me, and finding I was going about my business, he came up with me, and told me plainly, that he gave me the guinea with no other intent but to purchase my person for an hour. "Did you so, sir?" says I. "You gave it me, then, to make me be wicked; I'll keep it to make me honest. However, not to be in the least ungrateful, I promise you I'll lay it out in a couple of rings, and wear them for your sake." I am so just, sir, besides, as to give everybody that asks how I came by my rings this account of my benefactor; but to save me the trouble of telling my tale over and over again, I humbly beg the favour of you so to tell it once for all, and you will extremely oblige,

Your humble Servant,

'May 12, 1712.'

BETTY LEMON.

'SIR,

ST. BRIDE'S, May 15, 1712.

"TIS a great deal of pleasure to me, and, I dare say, will be no less satisfaction to you, that I have an opportunity of informing you, that the

gentlemen and others of the parish of St. Bride's have raised a charity school of fifty girls, as before of fifty boys. You were so kind to recommend the boys to the charitable world,¹ and the other sex hope you will do them the same favour in Friday's *Spectator* for Sunday next, when they are to appear with their humble airs at the parish church of St. Bride's. Sir, the mention of this may possibly be serviceable to the children; and sure no one will omit a good action attended with no expense.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

THE SEXTON.'

N^o. 381. *Saturday, May 17, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ, moriture Delli.*

—HOR., 2 Od. iii. 1.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy: on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment;

¹ See No. 294.

cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great pattern of perfection was never seen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature, it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights—with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love

and goodwill towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine will in His conduct towards man.

There are but two things which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many

excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the Being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil. Is it indeed no wonder that men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world? and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation, of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay, death itself, considering the shortness of their duration and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live

according to the dictates of virtue and right reason has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness: in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improvable faculties which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness. The consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind is its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold Him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of His perfections, we see everything that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves everywhere upheld by His goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being whose power qualifies Him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage Him to make those happy who desire it of Him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking

men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we were made to please.¹ I.

N^o. 382. *Monday, May 19, 1712*
[STEELE.]

Habes confitentem reum.—TULL.

I OUGHT not to have neglected a request of one of my correspondents so long as I have; but I daresay I have given him time to add practice to profession. He sent me some time ago a bottle or two of excellent wine, to drink the health of a gentleman who had, by the penny post, advertised him of an egregious error in his conduct. My correspondent received the obligation from an unknown hand, with the candour which is natural to an ingenuous mind, and promises a contrary behaviour in that point for the future. He will offend his monitor with no more errors of that kind, but thanks him for his benevolence. This frank carriage makes me reflect upon the amiable atonement a man makes in an ingenious acknowledgment of a fault. All such miscarriages as flow from inadvertency are more than repaid by it; for reason, though not concerned in the injury, employs all its

¹ See Nos. 387, 393.

force in the atonement. He that says he did not design to disoblige you in such an action does as much as if he should tell you that, though the circumstance which displeased was never in his thoughts, he has that respect for you that he is unsatisfied till it is wholly out of yours. It must be confessed, that when an acknowledgment of an offence is made out of poorness of spirit, and not conviction of heart, the circumstance is quite different; but in the case of my correspondent, where both the notice is taken and the return made in private, the affair begins and ends with the highest grace on each side. To make the acknowledgment of a fault in the highest manner graceful, it is lucky when the circumstances of the offender place him above any ill consequences from the resentment of the person offended. A Dauphin of France, upon a review of the army, and a command of the king to alter the posture of it by a march of one of the wings, gave an improper order to an officer at the head of a brigade, who told his highness he presumed he had not received the last orders, which were to move a contrary way. The prince, instead of taking the admonition, which was delivered in a manner that accounted for his error with safety to his understanding, shook a cane at the officer, and with the return of opprobrious language, persisted in his own orders. The whole matter came necessarily before the king, who commanded his son, on foot, to lay his right hand on the gentleman's stirrup as he sat on horseback in sight of the whole army, and ask his pardon. When the prince touched his stirrup, and was going to speak, the officer, with an incredible agility, threw himself on the earth and kissed his feet.

The body is very little concerned in the pleasures or sufferings of souls truly great; and the reparation, when an honour was designed this soldier, appeared as much too great to be borne by his gratitude, as the injury was intolerable to his resentment.

When we turn our thoughts from these extraordinary occurrences into common life, we see an ingenuous kind of behaviour not only make up for faults committed, but in a manner expiate them in the very commission. Thus many things wherein a man has pressed too far, he implicitly excuses, by owning, 'This is a trespass,' 'You'll pardon my confidence,' 'I am sensible I have no pretension to this favour,' and the like. But commend me to those gay fellows about town who are directly impudent, and make up for it no otherwise than by calling themselves such, and exulting in it. But this sort of carriage, which prompts a man against rules to urge what he has a mind to, is pardonable only when you sue for another. When you are confident in preference of yourself to others of equal merit, every man that loves virtue and modesty ought in defence of those qualities to oppose you: but, without considering the morality of the thing, let us at this time behold only the natural consequence of candour when we speak of ourselves.

The Spectator writes often in an elegant, often in an argumentative, and often in a sublime style, with equal success; but how would it hurt the reputed author of that paper to own that of the most beautiful pieces under his title, he is barely the publisher? There is nothing but what a man really performs can be an honour to him; what he takes more than he ought in the eye of the world he loses in the convic-

tion of his own heart ; and a man must lose his consciousness, that is, his very self, before he can rejoice in any falsehood without inward mortification.

Who has not seen a very criminal at the bar, when his counsel and friends have done all that they could for him in vain, prevail upon the whole assembly to pity him, and his judge to recommend his case to the mercy of the Throne, without offering anything new in his defence, but that he, whom before we wished convicted, became so out of his own mouth, and took upon himself all the shame and sorrow we were just before preparing for him? The great opposition to this kind of candour arises from the unjust idea people ordinarily have of what we call an high spirit. It is far from greatness of spirit to persist in the wrong in anything, nor is it a diminution of greatness of spirit to have been in the wrong : perfection is not the attribute of man, therefore he is not degraded by the acknowledgment of an imperfection : but it is the work of little minds to imitate the fortitude of great spirits on worthy occasions by obstinacy in the wrong. This obstinacy prevails so far upon them that they make it extend to the defence of faults in their very servants. It would swell this paper to too great a length should I insert all the quarrels and debates which are now on foot in this town ; where one party, and in some cases both, is sensible of being on the faulty side, and have not spirit enough to acknowledge it. Among the ladies the case is very common, for there are very few of them who know that it is to maintain a true and high spirit, to throw away from it all which itself disapproves, and to scorn so pitiful a shame as that which disables the heart from acquiring a liberality of affections and sentiments.

The candid mind, by acknowledging and discarding its faults, has reason and truth for the foundation of all its passions and desires, and consequently is happy and simple; the disingenuous spirit, by indulgence of one unacknowledged error, is entangled with an after-life of guilt, sorrow, and perplexity. T.

N^o. 383. *Tuesday, May 20, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

Criminibus debent hortos.—JUV., Sat. i. 76.¹

AS I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the Philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice, and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden,² in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the stair-

¹ 'Hor.,' by mistake, in the collected edition.

² Vauxhall, or Foxhall, Gardens were founded about 1661, and were originally called the New Spring Gardens to distinguish them from the Old Spring Gardens at Charing Cross. Pepys often went to the gardens ('it is very pleasant and cheap going thither'), and found the nightingales, the music, the laughter, and the fine people 'mighty divertising'; but his Diary, like the plays of the time, shows that the conduct of some of the visitors left much to be desired. Little is heard of the gardens under George I., but in 1732 they were reopened, and they remained a place of fashionable resort until near the end of the reign of George III. They were finally closed in 1859. The Spring Garden, Charing Cross, was the forerunner of Vauxhall. The spring from which the

case, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him, being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, 'You must know,' says Sir Roger, 'I never make use of anybody to row me that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg.'

My old friend, after having seated himself and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Fox-hall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue,¹ with many particulars which

garden was named supplied a jet which spurted forth if a visitor stood on a particular spot. Other amusements were an archery, bowls, a grove of warbling birds, and a pond for bathing. 'Sometimes,' says Evelyn, 'they would have music, and sup on barges on the water.'

¹ The French fleet, under Admiral Tourville, were defeated by Admiral Russell off La Hogue in 1692; twenty-one of the enemy's

passed in that glorious action, the knight in the triumph of his heart made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation: as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. 'A most heathenish sight!' says Sir Roger; 'there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches¹ will very much mend the prospect; but church work is slow, church work is slow!'

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned, in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire.² He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in

fleet were destroyed. The folio issue reads 'in Bantry Bay,' an unlucky reference, because at the engagement there in 1689 the French compelled the English, under Admiral Herbert, to retire.

¹ The House of Commons passed resolutions in 1711 for the building of fifty new churches within the bills of mortality.

² Member of Parliament for the county.

his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old put we had in the boat; and whether he was not ashamed to go a-wenching at his years, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a face of magistracy, told us, that if he were a Middlesex Justice, he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahomedan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. 'You must understand,' says the knight, 'there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!' He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told

her she was a wanton baggage, and bade her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him and bade him carry the remainder to a waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himself obliged, as a member of the Quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets.

I.

N^o. 384. *Wednesday, May 21, 1712*
[STEELE.¹]

‘**H**AGUE, *May 24, N.S.* — The same republican hands, who have so often since the Chevalier de St. George's recovery killed him in our public prints, have now reduced the young Dauphin of France to that desperate condition of weakness, and death itself, that it is hard to conjecture what method they will take to bring him to life again. Meantime we are assured by a very good hand from Paris, that on the 20th instant this young prince was as well as ever he was known to be since the day of his birth. As for the other, they are now

¹ This paper has no initial at the end, but no doubt Steele put together the introductory matter.

sending his ghost, we suppose (for they never had the modesty to contradict their assertions of his death), to Commerci in Lorraine, attended only by four gentlemen, and a few domestics of little consideration. The Baron de Bothmar, having delivered in his credentials, to qualify him as an ambassador to this state (an office to which his greatest enemies will acknowledge him to be equal), is gone to Utrecht, whence he will proceed to Hanover, but not stay long at that court, for fear the peace should be made during his lamented absence.'—*Postboy*, May 20.

I should be thought not able to read, should I overlook some excellent pieces lately come out. My Lord Bishop of St. Asaph has just now published some sermons, the preface to which seems to me to determine a great point.¹ He has, like a

¹ In 1712 'Four Sermons' by Dr. William Fleetwood (1656–1723), Bishop of St. Asaph, were published in volume form, with a preface which was ordered by the House of Commons to be burnt because of its malicious and seditious principles. In order to secure a wide circulation, Steele printed the offending preface in the *Spectator*, a step which, as Fleetwood wrote to Burnet, 'conveyed about 14,000 copies of the condemned preface into people's hands that would otherwise have never seen or heard of it.' It is said that, in order to insure the paper reaching the Queen, publication was delayed until noon, her Majesty's breakfast hour, so that there should be no time for a decision that it must not be laid, as usual, upon her breakfast-table.

At the accession of George I. Fleetwood was made Bishop of Ely, a position which he held until his death in 1723. Steele borrowed largely from Fleetwood's 'Relative Duties of Parents and Children' in compiling his 'Ladies' Library,' 1714.

The preface was attacked by Swift in a pretended 'Letter of Thanks from Lord Wharton to the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph,' where he insinuates that Steele was well paid by the Whig party for printing the preface, and was promised compensation if he gave

good man and a good Christian, in opposition to all the flattery and base submission of false friends to princes, asserted that Christianity left us where it found us as to our civil rights. The present entertainment shall consist only of a sentence out of the *Postboy*, and the said preface of the Lord of St. Asaph. I should think it a little odd if the author of the *Postboy*¹ should with impunity call men republicans for a gladness on report of the death of the Pretender, and treat Baron Bothmar, the Minister of Hanover, in such a manner as you see in my motto. I must own, I think every man in England concerned to support the succession of that family.

‘THE publishing a few sermons whilst I live, the latest of which was preached about eight years since, and the first above seventeen, will make it very natural for people to inquire into the occasion of doing so; and to such I do very willingly assign these following reasons:—

‘First, from the observations I have been able to offence by his zeal. The *Examiner* (May 29, 1712) said that the *Spectator* had made the preface ‘circulate through all England at the price of one penny, which it could never have done for half-a-crown.’ See, too, the *Plain Dealer* for May 24. A second edition of Fleetwood’s Sermons, with the preface, was advertised in No. 388 of the *Spectator*, and a small sixpenny edition in No. 422. A letter remonstrating with the *Spectator* for meddling with politics, and for embarking in a wrangle with Abel Roper, ‘who really did not deserve your notice,’ is printed in Lillie’s ‘Original and Genuine Letters sent to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*,’ 1726, ii. 357.

¹ The *Postboy* was conducted by Abel Roper (1665-1726). Swift sometimes sent paragraphs, ‘as malicious as possible, and very proper for Abel Roper, the printer of it,’ as he told Esther Johnson.

make for these many years last past upon our public affairs, and from the natural tendency of several principles and practices that have of late been studiously revived, and what has followed thereupon, I could not help both fearing and presaging that these nations would some time or other, if ever we should have an enterprising prince upon the throne, of more ambition than virtue, justice, and true honour, fall into the way of all other nations, and lose their liberty.

‘Nor could I help foreseeing to whose charge a great deal of this dreadful mischief, whenever it should happen, would be laid, whether justly or unjustly was not my business to determine; but I resolved, for my own particular part, to deliver myself, as well as I could, from the reproaches and the curses of posterity by publicly declaring to all the world that, although in the constant course of my ministry I have never failed, on proper occasions, to recommend, urge, and insist upon the loving, honouring, and the reverencing the prince’s person, and holding it, according to the laws, inviolable and sacred, and paying all obedience and submission to the laws, though never so hard and inconvenient to private people: yet did I never think myself at liberty or authorised to tell the people that either Christ, St. Peter, or St. Paul, or any other holy writer had, by any doctrine delivered by them, subverted the laws and constitutions of the country in which they lived, or put them in a worse condition, with respect to their civil liberties, than they would have been had they not been Christians. I ever thought it a most impious blasphemy against that holy religion to father anything upon it that might encourage tyranny,

oppression, or injustice in a prince, or that easily tended to make a free and happy people slaves and miserable. No; people may make themselves as wretched as they will, but let not God be called into that wicked party. When force, and violence, and hard necessity have brought the yoke of servitude upon a people's neck, religion will supply them with a patient and submissive spirit under it till they can innocently shake it off; but certainly religion never puts it on. This always was, and this at present is, my judgment of these matters; and I would be transmitted to posterity (for the little share of time such names as mine can live) under the character of one who loved his country, and would be thought a good Englishman as well as a good clergyman.

'This character, I thought, would be transmitted by the following sermons, which were made for and preached in a private audience, when I could think of nothing else but doing my duty on the occasions that were then offered by God's providence, without any manner of design of making them public; and for that reason I give them now as they were then delivered, by which I hope to satisfy those people who have objected a change of principles to me, as if I were not now the same man I formerly was. I never had but one opinion of these matters, and that, I think, is so reasonable and well grounded that I believe I never can have any other.

'Another reason of my publishing these sermons at this time is, that I have a mind to do myself some honour by doing what honour I could to the memory of two most excellent princes, and who have very highly deserved at the hands of all the people of these dominions who have any true value for the Protestant religion and the constitution of the

English Government, of which they were the great deliverers and defenders. I have lived to see their illustrious names very rudely handled, and the great benefits they did this nation treated slightly and contemptuously. I have lived to see our deliverance from arbitrary power and Popery traduced and vilified by some who formerly thought it was their greatest merit, and made it part of their boast and glory to have had a little hand and share in bringing it about; and others who, without it, must have lived in exile, poverty, and misery, meanly disclaiming it, and using ill the glorious instruments thereof. Who could expect such a requital of such merit? I have, I own it, an ambition of exempting myself from the number of unthankful people: and as I loved and honoured those great princes living, and lamented over them when dead, so I would gladly raise them up a monument of praise as lasting as anything of mine can be; and I choose to do it at this time, when it is so unfashionable a thing to speak honourably of them.

'The sermon that was preached upon the Duke of Gloucester's death¹ was printed quickly after, and is now, because the subject was so suitable, joined to the others. ~~The loss of that most promising and hopeful prince was at that time, I saw,~~ unspeakably great; and many accidents since have convinced us that it could not have been over-valued. That precious life, had it pleased God to have prolonged it the usual space, had saved us many fears, and jealousies, and dark distrusts, and prevented many alarms that have long kept us, and will keep us still, ~~waking and uneasy~~. Nothing remained to comfort and support us under this heavy stroke but the necessity it brought the king and nation under

¹ Queen Anne's son died on July 29, 1700.

of settling the succession in the House of Hanover, and giving it an hereditary right, by Act of Parliament, as long as it continues Protestant. So much good did God, in his merciful providence, produce from a misfortune which we could never otherwise have sufficiently deplored.

‘The fourth sermon was preached upon the Queen’s accession to the throne, and the first year in which that day was solemnly observed (for, by some accident or other, it had been overlooked the year before); and every one will see, without the date of it, that it was preached very early in this reign, since I was able only to promise and presage its future glories and successes from the good appearances of things, and the happy turn our affairs began to take; and could not then count up the victories and triumphs that for seven years after made it, in the prophet’s language, “a name and a praise among all the people of the earth.” Never did seven such years together pass over the head of any English monarch, nor cover it with so much honour: the crown and sceptre seemed to be the Queen’s least ornaments; those other princes wore in common with her, and her great personal virtues were the same before and since; but such was the fame of her administration of affairs at home, such was the reputation of her wisdom and felicity in choosing ministers, and such was then esteemed their faithfulness and zeal, their diligence and great abilities in executing her commands; to such a height of military glory did her great general and her armies carry the British name abroad; such was the harmony and concord betwixt her and her allies, and such was the blessing of God upon all her counsels and undertakings, that I am as sure as history

can make me, no prince of ours was ever yet so prosperous and successful, so loved, esteemed, and honoured by their subjects and their friends, nor near so formidable to their enemies. We were, as all the world imagined, then just entering on the ways that promised to lead to such a peace as would have answered all the prayers of our religious Queen, the care and vigilance of a most able Ministry, the payments of a willing and obedient people, as well as all the glorious toils and hazards of the soldiery; when God, for our sins, permitted the spirit of discord to go forth, and, by troubling sore the camp, the city, and the country (and oh, that it had altogether spared the places sacred to His worship), to spoil for a time this beautiful and pleasing prospect, and give us in its stead I know not what. Our enemies will tell the rest with pleasure. It will become me better to pray to God to restore us to the power of obtaining such a peace as will be to His glory, the safety, honour, and the welfare of the Queen and her dominions, and the general satisfaction of all her high and mighty allies.

‘May 2, 1712.’

T.

N^o. 385. *Thursday, May 22, 1712*
[BUDGELL.]

—*Thesæ pectora juncta fide.*

—OVID, 1 Trist. iii. 66.

I INTEND the paper for this day as a loose essay upon friendship, in which I shall throw my observations together without any set form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often said on this subject.

Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another. Though the pleasures and advantages of friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral writers, and are considered by all as great ingredients of human happiness, we very rarely meet with the practice of this virtue in the world.

Every man is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the person of a friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

Love and esteem are the first principles of friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.

As, on the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a man whom we cannot esteem; so, on the other, though we are truly sensible of a man's abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the warmth of friendship without an affectionate goodwill towards his person.

Friendship immediately banishes envy under all its disguises. A man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter stranger to this virtue.

There is something in friendship so very great and noble, that in those fictitious stories which are invented to the honour of any particular person, the authors have thought it as necessary to make their hero a friend as a lover. Achilles has his Patroclus and Æneas his Achates. In the first of these instances we may observe, for the reputation of the subject I am treating of, that Greece was almost ruined by the hero's love, but was preserved by his friendship.

The character of Achates suggests to us an observation we may often make on the intimacies of great men, who frequently choose their companions rather for the qualities of the heart than those of the head, and prefer fidelity in an easy, inoffensive, complying temper to those endowments which make a much greater figure among mankind. I do not remember that Achates, who is represented as the first favourite, either gives his advice or strikes a blow through the whole *Æneid*.

A friendship which makes the least noise is very often most useful, for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

Atticus, one of the best men of ancient Rome, was a very remarkable instance of what I am here speaking. This extraordinary person, amidst the civil wars of his country, when he saw the designs of all parties equally tended to the subversion of liberty by constantly preserving the esteem and affection of both the competitors, found means to serve his friends on either side; and while he sent money to young Marius, whose father was declared an enemy of the commonwealth, he was himself one of Sylla's chief favourites, and always near that general.

During the war between Cæsar and Pompey, he still maintained the same conduct. After the death of Cæsar he sent money to Brutus in his troubles, and did a thousand good offices to Anthony's wife and friends when that party seemed ruined. Lastly, even in that bloody war between Anthony and Augustus, Atticus still kept his place in both their friendships; insomuch that the first, says Cornelius Nepos, whenever he was absent from Rome in any part of the empire, wrote punctually

to him what he was doing, what he read, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him constantly an exact account of all his affairs.

A likeness of inclinations in every particular is so far from being requisite to form a benevolence in two minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we shall find some of the firmest friendships to have been contracted between persons of different humours; the mind being often pleased with those perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own accomplishments. Besides that, a man in some measure supplies his own defects, and fancies himself at second hand possessed of those good qualities and endowments which are in the possession of him who in the eye of the world is looked on as his other self.

The most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors; which should, if possible, be so contrived that he may perceive our advice is given him not so much to please ourselves as for his own advantage. The reproaches, therefore, of a friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

The violent desire of pleasing in the person reproved may otherwise change into a despair of doing it, while he finds himself censured for faults he is not conscious of. A mind that is softened and humanised by friendship cannot bear frequent reproaches; either it must quite sink under the oppression, or abate considerably of the value and esteem it had for him who bestows them.

The proper business of friendship is to inspire life and courage; and a soul thus supported outdoes itself; whereas if it be unexpectedly deprived of these succours, it droops and languishes.

We are in some measure more inexcusable if we violate our duties to a friend than to a relation, since the former arise from a voluntary choice, the latter from a necessity to which we could not give our own consent.

As it has been said on one side that a man ought not to break with a faulty friend, that he may not expose the weakness of his choice, it will doubtless hold much stronger with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable a treasure which was once in his possession.

X.

N^o. 386. *Friday, May 23, 1712*

[STEELE.]

Cum tristibus severe, cum remissis jucunde, cum senibus graviter, cum juventute comiter . . . vivere.—TULL.

THE piece of Latin on the head of this paper is part of a character extremely vicious, but I have set down no more than may fall in with the rules of justice and honour. Cicero spoke it of Cataline,¹ who, he said, lived with the sad severely, with the cheerful agreeably, with the old gravely, with the young pleasantly; he added, with the wicked boldly, with the wanton lasciviously. The two last instances of his complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious behaviour as it sits upon a companion in pleasure, not a man of design and intrigue. To vary with every humour in this manner cannot be agreeable, except it comes from a man's own temper and natural complexion; to

¹ *Pro Calio*, cap. 6.

do it out of an ambition to excel that way is the most fruitless and unbecoming prostitution imaginable. To put on an artful part to obtain no other end but an unjust praise from the undiscerning, is of all endeavours the most despicable. A man must be sincerely pleased to become pleasure, or not to interrupt that of others: for this reason it is a most calamitous circumstance that many people who want to be alone, or should be so, will come into conversation. It is certain that all men who are the least given to reflection are seized with an inclination that way, when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to company; but indeed they had better go home, and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good humour. In all this the cases of communicating to a friend a sad thought or difficulty, in order to relieve an heavy heart, stands excepted; but what is here meant is, that a man should always go with inclination to the turn of the company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the party. It is certainly a very happy temper to be able to live with all kinds of dispositions, because it argues a mind that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any particularity of its own.

This is it that makes me pleased with the character of my good acquaintance Acasto. You meet him at the tables and conversations of the wise, the impertinent, the grave, the frolic, and the witty; and yet his own character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one sect of men. But Acasto has natural good sense, good nature, and discretion, so that every man enjoys himself in his company; and though Acasto contributes nothing to the entertainment, he never was

at a place where he was not welcome a second time. Without these subordinate good qualities of Acasto, a man of wit and learning would be painful to the generality of mankind instead of being pleasing. Witty men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst companions imaginable; they deride the absent or rally the present in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a man till he is uneasy in his seat, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say, the true art of being agreeable in company (but there can be no such thing as art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained than to bring entertainment to others. A man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good companion, but essentially is such, and in all the parts of his conversation has something friendly in his behaviour, which conciliates men's minds more than the highest sallies of wit or starts of humour can possibly do. The feebleness of age in a man of this turn has something which should be treated with respect even in a man no otherwise venerable. The forwardness of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity and not insolence, has also its allowances. The companion who is formed for such by nature gives to every character of life its due regards, and is ready to account for their imperfections, and receive their accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive law from, and not give it to, your company to make you agreeable.

I remember Tully, speaking, I think, of Anthony, says that '*in eo facetiæ erant quæ nulla arte tradi*

possunt' ('He had a witty mirth which could be acquired by no art'). This quality must be of the kind of which I am now speaking, for all sorts of behaviour which depend upon observation and knowledge of life is to be acquired; but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the act of nature, must be everywhere prevalent, because everything it meets is a fit occasion to exert it; for he who follows nature can never be improper or unseasonable.

How unaccountable, then, must their behaviour be who, without any manner of consideration of what the company they have just now entered are upon, give themselves the air of a messenger, and make as distinct relations of the occurrences they last met with, as if they had been despatched from those they talk to, to be punctually exact in a report of those circumstances? It is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another, that a fresh man shall pop in and give us only the last part of his own life, and put a stop to ours during the history. If such a man comes from 'Change, whether you will or not, you must hear how the stocks go; and though you are never so intently employed on a graver subject, a young fellow of the other end of the town will take his place, and tell you Mrs. such a one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this subject, since I have acknowledged there can be no rules made for excelling this way; and precepts of this kind fare like rules for writing poetry, which, 'tis said, may have prevented ill poets, but never made good ones.

T.

N^o. 387.¹ *Saturday, May 24, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

Quid purè tranquillet.—HOR., I Ep. xviii. 102.

IN my last Saturday's paper² I spoke of cheerfulness as it is a moral habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy temper in the soul of man; I shall now consider cheerfulness in its natural state, and reflect on those motives to it, which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such who (to use our English phrase) 'wear well,' that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other, with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to

¹ This and several subsequent papers were wrongly numbered in the folio issue.

² See No. 381, and the conclusion in No. 393.

the mind as to the body; it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But, having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice that the world in which we are placed is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use: but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers are as refreshing to the imagination, as the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction who have made it an argument for Providence that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher¹ accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous overpower and

¹ Sir Isaac Newton.

dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight ; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise ; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green fall upon the eye in such a due proportion that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain, for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of cheerful.

To consider further this double end in the works of Nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making everything smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man by having formed it after such a manner as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them, as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are

versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a cheerful temper as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently show us that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this cheerfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with the flowery season of

the year, enters on his story thus: 'In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields,' &c.

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which by a right improvement of them will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that cheerfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersing of evil with good, and pain with pleasure in the works of Nature, is very truly described by Mr. Locke, in his 'Essay on Human Understanding,' to a moral reason in the following words:—

'Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness, in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasure for evermore.'

L.

No. 388. *Monday, May 26, 1712*
[—¹]

—*Tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis*
Ingredior; sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
—VIRG., *Georg.* ii. 174.

‘Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘**I**T is my custom when I read your papers to read over the quotations in the authors from whence you take them: as you mentioned a passage lately out of the second chapter of Solomon’s Song,² it occasioned my looking into it; and upon reading it I thought the ideas so exquisitely soft and tender, that I could not help making this paraphrase of it, which, now it is done, I can as little forbear sending to you. Some marks of your approbation, which I have already received, have given me so sensible a taste of them, that I cannot forbear endeavouring after them as often as I can with any appearance of success.

I am, SIR,
Your most obedient³ humble Servant.

¹ The letter ‘T’—one of Steele’s marks—is affixed to this paper, but the whole of it seems to be by the writer of the paraphrase from the Song of Solomon. Percy was told that the poem was by Mr. Parr, a dissenting minister at Morton Hampstead, Devonshire. But a paraphrase of chap. iv. of the Song, printed in Steele’s collection in 1714 and in Nichols’s collection of 1780, was inserted by Coxall in ‘The Fair Circassian,’ and it may be presumed that he was the writer of it. It seems not improbable that he was also the author of this paper.

² No. 327.

³ ‘Obliged’ (folio).

THE SECOND CHAPTER OF
SOLOMON'S SONG.

I.

As when in Sharon's field the blushing rose
Does its chaste bosom to the morn disclose,
 Whilst all around the zephyrs bear
 The fragrant odours through the air ;
Or as the lily in the shady vale
Does o'er each flower with beauteous pride prevail,
And stands with dew and kindest sunshine blest,
In fair pre-eminence, superior to the rest ;
So if my love with happy influence shed
His eyes' bright sunshine on his lover's head,
Then shall the rose of Sharon's field,
And whitest lilies to my beauties yield.
Then fairest flowers with studious art combine,
The roses with the lilies join,
And their united charms are ¹ less than mine.

II.

As much as fairest lilies can surpass
A thorn in beauty, or in height the grass,
So does my love among the virgins shine,
Adorned with graces more than half divine.
Or as a tree, that, glorious to behold,
Is hung with apples all of ruddy gold,
Hesperian fruit ! and beautifully high
Extends its branches to the sky ;
So does my love the virgin's eye invite :
'Tis he alone can fix their wandering sight,
Among ² ten thousand eminently bright.

III.

Beneath his pleasing shade
My wearied limbs at ease I laid,
And on his fragrant boughs reclined my head.

¹ 'United beauties shall be' (folio).

² 'And stands among' (folio).

I pulled the golden fruit with eager haste,
Sweet was the fruit, and pleasing to the taste ;
With sparkling wine he crowned the bowl,
With gentle ecstasies he filled my soul ;
Joyous we sat beneath the shady grove,
And o'er my head he hung the banners of his love.

IV.

I faint ! I die ! my labouring breast
Is with the mighty weight of love oppress.
I feel the fire possess my heart,
And pain conveyed to every part ;
Through all my veins the passion flies,
My feeble soul forsakes its place,
A trembling faintness seals my eyes,
And paleness dwells upon my face.

V.

Oh ! let my love with powerful odours stay
My fainting love-sick soul, that dies away ;
One hand beneath me let him place,
With t'other press me in a chaste embrace.
I charge you, nymphs of Sion, as you go
Armed with the sounding quiver and the bow,
Whilst through the lonesome woods you rove,
You ne'er disturb my sleeping love.
Be only gentle zephyrs there,
With downy wings to fan the air ;
Let sacred silence dwell around,
To keep off each intruding sound :
And when the balmy slumber leaves his eyes,
May he to joys unknown till then arise.

VI.

But, see ! he comes ! with what majestic gait
He onward bears his lovely state.
Now through the lattice he appears,
With softest words dispels my fears ;
Arise, my fair one, and receive
All the pleasures love can give.

For now the sullen winter's past,
No more we fear the northern blast :
No storms nor threatening clouds appear,
No falling rain deforms the year.
My love admits of no delay,
Arise, my fair, and come away.

VII.

Already, see ! the teeming earth
Brings forth the flowers, her beauteous birth,
The dews, and soft descending show'rs,
Nurse the new-born tender flow'rs.
Hark ! the birds melodious sing,
And sweetly usher in the spring.
Close by his fellow sits the dove,
And billing, whispers her his love.
The spreading vines with blossoms swell,
Diffusing round a grateful smell.
Arise, my fair one, and receive
All the blessings love can give :
For love admits of no delay,
Arise, my fair, and come away.

VIII.

As to its mate the constant dove
Flies through the covert of the spicy grove,
So let us hasten to some lonesome shade,
There let me safe in thy loved arms be laid,
Where no intruding hateful noise
Shall damp the sound of thy melodious voice ;
Where I may gaze, and mark each beauteous grace,
For sweet thy voice, and lovely is thy face.

IX.

As all of me, my love, is thine,
Let all of thee be ever mine.
Among the lilies we will play ;
Fairer, my love, thou art than they ;
Till the purple morn arise,
And balmy sleep forsake thine eyes ;

Till the gladsome beams of day
Remove the shades of night away :
Then, when soft sleep shall from thy eyes depart,
Rise like the bounding roe, or lusty hart,
Glad to behold the light again
From Bether's mountains darting o'er the plain. T

N^o. 389. *Tuesday, May 27, 1712*
[BUDGELL.]

—*Meliora pii docuere parentes.*—HOR.

NOTHING has more surprised the learned in England than the price which a small book entitled *Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante*¹ bore in a late auction. This book was sold for thirty² pounds. As it was written by one Jordanus Brunus, a professed atheist, with a design to depreciate religion, every one was apt to fancy, from the extravagant price it bore, that there must be something in it very formidable.

I must confess, that happening to get a sight of one of them myself, I could not forbear perusing it with this apprehension ; but found there was so very little danger in it that I shall venture to give my readers a fair account of the whole plan upon which this wonderful treatise is built.

The author pretends that Jupiter once upon a time resolved on a reformation of the constellations; for which purpose having summoned the stars to-

¹ The book was bought in 1711 for £28 by Mr. Walter Clavel at the sale of the library of Mr. Charles Barnard. It had been bought in 1706 at the sale of Mr. Bigot's library with five others for two shillings and a penny. Although Giordano Bruno was burnt as a heretic, he was a noble thinker, no professed atheist, but a man of the reformed faith, who was in advance of Calvin, and a friend of Sir Philip Sidney (Morley). ² 'Fifty' (folio).

2 'Fifty' (folio).

gether, he complains to them of the great decay of the worship of the gods, which he thought so much the harder, having called several of those celestial bodies by the names of the heathen deities, and by that means made the heavens, as it were, a book of the Pagan theology. Momus tells him that this is not to be wondered at, since there were so many scandalous stories of the deities, upon which the author takes occasion to cast reflections upon all other religions, concluding that Jupiter, after a full hearing, discarded the deities out of heaven, and called the stars by the names of the moral virtues.

This short fable, which has no pretence in it to reason or argument, and but a very small share of wit, has however recommended itself wholly by its impiety to those weak men who would distinguish themselves by the singularity of their opinions.

There are two considerations which have been often urged against atheists, and which they never yet could get over. The first is, that the greatest and most eminent persons of all ages have been against them, and always complied with the public forms of worship established in their respective countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the honour of the Supreme Being, or prejudicial to the good of mankind.

The Platos and Ciceros among the ancients, the Bacons, the Boyles, and the Lockes among our own countrymen, are all instances of what I have been saying, not to mention any of the divines however celebrated, since our adversaries challenge all those as men who have too much interest in this case to be impartial evidences.

But what has been often urged as a consideration of much more weight, is not only the opinion of the

better sort, but the general consent of mankind to this great truth; which I think could not possibly have come to pass but from one of the three following reasons: either that the idea of a God is innate and coexistent with the mind itself; or that this truth is so very obvious, that it is discovered by the first exertion of reason in persons of the most ordinary capacities; or, lastly, that it has been delivered down to us through all ages by a tradition from the first man.

The atheists are equally confounded, to whichever of these three causes we assign it; they have been so pressed by this last argument from the general consent of mankind, that after great search and pains they pretend to have found out a nation of atheists—I mean that polite people the Hottentots.

I dare not shock my readers with a description of the customs and manners of these barbarians, who are in every respect scarce one degree above brutes, having no language among them but a confused gabble,¹ which is neither well understood by themselves or others.

It is not, however, to be imagined how much the atheists have gloried in these their good friends and allies.

If we boast of a Socrates, or a Seneca, they may now confront them with these great philosophers the Hottentots.

Though even this point has, not without reason, been several times controverted, I see no manner of harm it could do religion, if we should entirely give them up this elegant part of mankind.

Methinks nothing more shows the weakness of their cause than that no division of their fellow-

¹ 'Gabbling' (folio).

creatures join with them but those among whom they themselves own reason is almost defaced, and who have little else but their shape which can entitle them to any place in the species.

Besides these poor creatures, there have now and then been instances of a few crazed people in several nations who have denied the existence of a Deity.

The catalogue of these is, however, very short; even Vanini,¹ the most celebrated champion for the cause, professed before his judges that he believed the existence of a God, and taking up a straw which lay before him on the ground, assured them that alone was sufficient to convince him of it, alleging several arguments to prove that 'twas impossible nature alone could create anything.

I was the other day reading an account of Casimir Liszynski,² a gentleman of Poland, who was convicted and executed for this crime. The manner of his punishment was very particular. As soon as his body was burnt, his ashes were put into a cannon, and shot into the air towards Tartary.

I am apt to believe that if something like this method of punishment should prevail in England, such is the natural good sense of the British nation, that whether we rammed an atheist whole into a great gun, or pulverised our infidels, as they do in Poland, we should not have many charges.

I should however propose, while our ammunition lasted, that, instead of Tartary, we should always keep two or three cannons ready pointed towards

¹ One of the two books of Vanini, a solitary seeker after truth, but no atheist, was written to prove the existence of a God. Lucilio Vanini, a Neapolitan priest, had his tongue cut out, and was burnt alive at Toulouse in 1619, in his thirty-fourth year.

² A Polish knight, who was executed at Warsaw in 1689.

the Cape of Good Hope, in order to shoot our unbelievers into the country of the Hottentots.

In my opinion, a solemn judicial death is too great an honour for an atheist, though I must allow the method of exploding him, as it is practised in this ludicrous kind of martyrdom, has something in it proper enough to the nature of his offence.

There is indeed a great objection against this manner of treating them. Zeal for religion is of so effective a nature that it seldom knows where to rest; for which reason I am afraid, after having discharged our atheists, we might possibly think of shooting off our sectaries; and, as one does not foresee the vicissitude of human affairs, it might one time or other come to a man's own turn to fly out of the mouth of a demi-culverin.

If any of my readers imagine that I have treated these gentlemen in too ludicrous a manner, I must confess, for my own part, I think reasoning against such unbelievers upon a point that shocks the common sense of mankind is doing them too great an honour, giving them a figure in the eye of the world, and making people fancy that they have more in them than they really have.

As for those persons who have any scheme of religious worship, I am for treating such with the utmost tenderness, and should endeavour to show them their errors with the greatest temper and humanity; but as these miscreants are for throwing down religion in general, for stripping mankind of what themselves own is of excellent use in all great societies, without once offering to establish anything in the room of it, I think the best way of dealing with them is to retort their own weapons upon them, which are those of scorn and mockery. X.

N^o. 390. *Wednesday, May 28, 1712*
[STEELE.]

Non pudendo sed non faciendo id quod non decet impudentiæ nomen effugere debemus.—TULL.

MANY are the epistles I receive from ladies extremely afflicted that they lie under the observation of scandalous people, who love to defame their neighbours, and make the unjustest interpretation of innocent and indifferent actions. They describe their own behaviour so unhappily, that there indeed lies some cause of suspicion upon them. It is certain that there is no authority for persons who have nothing else to do, to pass away hours of conversation upon the miscarriages of other people; but since they will do so, they who value their reputation should be cautious of appearances to their disadvantage. But very often our young women, as well as the middle-aged and the gay part of those growing old, without entering into a formal league for that purpose, to a woman, agree upon a short way to preserve their characters, and go on in a way that at best is only not vicious. The method is, when an ill-natured or talkative girl has said anything that bears hard upon some part of another's carriage, this creature, if not in any of their little cabals, is run down for the most censorious dangerous body in the world. Thus they guard their reputation rather than their modesty, as if guilt lay in being under the imputation of a fault, and not in a commission of it. Orbicilla is the kindest poor thing in the town, but the most blushing creature living: it is true she has not lost the sense of shame, but she has lost the sense of innocence. If she had more confidence,

and never did anything which ought to stain her cheeks, would she not be much more modest without that ambiguous suffusion which is the livery both of guilt and innocence? Modesty consists in being conscious of no ill, and not in being ashamed of having done it. When people go upon any other foundation than the truth of their own hearts for the conduct of their actions, it lies in the power of scandalous tongues to carry the world before them, and make the rest of mankind fall in with the ill for fear of reproach. On the other hand, to do what you ought is the ready way to make calumny either silent or ineffectually malicious. Spenser, in his '*Fairie Queen*,'¹ says admirably to young ladies under the distress of being defamed:—

The best, said he, that I can you advise,
Is to avoid the occasion of the ill;
For when the cause, when evil doth arise,
Removèd is, the effect surceaseth still.
Abstain from pleasure, and restrain your will;
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight;
Use scantied diet, and forbear your fill;
Shun secrecy, and talk in open sight;
So shall you soon repair your present evil plight.

Instead of this care over their words and actions, recommended by a poet in old Queen Bess's days, the modern way is to do and say what you please, and yet be the prettiest sort of woman in the world. If fathers and brothers will defend a lady's honour, she is quite as safe as in her own innocence. Many of the distressed who suffer under the malice of evil tongues are so harmless that they are every day they live asleep till twelve at noon; concern themselves with nothing but their own persons till two; take

¹ Book vi. canto 6, st. ix.

their necessary food between that time and four; visit, go to the play, and sit up at cards till towards the ensuing morn; and the malicious world shall draw conclusions from innocent glances, short whispers, or pretty familiar raileries with fashionable men, that these fair ones are not as rigid as vestals. It is certain, say these goodest creatures very well, that virtue does not consist in constrained behaviour and wry faces; that must be allowed; but there is a decency in the aspect and manner of ladies contracted from an habit of virtue, and from general reflections that regard a modest conduct, all which may be understood though they cannot be described. A young woman of this sort claims an esteem mixed with affection and honour, and meets with no defamation; or if she does, the wild malice is overcome with an undisturbed perseverance in her innocence. To speak freely, there are such coveys of coquettes about this town, that if the peace were not kept by some impertinent tongues of their own sex, which keep them under some restraint, we should have no manner of engagement upon them to keep them in any tolerable order.

As I am a spectator, and behold how plainly one part of womankind balance the behaviour of the other, whatever I may think of talebearers or slanderers, I cannot wholly suppress them no more than a general would discourage spies. The enemy would easily surprise him whom they knew had no intelligence of their motions. It is so far otherwise with me, that I acknowledge I permit a she-slanderer or two in every quarter of the town, to live in the characters of coquettes, and take all the innocent freedoms of the rest, in order to send me information of the behaviour of their respective sisterhoods.

But as the matter of respect to the world, which looks on, is carried on, methinks it is so very easy to be what is in the general called virtuous, that it need not cost one hour's reflection in a month to preserve that appellation. It is pleasant to hear the pretty rogues talk of virtue and vice among each other: she is the laziest creature in the world, but I must confess, strictly virtuous: the peevishest hussy breathing, but as to her virtue she is without blemish: she has not the least charity for any of her acquaintance, but I must allow rigidly virtuous. As the unthinking part of the male world call every man a man of honour who is not a coward; so the crowd of the other sex terms every woman who will not be a wench virtuous.

T.

N^o. 391. *Thursday, May 29, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

—*Non tu prece poscis emaci,
Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere divis.
At bona pars procerum tacitâ libabit acerrâ.
Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque
susurros
Tollere de templis; et aperto vivere voto?
Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clarè, et ut audiat hospes.
Illa sibi introrsum, et sub linguâ immurmurat: ô si
Ebullit patruî præclarum funus! Et ô si
Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria, dextro
Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus heres
Impello, expungam!*— —PERS., Sat. ii. 3.

WHERE Homer represents Phoenix, the tutor of Achilles, as persuading his pupil to lay aside his resentments, and give himself up to the entreaties of his countrymen,¹ the poet, in

¹ Iliad, ix. 498.

order to make him speak in character, ascribes to him a speech full of those fables and allegories which old men take delight in relating, and which are very proper for instruction. 'The gods,' says he, 'suffer themselves to be prevailed upon by entreaties. When mortals have offended them by their transgressions, they appease them by vows and sacrifices. You must know, Achilles, that Prayers are the daughters of Jupiter. They are crippled by frequent kneeling, have their faces full of cares and wrinkles, and their eyes always cast towards heaven. They are constant attendants on the goddess Ate, and march behind her. This goddess walks forward with a bold and haughty air, and being very light of foot, runs through the whole earth, grieving and afflicting the sons of men. She gets the start of Prayers, who always follow her, in order to heal those persons whom she wounds. He who honours these daughters of Jupiter, when they draw near to him, receives great benefit from them; but as for him who rejects them, they entreat their father to give his orders to the goddess Ate to punish him for his hardness of heart.' This noble allegory needs but little explanation; for whether the goddess Ate signifies injury, as some have explained it, or guilt in general, as others, or divine justice, as I am the more apt to think, the interpretation is obvious enough.

I shall produce another heathen fable relating to prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think by some passages in it, that it was composed by Lucian, or at least by some author who has endeavoured to imitate his way of writing; but as dissertations of this nature are more curious

than useful, I shall give my reader the fable without any further inquiries after the author :—

‘Menippus¹ the philosopher was a second time taken up into heaven by Jupiter, when for his entertainment he lifted up a trap-door that was placed by his footstool. At its rising there issued through it such a din of cries as astonished the philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, Jupiter told him they were the prayers that were sent up to him from the earth. Menippus, amidst the confusion of voices, which was so great, that nothing less than the ear of Jove could distinguish them, heard the words, “riches,” “honour,” and “long life” repeated in several different tones and languages. When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the trap-door being left open, the voices came up more separate and distinct. The first prayer was a very odd one; it came from Athens, and desired Jupiter to increase the wisdom and the beard of his humble supplicant. Menippus knew it by the voice to be the prayer of his friend Licander the philosopher. This was succeeded by the petition of one who had just laden a ship, and promised Jupiter, if he took care of it, and returned it home again full of riches, he would make him an offering of a silver cup. Jupiter thanked him for nothing; and bending down his ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a voice complaining to him of the cruelty of an Ephesian widow, and begging him to breed compassion in

¹ A cynic philosopher of Gadara, who hanged himself after losing the money he had made by usury in Thebes. The satirical works—now lost—attributed to him are by some supposed to be the work of the two friends, Dionysius and Zopyrus of Colophon, who fathered them on Menippus.

her heart. "This," says Jupiter, "is a very honest fellow, I have received a great deal of incense from him; I will not be so cruel to him as not to hear his prayers." He was then interrupted with a whole volley of vows, which were made for the health of a tyrannical prince by his subjects, who prayed for him in his presence. Menippus was surprised, after having listened to prayers offered up with so much ardour and devotion, to hear low whispers from the same assembly expostulating with Jove for suffering such a tyrant to live, and asking him how his thunder could lie idle?¹ Jupiter was so offended at these prevaricating rascals, that he took down the first vows, and puffed away the last. The philosopher seeing a great cloud mounting upwards, and making its way directly to the trap-door, inquired of Jupiter what it meant. "This," says Jupiter, "is the smoke of a whole hecatomb that is offered me by the general of an army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand men that are drawn up in array against him. What does the impudent wretch think I see in him to believe that I will make a sacrifice of so many mortals as good as himself, and all this to his glory, forsooth? But hark," says Jupiter, "there is a voice I never heard but in time of danger; 'tis a rogue that is shipwrecked in the Ionian Sea: I saved him on a plank but three days ago, upon his promise to mend his manners; the scoundrel is not worth a groat, and yet has the impudence to offer me a temple if I will keep him

¹ Cf. *Æneid*, iv. 208:—

'Aspices hæc? an te, genitor, quum fulmina torques,
Nequidquam horremus?'

from sinking——But yonder,” says he, “is a special youth for you; he desires me to take his father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of the miseries of human life. The old fellow shall live till he makes his heart ache, I can tell him that for his pains.” This was followed by the soft voice of a pious lady, desiring Jupiter that she might appear amiable and charming in the sight of her emperor. As the philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary petition, there blew a gentle wind through the trap-door, which he at first mistook for a gale of zephyrs, but afterwards found it to be a breeze of sighs: they smelt strong of flowers and incense, and were succeeded by most passionate complaints of wounds and torments, fires and arrows, cruelty, despair, and death. Menippus fancied that such lamentable cries arose from some general execution, or from wretches lying under the torture; but Jupiter told him that they came up to him from the isle of Paphos, and that he every day received complaints of the same nature from that whimsical tribe of mortals who are called lovers. “I am so trifled with,” says he, “by this generation of both sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their petitions, that I shall order a western wind for the future to intercept them in their passage, and blow them at random upon the earth.” The last petition I¹ heard was from a very aged man of near an hundred years old, begging but for one year more of life, and then promising to die contented. “This is the rarest old fellow!” says Jupiter. “He has made this

¹ Apparently a mistake for ‘Menippus.’ This clause can hardly be part of Jupiter’s remarks, though the printing in the original editions leaves it uncertain.

prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old, he desired only that he might live to see his son settled in the world; I granted it. He then begged the same favour for his daughter, and afterwards that he might see the education of a grandson: when all this was brought about, he puts up a petition that he might live to finish a house he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old cur, and never wants an excuse; I will hear no more of him." Upon which he flung down the trap-door in a passion, and was resolved to give no more audiences that day.'

Notwithstanding the levity of this fable, the moral of it very well deserves our attention, and is the same with that which has been inculcated by Socrates and Plato, not to mention Juvenal and Persius, who have each of them made the finest satire in their whole works upon this subject.¹ The vanity of men's wishes, which are the natural prayers of the mind, as well as many of those secret devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other reasons for set forms of prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the folly and extravagance of men's desires may be kept within due bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous petitions on so great and solemn an occasion. I.

¹ Juvenal, Sat. x. ; Persius, Sat. ii.

N^o. 392. *Friday, May 30, 1712*
[STEELE.]

*Per ambages et ministeria deorum
Præcipitandus est liber spiritus.*

—PETRONIUS.

To the SPECTATOR.

*The Transformation of Fidelio into a
Looking-Glass.*

‘ I WAS lately at a tea-table, where some young ladies entertained the company with a relation of a coquette in the neighbourhood who had been discovered practising before her glass. To turn the discourse, which from being witty grew to be malicious, the matron of the family took occasion, from the subject, to wish that there were to be found amongst men such faithful monitors to dress the mind by, as we consult to adorn the body. She added, that if a sincere friend were miraculously changed into a looking-glass, she should not be ashamed to ask its advice very often. This whimsical thought worked so much upon my fancy the whole evening, that it produced a very odd dream.¹

‘ Methought that, as I stood before my glass, the image of a youth, of an open, ingenuous aspect, appeared in it, who, with a shrill voice, spoke in the following manner :—

¹ ‘Produced so odd a dream, that no one but the Spectator could believe that the brain, clogged in sleep, could furnish out such a regular wildness of imagination’ (folio).

“The looking-glass you see was heretofore a man, even I, the unfortunate Fidelio. I had two brothers, whose deformity in shape was made out by the clearness of their understanding. It must be owned, however, that (as it generally happens) they had each a perverseness of humour suitable to their distortion of body. The eldest, whose belly sunk in monstrously, was a great coward, and, though his splenetic, contracted temper made him take fire immediately, he made objects that beset him appear greater than they were. The second, whose breast swelled into a bold relieve, on the contrary, took great pleasure in lessening everything, and was perfectly the reverse of his brother. These oddnesses pleased company once or twice; but disgusted when often seen; for which reason the young gentlemen were sent from court to study mathematics at the university.

“I need not acquaint you that I was very well made, and reckoned a bright, polite gentleman. I was the confidant and darling of all the fair; and if the old and ugly spoke ill of me, all the world knew it was because I scorned to flatter them. No ball, no assembly was attended till I had been consulted. Flavia coloured her hair before me, Celia showed me her teeth, Panthea heaved her bosom, Cleora brandished her diamond; I have seen Cloe’s foot, and tied artificially the garters of Rhodope.

“’Tis a general maxim that those who dote upon themselves can have no violent affection for another; but, on the contrary, I found that the women’s passion for me rose in proportion to the love they bore to themselves. This was verified in my amour with Narcissa, who was so constant to me that it was pleasantly said, had I been little enough, she

would have hung me at her girdle. The most dangerous rival I had was a gay, empty fellow, who, by the strength of a long intercourse with Narcissa, joined to his natural endowments, had formed himself into a perfect resemblance with her. I had been discarded, had she not observed that he frequently asked my opinion about matters of the last consequence. This made me still more considerable in her eye.

““Though I was eternally caressed by the ladies, such was their opinion of my honour that I was never envied by the men. A jealous lover of Narcissa one day thought he had caught her in an amorous conversation; for, though he was at such a distance that he could hear nothing, he imagined strange things from her airs and gestures. Sometimes with a serene look she stepped back in a listening posture, and brightened into an innocent smile. Quickly after she swelled into an air of majesty and disdain, then kept her eyes half shut after a languishing manner, then covered her blushes with her hand, breathed a sigh, and seemed ready to sink down. In rushed the furious lover; but how great was his surprise to see no one there but the innocent Fidelio, with his back against the wall betwixt two windows.

““It were endless to recount all my adventures. Let me hasten to that which cost me my life, and Narcissa her happiness.

““She had the misfortune to have the small-pox, upon which I was expressly forbid her sight, it being apprehended that it would increase her distemper, and that I should infallibly catch it at the first look. As soon as she was suffered to leave her bed, she stole out of her chamber, and found me

all alone in an adjoining apartment. She ran with transport to her darling, and without mixture of fear, lest I should dislike her. But, oh me! what was her fury when she heard me say I was afraid and shocked at so loathsome a spectacle. She stepped back, swollen with rage, to see if I had the insolence to repeat it. I did, with this addition, that her ill-timed passion had increased her ugliness. Enraged, inflamed, distracted, she snatched a bodkin, and with all her force stabbed me to the heart. Dying, I preserved my sincerity and expressed the truth, though in broken words, and by reproachful grimaces to the last I mimicked the deformity of my murderess.

“Cupid, who always attends the fair, and pitied the fate of so useful a servant as I was, obtained of the destinies that my body should remain incorruptible, and retain the qualities my mind had possessed. I immediately lost the figure of man, and became smooth, polished, and bright, and to this day am the first favourite of the ladies.” T.

N^o. 393. *Saturday, May 31, 1712*
[ADDISON.]

Nescio quâ præter solitum dulcedine læti.

—VIRG., *Georg.* i. 412.

LOOKING over the letters that have been sent me, I chanced to find the following one, which I received about two years ago from an ingenious friend,¹ who was then in Denmark:—

¹ Probably Ambrose Philips, who paid a second visit to Denmark in 1710.

'DEAR SIR,

'COPENHAGEN, *May 1, 1710.*

'THE spring with you has already taken possession of the fields and woods. Now is the season of solitude, and of moving complaints upon trivial sufferings; now the griefs of lovers begin to flow, and their wounds to bleed afresh. I, too, at this distance from the softer climates, am not without my discontents at present. You, perhaps, may laugh at me for a most romantic wretch, when I have disclosed to you the occasion of my uneasiness; and yet I cannot help thinking my unhappiness real, in being confined to a region which is the very reverse of Paradise. The seasons here are all of them unpleasant, and the country quite destitute of rural charms. I have not heard a bird sing, nor a brook murmur, nor a breeze whisper, neither have I been blest with the sight of a flowery meadow these two years. Every wind here is a tempest, and every water a turbulent ocean. I hope, when you reflect a little, you will not think the grounds of my complaint in the least frivolous and unbecoming a man of serious thought; since the love of woods, of fields and flowers, of rivers and fountains, seems to be a passion implanted in our natures the most early of any, even before the fair sex had a being.

I am, SIR, &c.'

Could I transport myself with a wish from one country to another, I should choose to pass my winter in Spain, my spring in Italy, my summer in England, and my autumn in France. Of all these seasons there is none that can vie with the spring for beauty and delightfulness. It bears the same figure among the seasons of the year that the morn-

ing does among the divisions of the day, or youth among the stages of life. The English summer is pleasanter than that of any other country in Europe, on no other account but because it has a greater mixture of spring in it. The mildness of our climate, with those frequent refreshments of dews and rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual cheerfulness in our fields, and fill the hottest months of the year with a lively verdure.

In the opening of the spring, when all nature begins to recover herself, the same animal pleasure which makes the birds sing, and the whole brute creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the heart of man. I know none of the poets who have observed so well as Milton these secret overflowings of gladness which diffuse themselves through the mind of the beholder upon surveying the gay scenes of Nature; he has touched upon it twice or thrice in his 'Paradise Lost,' and describes it very beautifully under the name of vernal delight in that passage¹ where he represents the devil himself as almost sensible of it:—

Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden hue,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed :
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams,
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth ; so lovely seemed
That landscape : and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair, &c.

Many authors have written on the vanity of the creature, and represented the barrenness of every-

¹ Book iv. 148–156.

thing in this world, and its incapacity of producing any solid or substantial happiness. As discourses of this nature are very useful to the sensual and voluptuous, those speculations which show the bright side of things, and lay forth those innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the several objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It was for this reason that I endeavoured to recommend a cheerfulness of mind in my two last Saturdays' papers, and which I would still inculcate, not only from the consideration of ourselves, and of that Being on whom we depend, not from the general survey of that universe in which we are placed at present, but from reflections on the particular season in which this paper is written. The creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man, everything he sees cheers and delights him; Providence has imprinted so many smiles on Nature that it is impossible for a mind which is not sunk in more gross and sensual delights to take a survey of them without several secret sensations of pleasure. The Psalmist has in several of his divine poems celebrated those beautiful and agreeable scenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philosophy quickens this taste of the creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the imagination, but to the understanding. It does not rest in the murmur of brooks, and the melody of birds, in the shade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows, but considers the several ends of Providence which are served by them, and the wonders of Divine wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleasures of the

eye, and raises such a rational admiration in the soul as is little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worship to the great Author of Nature, and to indulge these more refined meditations of heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in His sight; I shall therefore conclude this short essay on that pleasure which the mind naturally conceives from the present season of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has sufficient abilities.

I would have my readers endeavour to moralise this natural pleasure of the soul, and to improve this vernal delight, as Milton calls it, into a Christian virtue. When we find ourselves inspired with this pleasing instinct, this secret satisfaction and complacency, arising from the beauties of the creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these entertainments of sense, and who it is that thus opens His hand and fills the world with good. The Apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present temper of mind, to graft upon it such a religious exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing psalms. The cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of Nature's works is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving that is filled with a secret gladness. A grateful reflection on the supreme Cause who produces it sanctifies it in the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve

those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness.¹

I.

N^o. 394. *Monday, June 2, 1712*

[STEELE.]

Bene colligitur hæc pueris et mulierculis et servis et servorum simillimis liberis esse grata. Gravi vero homini et ea quæ fiunt judicio certo ponderanti, probari posse nullo modo.

—TULL.

I HAVE been considering the little and frivolous things which give men accesses to one another, and power with each other, not only in the common and indifferent accidents of life, but also in matters of greater importance. You see in elections for members to sit in Parliament, how far saluting rows of old women, drinking with clowns, and being upon a level with the lowest part of mankind in that wherein they themselves are lowest, their diversions, will carry a candidate. A capacity for prostituting a man's self in his behaviour, and descending to the present humour of the vulgar, is perhaps as good an ingredient as any other for making a considerable figure in the world; and if a man has nothing else, or better, to think of, he could not make his way to wealth and distinction by properer methods, than studying the particular bent or inclination of people with whom he converses, and working from the observation of such their bias in all matters wherein he has any intercourse with them: for his ease and comfort he

¹ This paper forms a conclusion to Nos. 381, 387.

may assure himself, he need not be at the expense of any great talent or virtue to please even those who are possessed of the highest qualifications. Pride in some particular disguise or other (often a secret to the proud man himself) is the most ordinary spring of action among men. You need no more than to discover what a man values himself for; then of all things admire that quality, but be sure to be failing in it yourself in comparison of the man whom you court. I have heard or read of a secretary of state in Spain, who served a prince who was happy in an elegant use of the Latin tongue, and often writ despatches in it with his own hand. The king showed his secretary a letter he had written to a foreign prince, and under the colour of asking his advice, laid a trap for his applause. The honest man read it as a faithful counsellor, and not only excepted against his tying himself down too much by some expressions, but mended the phrase in others. You may guess the despatches that evening did not take much longer time. Mr. Secretary, as soon as he came to his own house, sent for his eldest son, and communicated to him that the family must retire out of Spain as soon as possible; 'For,' said he, 'the king knows I understand Latin better than he does.'

This egregious fault in a man of the world should be a lesson to all who would make their fortunes: but a regard must be carefully had to the person with whom you have to do; for it is not to be doubted but a great man of common sense must look with secret indignation, or bridled laughter, on all the slaves who stand round him with ready faces to approve and smile at all he says in the gross. It is good comedy enough to observe a superior talking

half sentences, and playing an humble admirer's countenance from one thing to another, with such perplexity that he knows not what to sneer in approbation of. But this kind of complaisance is peculiarly the manner of courts; in all other places you must constantly go farther in compliance with the persons you have to do with, than a mere conformity of looks and gestures. If you are in a country life, and would be a leading man, a good stomach, a loud voice, and a rustic cheerfulness will go a great way, provided you are able to drink, and drink anything. But I was just now going to draw the manner of behaviour I would advise people to practise under some maxim, and intimated, that every one almost was governed by his pride. There was an old fellow about forty years ago so peevish and fretful, though a man of business, that no one could come at him: but he frequented a particular little coffee-house, where he triumphed over everybody at trick-track¹ and backgammon. The way to pass his office well, was first to be insulted by him at one of those games in his leisure hours; for his vanity was to show, that he was a man of pleasure as well as business. Next to this sort of insinuation, which is called in all places (from its taking its birth in the households of princes) making one's court, the most prevailing way is, by what better bred people call a present, the vulgar a bribe. I humbly

¹ A game at tables. Lamb, writing to Miss Wordsworth, says: 'William's genius, I take it, leans a little to the figurative; for, being at play at trick-track (a kind of minor billiard-table which we keep for smaller weights, and sometimes refresh our own mature fatigues with taking a hand at), not being able to hit a ball he had iterate aimed at, he cried out, "I cannot hit that beast." Now, the balls are usually called men.'

conceive that such a thing is conveyed with more gallantry in a billet-doux that should be understood at the bank, than in gross money: but as to stubborn people, who are so surly as to accept of neither note or cash, having formerly dabbled in chemistry, I can only say that one part of matter asks one thing and another another, to make it fluent; but there is nothing but may be dissolved by a proper mean: thus the virtue which is too obdurate for gold or paper shall melt away very kindly in a liquid. The island of Barbados (a shrewd people) manage all their appeals to Great Britain by a skilful distribution of citron-water¹ among the whisperers about men in power. Generous wines do every day prevail, and that in great points where ten thousand times their value would have been rejected with indignation.

But to waive the enumeration of the sundry ways of applying by presents, bribes, management of people's passions and affections, in such a manner as it shall appear that the virtue of the best man is by one method or other corruptible; let us look out

¹ 'With the rind of the fruit of the citron tree,' says Oldmixon, 'the ladies of Barbados make the finest cordial in the world; that which is imported for sale is not so good as what they keep for their closets; which, they taking care to have all the ingredients good, is infinitely above the choicest waters at Philip's; and the *P'eau de Barbade*, as the nice people affect to call their citron-water, would without doubt be esteemed more than any of his costly cordials, did it not come from our own Plantations.' It will be remembered that Steele's first wife came from Barbados. Barbados waters were served at the end of dinner, like curaçoa. Mr. Darnell Davis quotes Prior's 'Hans Carvel':—

'The meat was served, the bowls were crowned;
Catches were sung and healths went round;
Barbados waters fire the close,
Till Hans had fairly got his dose.'

for some expedient to turn those passions and affections on the side of truth and honour. When a man has laid it down for a position, that parting with his integrity, in the minutest circumstance, is losing so much of his very self, self-love will become a virtue. By this means good and evil will be the only objects of dislike and approbation; and he that injures any man has effectually wounded the man of this turn as much as if the harm had been to himself. This seems to be the only expedient to arrive at an impartiality; and a man who follows the dictates of truth and right reason, may by artifice be led into error, but never can into guilt. T.

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